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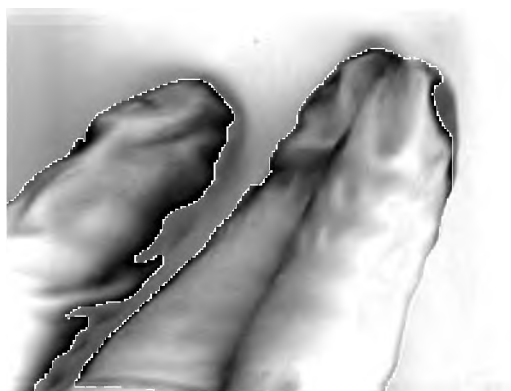
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Rosary
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THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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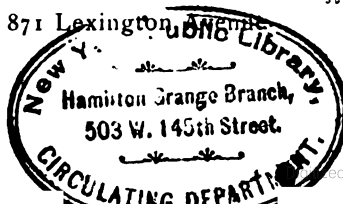
VOLS. IV.—V.

CHR

MAY,—DECEMBER, 1894.

NEW YORK
THE ROSARY PUBLICATION CO.

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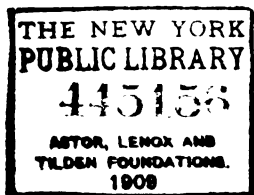
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INDEX OF VOLUME IV.

PAGE

Bl. Peter Sans and His Four Companions (Illus.)....	<i>Rev. M. M. O'Kane, O. P.</i>	2
Blessed Virgin and the Minnesingers, The.....	<i>Richard Malcolm Johnston</i>	97
College Endowments.....	<i>Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D</i>	168
Catholic Education.....	<i>John H. O'Neill, 152, 243, 318.</i>	417
Christian and Humanitarian Fraternity.....	<i>Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D.</i>	347
Catholic Summer School of America, The (Illus.).....		457
Dominican Charity, A (Illustrated).....	<i>Margaret Hopkins Feighan</i>	331
Drane, Rev. Mother Francis Raphael (Illustrated)...	<i>A Dominican Sister</i>	387, 548
Editorial.....	88, 182, 275, 375, 487,	597
For Love of the Flag.....	<i>John Patrick Brennan</i>	111, 229
Forerunner and Rival of Pasteur, The (Illustrated)...	<i>Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C.</i>	433
Friar—Nothing More, A.....	<i>Jerome Trant</i>	499
Gold Plague, The.....	<i>General Hugh Ewing, 13, 136, 201, 287,</i>	401
Get the Distaff Ready; God will Send the Flax....	<i>Carola Milanis</i>	563
Gypsies; their Origin, Language, etc., The.....	<i>Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.</i>	570
Heart of Clotilde, The.....	<i>Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D.</i>	57
In Prison Ye Visited Me.....	<i>E. V. N.</i>	429
New York Catholic Protectory, Boys' Department. (Illus.)	<i>A Dominican Tertiary</i>	37
New York Catholic Protectory, Girls' Department, (Illus.)	<i>A Dominican Tertiary</i>	121
Our Lady's Rosary.....	<i>Very Rev. Thomas Esser, O. P., S. T. M.</i>	537
Rosary in Art, The. The Ascension.....	<i>Eliza Allen Starr</i>	27
Rose of the Visitation, The.....	<i>Eliza Allen Starr</i>	191
Sorrows of Mary, The (Illustrated).....	<i>Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P.</i>	237, 451
Trinidad (Illustrated).....	<i>Rev. Bertrand Colthony, O. P.</i>	216, 303

POETRY.

After the Rain (Sonnet).....	<i>Rev. William Livingston</i>	68
Assumption, The.....	<i>Mary Irwin</i>	302
Before the First Joyful Mystery (Poem, with frontispiece)	<i>Aquinas</i>	1
Forgiven.....	<i>Helen Grace Smith</i>	469
Hero, A.....	<i>A Dominican Sister</i>	243
In June.....	<i>Rev. W. D. Kelly</i>	151
Legend of St. Dominic, A (with frontispiece).....	<i>Rev. William D. Kelly</i>	285
Legend of the Moss Rose.....	<i>Cecilia</i>	118
Mary's Month.....	<i>E. Beck</i>	26
Our Lady of the Rosary (Illustrated).....	<i>Sara Trainer Smith</i>	56
Our Lady of Deliverance.....	<i>Rev. Bertrand Colthony, O. P.</i>	316
Our Only Joy..	<i>Rev. S. H. Glendon, O. P.</i>	347
Our Lady of Pity.....	<i>Katharine Tynan</i>	398
Our Lady's Rosary.....	<i>Joseph W. S. Norris</i>	497

INDEX OF VOLUME IV.

	PAGE
Rosary and the Precious Blood, The (Illustrated)..... <i>Margaret E. Jordan</i>	11
Rosary and the Sacred Heart, The (Illustrated)..... <i>Margaret E. Jordan</i>	105, 198, 354
Rosary for the Holy Souls, The (Illustrated)..... <i>Margaret E. Jordan</i>	414, 560
Second Joyful Mystery, The..... <i>Mary Irwin</i>	229
Teresa, St. (with frontispiece)..... <i>Rev. William D. Kelly</i>	535
Vision of St. Dominic, A..... <i>Eugene Davis</i>	568

THE CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY.

Editor's Letter.....	576
Kindergarten for Grown People, A (Illustrated)..... <i>Aquinas</i>	470
Lorette..... <i>E. A. Leman</i>	256
Letters From the Young Soldiers of The Angelic Warfare.....	81, 173, 261, 358, 592
Lesson in Logic, A (Illustrated).....	485
Louise's Trial..... <i>Rosaline</i>	580
Notes for the Children..... <i>Aquinas</i>	85, 176, 272, 373, 486
Pepita..... <i>Amelie Mignerez</i>	70
Rosary for the Poor (Illustrated).....	87
Story of a Child of Mary, The..... <i>Helen Grace Smith</i>	178
Short Walk, A..... <i>Henry Coyle</i>	361
Tony Redpath's Educated Pig (Illustrated).. <i>Edwin Angeloe</i>	74, 166, 264, 367, 479, 586
With Other Young Folks..... <i>Aquinas</i>	86, 177, 260, 374, 595

POETRY.

All for You (Illustrated)..... <i>Aquinas</i>	73
Angels of the Girding, The (Illustrated).....	579
Angels Guard Them (Illustrated).....	591
Baby in Papa's Eyes (Illustrated).....	171
Blessed Imelda Lambertini, O. P.....	484
Gift to the Sacred Heart, A (Illustrated).....	164
Jealousy (Illustrated).....	270
Learning to Pray (Illustrated).....	366
May Carol (Illustrated).....	69
Mother of God (Music).....	165
Polly and Bo-Peep (Illustrated)..... <i>Margaret E. Jordan</i>	79
Two Schools..... <i>Margaret E. Jordan</i>	477
Visitation, The..... <i>Words by M. A. Fitzgerald, Music by Carlo Ferrero</i>	273
Winds and the Sea Obey Him, The..... <i>Mary West</i>	357

THE ROSARY

INDEX OF VOLUME V.

	PAGE
Astor Library, The (Illustrated).....	John A. Mooney 3
Adeste Fideles.....	Annie Chambers-Ketchum..... 107
Coronation, The.....	Eliza Allen Starr..... 23
Dominican Nuns of Perpetual Adoration, The (Illus.).....	51, 133
Dead Priest, The.....	Itti-Kinney-Reno..... 73
Editorial.....	91, 207
Immaculate Conception, The (Illustrated).....	Mary M. Meline..... 148
In Life and Death.....	Mary Catherine Crowley..... 183
Lily of Chimu, The.....	Rev. A. H. de Viras, O. P..... 32, 115
Our Lady's Rosary (Illustrated).....	Very Rev. Thomas Esser, O. P., S. T. M. 171
Pleadings (Illustrated).....	Joseph W. S. Norris 64
Rejoicings (Illustrated).....	Joseph W. S. Norris..... 163
Sorrows of Mary, The.....	Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P..... 68
Some New York Libraries (Illustrated).....	Margaret Hopkins Feighan..... 156
Troy Public Library, The (Illustrated).....	De Witt Clinton..... 178

POETRY.

Dear Saint Elizabeth, The.....	Helen Grace Smith..... 48
Holy Innocents (Illustrated).....	S. W. J..... 169
Immaculate.....	Magdalen Rock..... 153
Joyful Mysteries, The.....	Marcella A. Fitzgerald..... 114
Love's Best Tribute.....	Marcella A. Fitzgerald..... 31
Musings of Pope Leo.....	Rev. J. N..... 132
Madonna, A.....	Walter Lecky..... 154
Rosary for the Holy Souls, The (Illustrated).....	Margaret E. Jordan..... 61
Servants of Mary.....	Sister Mary Alphonsus, O. P..... 67
Sonnet, A.....	Rev. S. H. Glendon, O. P..... 182
Thanksgiving (Illustrated).....	22

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

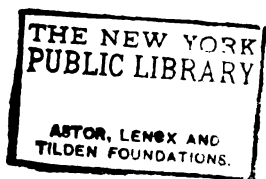
Editor's Letter to the Children.....	187
Gerda, A Tale of the Christ-Child.....	189
Letters from Soldiers of the Angelic Warfare.....	84, 202
Notes for the Children.....	90
Puzzles.....	193
Tony Redpath's Educated Pig.....	Edwin Angeloe..... 79, 196
With Other Young Folks.....	87

POETRY.

Brigand's Daughter, The (Illustrated).....	195
Christmas Stocking, A (Illustrated).....	201
On Christmas Night (Illustrated).....	Cyrille Lavigne..... 188
What's in a Name?.....	Cyrille Lavigne..... 78

MUSIC.

Nativity, The.....	Words by Marcella A. Fitzgerald, Music by Carlo Ferrero 204
Psalm of Thanksgiving, A.....	Words by Margaret E. Jordan, Music by J. V. R. 88







VOL. IV.

MAY, 1894.

No. 1.

BEFORE THE FIRST JOYFUL MYSTERY.

AQUINAS.



HERE is a blessed rosary of years,—
Like dawn to straining eyes its light appears,—
Nor dimmed its radiance with mist of tears,
For all is holy gladness there.

A babe upon a saintly woman's breast;
Keeping fond guard an aged patriarch blest;
While over all a tranquil joy doth rest—
Hope beams through Heaven-answered prayer:

For she, the barren, motherhood hath 'known!
Paternity doth he, the aged, own!
The stigma from that royal line hath flown—
Glad hope! from thence e'en yet may rise

The great Messiah, the long promised King!
And Mary, Blessed Babe, sweet slumbering,

Ne'er dreams of joys futurity will bring
 Enwrought with pain of sacrifice!

* * * * *

Hail, infancy of Babe Immaculate!
 Hail, childhood, passed within the blessed gate
 Of God's own temple, while glad angels wait,
 Her swift-winged messengers to be!

Hail, rosary of Mary's early years!
 Fifteen they number ere the joy, the tears,
 The glory of that other crown appears
 In its first joyful mystery.

BLESSED PETER SANS AND HIS FOUR COMPANIONS, DOMINICAN MARTYRS.

REV. M. M. O'KANE, O. P.

TOWARDS the end of the seventeenth century, the noble efforts of the Spanish Dominicans, in the cause of religion in the Philippines, attracted the attention of a zealous prelate, Mons. de Palu, who was head of one of the two Vicariates into which China was then divided. The harvest was abundant, but the laborers were few, and as the bishop looked around him on the teeming population that knew nothing of the religion of Jesus Christ, the words of the Apostle came vividly before him: "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear Him without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?"¹ The prestige of the Friar-Preachers and their apostolic zeal, which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the institute, disposed the bishop to enlist their services in the arduous labors of the Mission. The children of St. Dominic who left their native Spain for the missions of the East,

¹ Rom. x. 18-19.

inherited the spirit of their founder. They had left the world and their friends for God, and nothing remained but to consummate the sacrifice and win the palm of martyrdom. The message of the bishop, therefore, when it arrived at Manilla, was answered with the utmost promptness, and three fathers set out immediately for the land which has dyed their white robes in blood, and given to Heaven a glorious band of Dominican martyrs. It is not our intention to narrate their labors, their successes, or their reverses. We shall pass on to the first half of the last century, when the five Dominicans with whom we are now concerned gained the crown of martyrdom.

Peter Sans, the first of the five who suffered for the faith, was born on the 3d of September, 1680, at Ascò in Catalonia. From his earliest years the boy showed evident signs of a pious disposition, and his assiduousness in the practise of his religious duties gave his good parents the assurance that their child was destined to do great things for God. He had a tender love for the Blessed Virgin, placed himself under her maternal protection, and always honored her by the recitation of the Rosary, to which he ascribed many of the graces which he received. His parents placed him, at an early age under the care of an uncle, who was chaplain of the cathedral of Lerida. Under his guidance the youth made great progress in his elementary studies, and those early inclinations for piety developed into a religious vocation. His great love for our Lady and the Rosary disposed him to choose the Dominican Order, and he asked to be admitted among its members. The fathers saw, at once, in the young postulant, those gifts which fitted him to become a worthy instrument for the diffusion of truth and the salvation of souls. He received the Dominican habit in July, 1697, and took the name of Peter Martyr, who was thenceforth to be his patron, and under whose protection he was to labor in the cause, for which he gave his life. He was professed in 1697, and ordained priest on the 20th of September, 1704. We could dwell with pleasure and profit on the years which passed from the entrance of the young novice into religion till his ordination, but the limits of this sketch will not allow us the privilege. The silence of his cell and the deeper stillness of his own heart which, we are assured, no tumultuous passions ever

disturbed, matured his aspirations for perfection, and made him a worthy recipient of the great dignity of the priesthood. But his cell, which he loved so dearly, and the peaceful enjoyment of its solitude, did not entirely occupy his thoughts. He labored earnestly in the confessional and in the pulpit to instil into the minds of the faithful the love of God and of His Church, which it was the one end of his life to glorify. His charity extended itself to all, and he was always ready at the call of duty, no matter what sacrifice was entailed in fulfilling it. He had entertained for a long time the desire of laboring on the foreign missions, and when the opportunity offered he asked permission to be allowed to consecrate his life to the conversion of the heathen. His desire was gratified, and he set out from his beloved Spain, which he was never again to look upon, in 1712. The Dominicans had, at an early date, established themselves in the Philippines, where their ministry was attended with great success, and thither the Spanish Dominicans always repaired to prepare for their apostolic labors in the Celestial Empire. Father Peter Sans arrived at Manilla on the 21st of July, 1713. Here he devoted himself to the study of Chinese, and when he had sufficiently mastered the language he departed for the scene of his labors, and arrived in China on the 29th of June, 1715. He took up the duties of his mission with great energy, and the many baptisms and conversions to a better life testified how God had blessed the efforts of His faithful servant. The apostolic zeal of the young Dominican was talked of in Rome, and the Pope appointed him Vicar of the Province of Fo-Kein. He held this office for fourteen years, built churches and schools, and gained thousands to the Catholic faith. He was consecrated bishop of Mauriscastro in 1730, but was not suffered to remain long in the enjoyment of his dignity. A persecution was raised against the Catholics, and the bishop was forced to leave the flock for which he had labored so long and faithfully. He fled to Canton, but there his persecutors, thirsting for his blood, found him out, and he had again to flee for his life. He found an asylum at Macao, where he remained for six years, consoling the Christians by his presence, and exhorting them to perseverance in the faith. There was, for a time, a lull in the tempest which raged

against the Christians, and the bishop succeeded in returning to his mission. We can imagine the delight of the Christians when their faithful pastor was again in their midst. The remembrance of their terrible sufferings were, in a measure, forgotten in the great joy which filled their hearts. They prayed fervently that he might not be compelled to leave them again; but Providence had ordained otherwise. His enemies, well aware of the use he would make of the respite they allowed him, were again upon the trace, and determined to hunt him down. The faithful tried to conceal the venerable Dominican till secrecy was no longer possible. The time at length came when the holy prelate saw that he should sacrifice himself and offer his life for the salvation of those whom God had committed to his charge. Years and the hard labors of the apostolate had pressed upon him, and he could not evade, much longer, the searches of his pursuers. The Christians were subjected to frightful tortures that they might disclose the hiding-place of the bishop, but they, with a fortitude worthy of the martyrs of the infant Church, scorned to betray their venerable pastor. The solicitude, however, of the Christians for his safety and their fidelity, were of no avail. He fell into the hands of his persecutors on the 30th of June, 1746, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was detained in prison for nearly eleven months, and underwent most fearful treatment. The imperial decree which ratified the sentence of death passed upon him, arrived on the 25th of May, 1747. When the news reached the bishop, he was transported with Heavenly joy. He had in his tender years given himself to God; now he was to complete the offering and seal it with his blood. He could say with the Apostle, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, and kept the faith." The crown of the martyr was within his grasp. A moment's struggle,—the troubles of this world were at an end, and eternal beatitude was to be his portion. He had fought and won the prize.

The holy bishop was beheaded outside the walls of Fo-Kein on the 25th of May, 1747. Here we close the sketch of this glorious martyr, with the hope that we shall soon have a longer history of his labors in the cause of Catholicity.

The second of these martyrs was F. Francis Serrano. He was born in the little borough of Guenexa in Granada, on the 5th of

December, 1695. Little Francis was of an amiable disposition. He was very dutiful to his parents, and obeyed their slightest wish. The boy spent a great part of the time, which other boys spend in play, in the church; and nothing delighted him more than to take part in all religious exercises. He was very devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and consecrated to her every aspiration and affection of his heart. He looked upon this world as a land of misery, where man is to sojourn for a time in expectation of a happier lot. When the youth found out that God had called him to be a religious, he prayed long and fervently, in thanksgiving for the singular favor. He asked to be received among the children of St. Dominic, in the convent of the Holy Cross, Granada. The novice passed his novitiate in the eager pursuit of perfection, and was a source of edification to his brethren by the modesty of his demeanor and the angelic purity of his life. He always kept himself in the presence of God by continual prayer and meditation, and faithful to the traditions of his Order, he recited the Rosary with great fervor, and tried, by every means in his power, to propagate this devotion, and make the Queen of the Rosary the head of every family. After five years of prayer and study he made his solemn vows on the 22d of April, 1714, and was shortly afterwards ordained priest. The young priest labored eleven years in Spain, leading souls along the narrow way, by his preaching and the example of his saintly life. In 1725 he volunteered for the missions of the East, bade adieu to Spain, and sailed for the Philippines. He remained two years at Manilla in order to prepare for the duties of the missionary, and set out for China in 1727. He labored 21 years, braving danger and overcoming difficulties, for the conversion of the Chinese. His apostolate was rewarded by numerous baptisms, and when he was called to Heaven his mission was in a very flourishing condition. The good father was taken and thrown into prison while ministering to his persecuted flock. We must pass over the terrible sufferings he endured during the long confinement which he bore with the fortitude of a Christian martyr. He considered all tortures as nothing that were borne for Jesus Christ, who gave Himself as a victim for the salvation of mankind. On the night of the 28th of October, 1748, when darkness had

settled upon the city, and everything in the prison was still, save the holy confessor, who was praying to the Queen of Heaven: the executioners stealthily entered to perform their work of blood. The holy priest was not surprised, but asked for a few moments to prepare for death, and when he had finished, joyfully gave himself into their hands. The executioners were surprised at his great calmness. They offered him food, according to the custom of the country, but he refused it, and said that a banquet of delights was being prepared for him in Heaven. He was suffocated, and his pure soul, liberated from captivity, was admitted to eternal beatitude.

We now proceed to lay before the reader a sketch of Joachim Royo, who was martyred on the same night as Blessed Francis Serrano. He was born in Arragon on the 3d of October, 1691. His parents were pious and devoted Catholics, and spared no pains in giving the boy a sound Christian education. He did not disappoint their hopes, for his progress in virtue far exceeded their expectations. The child had a great love for the poor, and always took delight in procuring alms to relieve their necessities—indeed, he often deprived himself of some necessities that he might minister to their wants. He applied himself to his studies with much diligence, and cultivated retirement and silence as the best means to perfect himself in holiness and science. At the age of eighteen he was thoroughly acquainted with all the branches of elementary knowledge, and solicited the religious habit at the Dominican convent of Valencia. As soon as he received the habit, he entered on his year of probation. He was looked upon by all as a model of Christian perfection, and his superiors used to point him out as an example to his less fervent brethren. The solitude of his cell and the pious exercises of the novitiate were a source of great consolation to his soul, and he neglected no opportunity of making himself more familiar with God, our Blessed Lady, and the duties of his holy vocation. He never forgot the poor, whom he loved as a boy; and his continual thought was how he could best assist them. “Here I am,” he was wont to say, “having everything that I require, while the poor ones of Christ are suffering the pangs of hunger.” He ate very sparingly, and, if possible, only what others had left. The greater part of his own

portion he always reserved for his beloved poor. So great was his desire for the salvation and welfare of his neighbor that he asked to be sent to China, before he had taken his solemn vows. His superiors, knowing well his worth and great charity, granted his request, and before he was twenty-one he set out for the land where he was one day to offer up his life for the spiritual regeneration of the infidel. He left Spain on the 16th of September, and arrived at Manilla early in the following year. He applied himself with great diligence to the study of theology and Chinese, and soon acquired the knowledge necessary for his missionary duties. The young student prepared himself, by a long course of religious exercises, for the priesthood, and received his new dignity with great fervor of spirit. He departed for China, immediately after his ordination, and began his work with characteristic zeal. After many years of fruitful labor and terrible hardship, nobly borne for his divine Master, he was thrown into prison with Father Serrano, and suffered martyrdom on the same night. While the executioners were performing their barbarous task, Father Joachim came into the cell where the holy martyr was suffering torture. He was seized by the ruffians, and immediately suffocated. His soul joined that of Father Francis in Heaven, where they are never more to part.—“They had loved each other in life, and in death they are not separated.”

The fourth of the Dominican martyrs who suffered in the persecution of 1746, was Father John Alcober. He was born in Granada, on Christmas day, 1694, and entered the Dominican convent of the Holy Cross in 1710. During his novitiate he applied himself to study with great earnestness, and especially to the cultivation of sacred eloquence, of which he became a master in after life. Spain was not to be the field of his labors. He left the land, where he was considered one of the greatest orators of his time, for the humble life of a foreign missionary. In 1725, he sailed for China and devoted his talents to the interests of religion in that country. His apostolic labors extended over a period of eighteen years. Many of these were spent by the holy Dominican in the caves and hiding places of the mountains, whence he issued, at every opportunity, to console his suffering flock. He was not able to baffle the vigilance of his persecutors



DOMINICAN MARTYRS.

long. His charity betrayed him, and he fell into their hands. The devoted priest was thrown into prison, and after two years of dreadful suffering, was hanged, and gained the prize which he had eagerly sought, on the same night as Fathers Serrano and Royo.

Father Francis D'az, the last of these martyrs, was born at Ezija, in Andalusia, on the 2d of October, 1713. He received the Dominican habit in the convent of St. Dominic, in his native city. After the completion of his studies, he was ordained priest, and volunteered for the eastern missions. He left Spain for the Philippines, and passed immediately into China. After ten years of missionary life he was apprehended, and thrown into prison with Father John Alcober. He bore his sufferings with heroic patience, and never murmured at his hard lot. When he had been imprisoned two years, he was hanged, and thus ended the glorious career which he had chosen in early youth, and which he never deserted for a moment till God called him to Heaven.

Here ends the short account of these champions of the faith. We would willingly give the reader a more detailed narrative, but we have already passed the limits we had allowed ourselves. We entertain the hope, however, that we shall, at some future time, return to a minuter study of their eventful career; for the present, we can only trust that they will bless the efforts we have made to make them known to the readers of THE ROSARY. When the news of their martyrdom reached Rome, on the 25th of January, 1752, Benedict XIV. preached their panegyric before the College of Cardinals. They were solemnly beatified by Leo XIII. on the 14th of May, 1893. Now they are venerated on the altars of the Catholic Church. They served God faithfully in life, and their name shall not pass away for ever. "Oh, how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory! The memory thereof is immortal; because it is known both with God and man." (Wisdom iv. 1)



THE ROSARY AND THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PART III.



Hail, Precious Blood! once cold in death,
O'erwhelmed now death lies in the tide
That flowed from all those blessed wounds,
Resplendent now, and glorified.

CHORUS.

O Jesus, on Thy Mother's Beads
We tell this blessed mystery,
And for that Precious Saving Blood
We breathe thanksgiving unto Thee!



Hail, Precious Blood! in heights of Heaven
Adored and praised art Thou for aye;
Yet, will the chalice of the Lord
Hold Thee till time hath died away.



Hail, Precious Blood! Thy saving power
The Paraclete hath perfected:
With sevenfold gifts He came, and lo!
From timid hearts all fear hath fled!



Hail, Precious Blood! the Virgin One
From whose pure veins Thy flood was drawn
Is from the night of exile raised
To endless light of Heaven's dawn.



Hail, Precious Blood! Heaven's glory gained
Through Thee doth crown the Spotless One:
The Father's Child, the Spirit's Bride,
The Virgin Mother of the Son.

THE GOLD PLAGUE.

GEN. HUGH EWING.

CHAPTER IV.

KEPT TO THE EAR, BUT BROKEN TO THE HOPE.

CHOLERA invaded the establishment of Faber, and carried off his collector, a young man who occupied a position of peculiar trust. It was not easy to fill his place, and it remained vacant for several months.

"Suppose," suggested his daughter, one evening, when the matter happened to be mentioned in the parlor, "suppose you employ young Redway, of Sunbury; he is honest and intelligent."

"It would be an unpopular appointment," replied her father; "otherwise, a very good one. There are several of our own persuasion anxious for the place. It would give rise to talk; I think it would hardly do."

"What does talk matter? Who cares for talk?"

"Oh, I care a great deal about it: it sometimes affects business materially."

"I dare say," she continued, after a pause, "he would soon get to attending our meetings. What does it matter, after all, so long as one has religion? He would be coming over to the popular side; there are but few here who hold his opinions; it is a pity not to give him a chance to come over. As long as he stays in Sunbury, he will stick where he is,—his people are numerous there. I say, give the young man a chance for his life; write him to come over, and give him a trial; if he should turn out to be stubborn, you can dismiss him, I suppose."

"That is very true; I might give him a trial, and let it be understood that his engagement was temporary."

"Thanks; when will you write him?"

"To-morrow."

Months had elapsed since Alonzo had returned from Fincastle, but his visit had occurred to his mind almost daily. Sunbury looked diminished and mean to him. He had read of cities, but he had seen Fincastle, and the sight had made a more potent im-

pression than the reading. He had read of kings and queens, but he had associated with the Fabers, and they represented to him all that he knew of wealth and position, and social eminence. The beauty of Paula, enhanced by rich dress and studied manners, had made a deep impression upon him. He contrasted her with the simple maidens of Sunbury, and admitted to himself that he had never seen her equal. His ambition had been aroused; home, with its round of humble labor, had become distasteful to him. He longed for a new field: his thoughts were fixed on Fincastle. But he fretted when he recalled the stricture of Faber on Aubry. The same 'antiquated notions' would operate equally against him; they would prevent him even getting a start in the race for gold and glory.

While immersed in these gloomy reflections he received a letter from Faber:—

"Come over," it said, "and do some collecting for me. It will occupy you until late in the fall; and may result in a permanent position, provided you succeed in winning the good opinion of our people. In other words,—provided you turn out to be popular. Business, you know, depends largely upon that."

His heart beat with exultation, when he read this letter. It seemed to him like a patent of nobility, coming unsought. He was intoxicated with the flattery it conveyed. "I will rise," he said to himself, as he walked rapidly down the street from the post-office to the cottage, to show the letter to his mother; "I will ascend, step by step, to the summit occupied by Faber. I will one day take his place, and found the House of Redway."

The letter displeased his mother; she did not like its tone,—did not like her son to go from her.

"What does he mean by turning out popular?" she inquired.

"He means what he says, I suppose," he answered.

"I know how men become popular, as they call it, in Sunbury," she returned: "by running the streets, and agreeing with everybody they meet. I dislike the word. I am pained to see it in this letter. I wish you would decline to go; I fear your going. I wish you would stay at home, and lead a quiet life with me. We are happy: that is enough. Let us not venture on a change."

"I am not happy," he replied; "I am discontented. I want to go out into the world; Sunbury has become distasteful to me."

"Since when?"

"Oh, I don't know; for some time past."

"Since you went to Fincastle?"

"Yes."

"You will leave me alone."

"I will come over to see you often."

"Some face over there, has taken your fancy; is it not so?"

"As I have said before, I was pleased with Miss Faber: she was very polite and kind to me."

"Perhaps you will court her."

"It may be; though it would be aspiring pretty high. I have no reason to think she cares particularly for me, and my feeling for her is simply one of gratitude."

"Gratitude is next door to love. I will consent to your leaving me on one condition."

"On what condition?"

"That you give me your solemn promise, never to make a mixed marriage."

"I promise," he answered, after some thought. "I will never make a mixed marriage."

He left his mother, who was filled with foreboding of evil; but his promise consoled her. He was soon absorbed in business, after reaching Fincastle; he threw into it all his energy, and devoted to it all his thoughts. Evenings, when work was lacking, he passed with the ladies, and became habituated at the Faber residence. His feelings toward Paula soon passed the point of gratitude; and she became more and more gracious to him, as time passed on.

One evening, as they sat together in the parlor, the merchant came to the door with his hat in his hand, and said,

"I cannot accompany you to church, this evening, my daughter; I have an engagement. Mr. Redway will have to escort you."

"Very well," she answered, as she arose and left the room; "I will get my bonnet."

"Good evening, Redway," said the father, as he turned into the hall. "Take good care of the young lady,—don't run away with her," he added, with a laugh.

"What can I do?" he said to himself, in dismay, as he sat alone

in the parlor. "I am compelled to go. I hope my mother will never hear of it."

It was a protracted meeting; the house was crowded. A noted preacher from abroad, delivered a lengthy discourse; preceded, and followed, by prayer and the singing of hymns. Alonzo sat and stood, as occasion required, by his enamorata, in the prominent front pew of the Fabers,—a high place in the synagogue; his presence was noted by many eyes;—he had taken his first step on the highway to popularity. As they passed out at the door, a class leader, one of the most influential men in the town, shook him warmly by the hand.

The French say truly, "It is the first step that costs." Redway found it so.

As he went about his business, on the days that followed, men, who heretofore had passed him with a nod, now smiled upon him, stopped, and exchanged the compliments of the day. His employer intimated, with a confidential air, that he thought, he was not sure yet,—but he thought he would be able before long to place him to his entire satisfaction.

A few evenings after receiving this hint, which gave him much gratification, Alonzo, calling, found Kitty and Utter alone in the parlor.

"I think," said Utter, "Miss Paula was hoping you would come. Her Father cannot accompany us to meeting this evening, and she needs an escort."

"Yes," joined in Kitty, "she will not go with Jack and myself. She says she does not like to see a gentleman with a lady on each arm."

Alonzo laughed, but rather uneasily, and Kitty left the room, saying that she would inform Paula that an escort had turned up.

"The fact is," said Utter, "Miss Paula will not walk with me. She says that I am pre-empted by Kitty. The true reason, I take it is, she looks down on me, as a mere clerk."

"And what am I?" enquired Alonzo.

"Oh! It is different with you."

"How different with me?"

"Well, you won her favor while you were a stranger, out of business,—not yet contaminated with trade, you see; and now,

not to mince words, and to give you the benefit of my observations, she can't do without you. It is like dram drinking, you know; she is not able to get over it."

"You are very candid," replied Alonzo, blushing; "and very complimentary."

"No, I am simply truthful; the fact is, you are a lucky dog; Kitty has observed it as well as I. She says the game is in your own hands, but she doubts whether you know enough of the world to play it. She says one who wins Paula must play a yielding, liberal, free hand. She is domineering, and must be followed, not driven."

"I am so glad," said Paula, as she and her companion entered, ready to start, "that I have found an escort."

After this evening she relied on him to accompany her to the regular evening meetings. Presently a special occasion called for his attendance on Sunday morning. This soon grew into a habit; and he received his appointment, and took his position in the establishment.

One pleasant evening, in the fall of the year, as they sat in the moonlight, on the sward in front of the house, their conversation grew confidential and tender; both felt that the critical moment was approaching. After a long pause, he said:

"You know, Paula, that I love you; do you return my love? will you accept me as your husband?"

"Speak to my father," she replied, with emotion, rising, and entering the house.

"This is a serious matter," replied the father, when spoken to by Alonzo. "If you marry my daughter, I must take you into partnership, as junior member of my firm. I would never permit the husband of my child to occupy the position of a clerk. It was by close connection with the church to which I am attached, that I built up my business. Any, even a partial severance, of that connection, would endanger the permanence of my establishment. Nothing would induce me to take a step in that direction. Think over this, and we will return to the subject further on; I cannot give a decisive answer just yet. Speak to John Utter, he has my confidence, and understands our relations with our customers and the outside world, with what goes to make up

public opinion, on which all men in business, more or less, depend."

That evening, Alonzo sought an interview with Utter; related the conversation he had held with his employer, and inquired what it meant.

"He was too proud to come out in so many words," replied Utter, lighting a cigar, and leaning back, imposingly in his chair, "and so spoke to you in riddles, and sent you to me. Now, I know perfectly well what the old gentleman meant; and I know, also, what the young lady meant in sending you to him. Young ladies in Fincastle do not send suitors to anyone for an answer. They say, yes, or no, on the spot; unless they want something said which they prefer putting on the Papa; and, in this case, the paternal ancestor has passed it on to me. Very delicate conduct on the part of both of them, as well as business-like. I quite approve of it."

"Now, I am an older man than you, Redway," he continued, "and have seen a deal more of the world, and I beg you to believe me, when I say that you are in a position that will not permit of hesitation or vacillation; neither the father nor the daughter will tolerate it. You must do as I tell you, or make up your mind to return to Sunbury, minus a lovely wife and a brilliant future."

"Well," enquired Alonzo, in a low tone, with a very pale face, as Utter paused, and resumed his cigar: "what must I do?"

"You must put on your hat," he replied, rising and throwing his cigar into the fireplace, "and come up with me to the meeting-house."

"What to do?"

"To inscribe your name on the roll of probationers."

"I cannot; it is impossible!"

"You must; it is easy. It is but writing your name; come."

"It is an act of apostasy."

"Nothing of the kind. You may not be accepted; you may backslide after the father dies, and he will not live forever; the cholera may carry him off next week. It is a mere matter of form. I have known many a man that didn't stick a year, when he found it didn't pay. But it will pay you, pay you big. Come, we will be back within an hour, and I will see the father, and bring you his

consent, and you can go up to the house, and spend the evening with your lady-love in peace. Its a bagatelle; come, don't be a fool."

"Jack," replied Alonzo, rising to his feet, and trembling in every limb, "I think I would rather die."

"You mean, you would rather go back to Sunbury. You will be dismissed from our establishment within ten days, unless you come; make your mind up to that."

"Is there no other way? no middle course?" gasped Alonzo, resuming his seat, and looking about him as though he was actually seeking a material pathway out of the dread dilemma.

"There is none," responded Utter, sternly and contemptuously: "it is sign, or Sunbury."

Redway arose again to his feet in intense agitation, holding on to the back of the chair for support. His looks were cast on the floor. He stood a few moments in meditation. At length he raised his eyes.

"Utter," he said, in a scarcely audible tone; "I had hoped to convert her, before our marriage."

"Convert *her!*" exclaimed Utter, in amazement. "What folly to think of changing Paula Faber before marriage! Afterwards it might be done, for she will cling to her husband: but while free, never!"

"After marriage, you think she might change?"

"I do: if the matter is skilfully handled. It is worth trying; take your hat, and come along."

"But even this hope is of no avail," replied Alonzo, dejectedly. "I made a solemn promise to my mother on leaving home, and I cannot break it; I cannot bring myself to violate my word. I could never look her in the face again if I did."

"I advise no man to violate his word," responded Utter; "and if it binds you against this marriage, I have nothing to say. But answer me this: how can you endure life in Sunbury, haunted by the recollection of the love and fortune you have trodden under foot? Will you not regret every day, and all through the days, your lost love, to say nothing of the fortune? How many times, do you think, you will wish to have it in your power to reverse the decision you are now making? You know you will be a mis-

erable wretch, buried all your life in that little village. Fortune comes to every man's door once in his life; if she is turned away, she never returns. She is knocking at your door this minute: think, she will never return; ask her in, and your fortune is made forever,—no more struggle, no more poverty; no lost love to lament, but a future bright as day. Think of it, Redway."

"But my promise, Utter! Oh, my promise!"

"What was this deadly promise? tell me!"

"Never to make a mixed marriage," groaned Redway.

"Never to make a mixed marriage," repeated Utter, who was unfamiliar with the phrase; "that is to say, not to marry a girl of a different persuasion from yourself; is that what you mean?"

"Yes," he muttered.

"Fortune dogs your footsteps," responded Utter, with a triumphant smile; "obstacles only appear before you, to vanish at a breath. Come," he said, taking Alonzo by the arm, and opening the door, "within an hour you will have signed, you and the beautiful Paula will be of the same persuasion. Your promise to your mother will not be violated; the marriage will be unmixed. I think I hear the wedding bells in the air," he added, laughing, and, arm in arm, they ascended the hill, and disappeared within the portal of the meeting-house.

He kept the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE SHADE OF A PALM TREE.

One day a party of horsemen entered Monterey from the South. They rode down the main street in military order. At their head was a tall, handsome, well-dressed man, who looked neither to the right nor left, but on whom many gazed with admiration. The rear was brought up by an ambulance, containing the body of one of the company, carried off that morning by the cholera.

Our little Sunbury company stood on the narrow pavement, in front of their quarters, with Von Tilly, to see them pass, intending to halt them and have some conversation; but their salute was returned with cold formality, and the party passed on. Von Tilly, however, was not repulsed; he stepped into the street,

walked by the horse of the leader, and engaged him in conversation.

"Where is your company from?" he enquired.

"From Florida."

"Where do you propose camping to-night?"

"On the outskirts of the town."

"Do you go on in the morning?"

"Yes, we take the road again at day-break."

"You are bound for the ocean at Mazatlan, I presume, en route for California?"

"Yes, via Durango; and your party,—which way do you travel?"

"The same route; we have been waiting here some time, intending for protection against the Apaches, to join the first company that overtook us; we hope to join you, and cross Mexico together."

"How many are you?"

"Five."

"Come out to our camp to-night, and we will talk it over, and see if we can agree. Come out soon after dark, and attend the funeral."

"Very good, we will attend. My name is Egmont Von Tilly," he said, raising his hat; "and yours?"

"Thomas Haywood."

"That man is a gentleman," said Von Tilly, when he returned to the pavement, "and has his company well in hand. We are invited to the funeral after tea, and can then arrange with him. He did not seem overjoyed at the prospect of recruiting his numbers, but intends to take us in, on some terms or other. I am sure if our company had been large, we would have been rejected. I think I understand him; he intends to command, whoever travels with him."

At dark, the Sunbury men rode into the Florida camp. The burial was to take place five miles from the city, in the cemetery laid out and walled in by General Taylor,—unconsecrated ground. Before the undertaker appeared, hours passed, during which the union of the companies was discussed, and terms agreed on. Haywood was to command, and have power to dissolve the union at will. If they intrigued with his men, or in any way caused

him trouble, he said he would cast them adrift. In a private interview, sought by Von Tilly, Haywood agreed that he might mess with him, free of charge, in consideration of his acting as interpreter.

It was approaching midnight, when the undertaker drove into the camp in a light wagon. He had been detained until that moment, he said, awaiting the official burial permit. As soon as the procession, riding two abreast, passed the city limits, the driver of the hearse set off at a furious gallop: the mourners, taken by surprise, were compelled to follow at the same gait. The grave was dug just within the low, white wall. One of the company mounted on it, and, from an Episcopal prayer-book, read aloud the burial service, by the bright southern moonlight, the audience standing, with heads uncovered. A sharp gallop brought them back to the city, a few hours' rest followed, and at daybreak the united companies mounted and set off, crossing the mountains by the pass of Rinconada, and camped in a cactus-bordered lane, in the valley beyond.

They marched in military array across Mexico, in close column, two abreast: Haywood, and Von Tilly, in character of interpreter, leading, and the Sunbury men bringing up the rear. Bodies of Apaches appeared at several points, scrutinized the column, but allowed it to pass unmolested. When game was seen, the men were allowed to pursue it, and as evening approached, the march was often disordered, by the necessity of scattering in search of water, by which to camp.

Haywood cultivated an intimacy with Aubry, and frequently had him ride by his side, when Von Tilly dropped back, and rode with Redway, with whom he cemented a firm friendship. When in camp, they were much together, and on days when the company rested in some grassy spot, to recruit their animals, and the time hung heavy, they resumed their games of cards. Von Tilly had picked up the Mexican game of Monte, while in Monterey, and taught it to Redway, who at once displayed proficiency in the art, and soon surpassed his instructor.

One Saturday evening, the company descended into a meadow, and camped on the banks of a stream of cold water, that ran through it. They determined to rest there the following day.

Four or five hundred yards above the crossing, in sight of the camp, stood a solitary palm tree, throwing its shade partly over the running water, that here broke into a ripple, and murmured as it passed. On Sunday morning, Aubry and Redway strolled up the stream, seated themselves on the grass, under the shade of the palm, recited the Rosary and their Mass prayers, and read a few chapters from à Kempis. After a time others strolled up, among them Von Tilly, and a game of cards was proposed.

"Let us play Monte," said Von Tilly; "it is new; the old games are dull compared to Monte."

"I have never played it," replied one of the party. "I doubt if a man among us knows the game."

"There you are out," responded Von Tilly; "there is one man here, besides myself, who plays it well: better, indeed, than I do."

"Who?"

"Redway,—act as dealer," he continued, tossing the pack into Redway's lap; "and let us introduce these greenhorns to the mysteries of Monte."

"The greenhorns had better be saying their Sunday prayers," replied Redway. "I do not care to play to-day."

"Sunday prayers!" echoed Von Tilly: "I will lay five dollars to one, yes, ten to one, and I dare any of you to take me up, that not one man in this camp has said a prayer this morning,—hold!" he quickly added, "I except you and Aubry. Will anybody take the bet?—great odds, gentlemen; will anybody cover my ten with a one?"

"No taker," laughed one of the party.

"Well then, prayer being tabled, let us take up for consideration the noble game of Monte. Come, friend Redway; help me teach these pious gentlemen; it will pass the time pleasantly, and keep them out of mischief."

"I will help you explain the game," responded Redway, reluctantly dealing the cards.

"Oh! The game is very simple," presently said one of the pupils.

"Very," responded several others.

"I move," resumed the first speaker, "that we play for *medio*

stakes,—only six and a quarter cents a go: it will not break anybody."

"I would rather not play for money," remonstrated Redway, as the men, including Von Tilly, were producing from their pockets, and placing on the cards, the small Mexican coin.

"Nonsense," replied Von Tilly, holding up a little dirty discolored coin; "this is not money, it is debased currency; it is a *medio*,—it is next to nothing; go on with the game."

Time passed rapidly; the excitement grew, until it became absorbing, and in the end, intense. The limit of a *medio* was passed, without observation or objection; double, and quadruple that amount was staked upon a card, and, toward the end, half dollars were put down upon a single throw. Redway dealt rapidly and skilfully; he was what is technically styled "The Banker;" he shared the general excitement. Winnings flowed in upon him; when he arose from the grass, at the end of the game, his pockets were heavy with silver.

When the company reached the city of Durango, they were detained for many days, making their preparations for crossing the Cordillaro. There was much idle time, which they passed in visiting churches, and other places of interest. Von Tilly and Redway were inseparable companions. They visited the theatre, and dropped into the monte tables, to look on at the play.

There was an elegant saloon, frequented by the upper class, containing several distinct tables. They secured an introduction here, through a chance acquaintance, and were impressed with the quiet, order, and politeness that prevailed. On their second visit, the manager, who had been introduced to them, invited them to an adjoining room, and offered them a glass of wine and a cigar, both of exquisite quality, and drew Von Tilly into conversation. When they returned to the saloon, they stood at a table where the betting ran high, and became deeply interested in the varying fortunes of the game. Gold coin, alone, was ventured in this establishment.

"Let us go home," whispered Redway; "it is growing late."

"No, this gentleman will break the bank, if he wins for half an hour longer. Let us stay, and see it fly up into the air."

"It makes me tremble," replied Redway, moving away. "I

will watch it no longer." The manager passed, at this moment, and bowed politely. Von Tilly overtook his companion, and said,—

"We have been here now two nights, without making a bet. It is expected that gentlemen visiting these places, should make one,—more is not looked for. You may do as you like, as to that, but one bet on the occasion of each visit, is *de rigueur*. Let us move down to the next table, and comply with the custom."

"Is it expected that we should both bet?" enquired Redway, who shrunk from putting down money on a gaming table.

"Yes; both."

"How much must we stake?"

"A piece of gold; silver is not current here."

"I have nothing smaller than an ounce piece; I cannot afford to lose that much. Can you change one for me?"

"My dear friend, that is precisely my condition; my change is all in silver. I think there is no small gold coin in circulation in this country; the ounce seems to be the smallest bet possible: maybe we shall win. Here goes," he added, approaching the table, and laying an ounce upon a card. He lost, and the money was swept in by the banker's assistant.

Kedway, who had taken an ounce from his purse, now laid it on the table; but, in his agitation, dropped it in a position where the chance of winning was remote. The sum, if successful, as when playing on the "Eagle" in the game of Roulette, was paid thirty-two times. Von Tilly noticed it, but the deal had begun, and it was too late to change.

"What a pity!" he said; "you have thrown your ounce away: you stand but one chance in forty."

"I did not see what I was doing," he replied. "Let it go; it is my last bet at a gaming table."

As the last card fell from the hand of the banker, his assistant pushed over with his rake, a pile of ounces until it touched the bet of Redway. The gentlemen at the table looked up, smiled, and bowed to him.

"Quite an unusual stroke of good fortune, Señor," said one.

"Such a stroke made me a votary of the game," said another.

"It is a question whether it is fortunate for a youth to win."

Redway took up his winnings with a smile, and a bow, and left the table with a beating heart: he had acquired more money in a moment than he had borrowed from the farmer Aubry for his expedition.

(To be continued.)

MARY'S MONTH.

E. BECK.

THERE'S not a month in all the year
As fair as Mary's May,
When woods are green, and skies are clear,
And earth is bright and gay,
When billowy foam is on the thorn,
And daisies deck the lea,
And sky-larks in the dewy morn
Awake to minstrelsy.

When south winds in the violet eves
In golden beech boughs high
Sing 'mid the fleck'ring, tender leaves
The young birds' lullaby;
On buttercups beside our feet
The sportive sunbeams play,
And lilies fling their perfume sweet
To Mary's month of May.

And it is meet that birds should sing,
And flowers scent the air,
And church bells in the twilight ring
To call the world to prayer,
Because our Lady at God's throne
More lovingly shall pray
For you and me in this her own
Sweet, perfect month of May.

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE ASCENSION.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.



GROUP—but not like the one wending its way over this same path, from that upper room on the eve of Good Friday, when such a nameless dread of impending sorrow weighed upon each breast. The Master leads the way, as then: as then, only eleven of His chosen disciples are with Him; but the Virgin Mother is with Him and a large number of devoted followers, and instead of the solemn shadows of evening, the

full vernal sunshine is on hill and valley, and all nature seems in bud, if not in actual bloom. The sky has never seemed lovelier to anyone in that band, and yet an awe, which they cannot explain, has possession of them. They are conscious of walking in the midst of wonders never to be anticipated; for what have they not been witness to, since the eve of Good Friday, while the forty days succeeding the Resurrection have been full of surprises! The Master has promised them a mysterious gift, charging them not to depart from Jerusalem until they have received this grace, which, He assures them, will endue them with strength from on high—strength, which they are conscious was sadly lacking during the awful hours of the passion and the crucifixion.

But with these thoughts coursing through their minds, what seems like a lingering fibre of indestructible ambition, prompts the question:

“Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?”¹

The answer comes: “It is not for you to know the times or moments which the Father hath put in His own power;” but He repeats, with a touch of infinite compassion, the mysterious promise already made to them, and in the midst of this discourse they have not only passed over the brook Kedron, but have come to the Mount of Olives, which had such an attraction for our Lord.

¹ Acts i, 6.

In the depths of its shadows He had poured forth His bloody sweat, and now He will give it the charm of one more sacred association for the minds of His faithful in all coming ages. Without haste they follow the winding paths until they come to its very summit, when, wonder of wonders! while still speaking with them, He is detached from them, as if rising from the earth on which He has stood, and in an instant they see the glorified, impassable body, which has come, so many times during the preceding forty days, through their closed doors to give them its sweetest salutation,—“Peace be unto you”—actually soaring into the clear air, towards the blue sky, until a luminous cloud comes between Him and their straining eyes, and He is received out of their sight—received, by whom? Who can picture, for an instant, that glorious coming forth of legions on legions of angels, arch-angels, principalities, powers, virtues, dominions, thrones, cherubim, seraphim, in that region which is above all the heavens, to meet Him who carries to them the very flesh of His manhood and the very wounds of His passion! Or who can depict the admiration for the wonder, the sharp grief at the parting, the yearning for that Presence of ineffable peace, in the hearts of those still standing on Mount Olivet, realizing, as they suddenly do, that He has actually gone from them?

But while their wistful eyes are steadfastly following Him as He goes up into Heaven, behold! two men stand by them in white raiment, who say to them in their bewilderment, in the first moment of anguish at their loss: “Men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to Heaven? This Jesus, who hath been taken up from you into Heaven, shall come so as ye have seen Him going into Heaven.”

Who can fathom the compassion of the Lord for these disciples of His, imperfect as they are, yet to be moulded by His grace into columns of beauty and of strength, armed towers against which the world is to battle in vain! No sooner do these words of the angels—of the men clothed in white garments—come to their ears, than the whole mystery is received into their minds as a fact they have been privileged to witness. Now, too, come back to them the mysterious promises spoken to them by the Master while walking over the brook Kedron to the Blessed

Mount, and they return to Jerusalem, and to that upper chamber where they had not only celebrated the Last Supper, but where they have found shelter during the succeeding days, there to await, with thanksgivings and prayers, the coming of the promised comforter, the Paraclete.

Who can realize the uplift of these souls, admitted, as they had been, to the very counsels of Heaven; receiving a commission from the Lord Himself, to make known to the whole world the wonders to which they had been eye-witnesses; to finish in themselves and in their successors, the work of salvation! What could they not say, also, of the touching confidence reposed in them by their Master; intrusting to them the gathering in of the harvest of Redemption, of which His Blood was the seed! For, not only had this very Peter denied Him, but all the disciples, even John the beloved, had fled from Him at the moment He was seized by the treacherous Judas and the band of soldiers. They had shrunk from Him during all the hours of His mock trial, nor had they expiated their grievous desertion, save only John, during the three awful hours upon the cross. Truly was it said of Jesus, that He "knew what was in man," and He weighed actions and judged motives, after a manner past human verdicts. When they were so overwhelmed with joy at seeing Him again, no reproaches fell from His lips; only to Peter He said, three times, as if to win a reparation for his triple denial, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" And now, at the very moment when they would seem to have been deserted by their Master, they are conscious of being nearer to Him and to His counsels than when, a few hours before, they had asked Him: "Lord, wilt Thou at this time, restore the kingdom to Israel?" Floods of interior light pour into their minds, consuming that apparently, as we have said, indestructible fibre of human ambition, and the Godhead and the manhood, in their mysterious union, loom up before them with a beauty to which they had been hitherto blind; for the point of the mystery and the soul of the event lies in this, that the Godhead, which had assumed the manhood, had not done so for a brief space like that of His ministry on earth, but had assumed it into Himself everlastingly, so that when He returned to His own place in the Beatific Vision, He went to it as both God

and man; thus, as Saint Chrysostom says, placing "man, who had fallen so low that there was no farther fall for him, so high, that there is thence no ascending."¹

This truth, so consoling, is brought forward repeatedly in the very wording of the Mass; for, every time the wine and the water are mingled in the chalice, the priest says: "O God, who, in creating human nature, didst wonderfully dignify it, and hast still more wonderfully renewed it, grant that, by the mystery of this Water and Wine, we may be made partakers of His divinity, who vouchsafed to become partaker of our humanity, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, world without end." In the Preface for the feast of the Ascension and its octave, we have this sentence: "Christ, our Lord, who after His resurrection appeared openly to all His disciples, and in their sight ascended up into Heaven, to make us partakers of His divinity;" and within the Action of the Holy Sacrifice as it proceeds during this octave: "Celebrating the most sacred day on which our Lord, Thy only begotten Son, placed on the right hand of Thy glory the substance of our frailty united to Himself."

It would not be possible for Saint Athanasius to express more distinctly this union of the human nature with the Godhead. And yet, often as we may have read these words while following the Mass, we believe the realization of the infinite depths of this mystery comes to the soul, the mind, suddenly, under some illuminating grace; just as it came to the apostles themselves, when, having seen our Lord actually ascending into Heaven after having eaten with them, they returned to their own consciousness, and believed, past all shadow of doubt, that the Presence which had lived and walked among men for thirty-three years, was indeed, and verily, and for everlastingly, sitting at the right hand of the Father, and blessed and glorified and extolled forever.

How many times in the course of this mortal pilgrimage have we not felt the present and the visible circumstances of life asserting themselves in a way to crowd out what is, really, the actual in our existence; the eternal reality, the eternally actual! Death is all around us. The dearest beloved lies before us life-

¹ S. Chrysostom's sermon on the Ascension. See Breviary in English, p. 530.

less, without breath or sensibility. Oh, who will tell us, we cry out in our anguish, something of the soul which was its life! Who will tell us where and how it exists without this body which was fitted to it, and was a part of its perfection as a creation! So long ago as when Aristotle taught, the relation of the soul to the body, of the body to the soul, was settled by him, so far as human philosophy could do this, and his word has never been reversed in which he declared that both soul and body are necessary to the perfect human being. Dante, all through his threefold song of the other world, takes for granted that the perfection of the human race is to be accomplished when the resurrected bodies are united to the souls for which both were mutually created. He goes even so far as to say that the sensibility to pain for the lost, as well as the capacity for happiness in the blessed, will be increased at the resurrection; and the pagan philosopher, acting up to the grandeur of the natural man by God's goodness, and the Christian poet and theologian, both voice the mutual love of the soul and body, and their grief at separation.

It is precisely this cry, this instinctive cry of our human nature, which is answered by the fact, the visible fact, of the ascension of our Lord, body and soul and divinity. How carefully had He made His disciples acquainted with His actual body after His resurrection! How often Saint Leo—Saint Leo the first, and so truly the Great—insists, in those homilies woven into the lessons of the Breviary,¹ that it is not more necessary to believe in the divinity of our Lord than in His humanity; and now, as a proof of this, let us turn to the Gospel of Saint Luke,² to read how the disciples, who had been so entranced by His walk with them to Emmaus, His conversation, and finally, His being made known to them in the breaking of bread, had risen up “that same hour” and returned to Jerusalem, and to their fellow-disciples. It was while they were recounting these marvels that “Jesus stood in the midst of them and saith to them: Peace be to you: it is I, fear not. But they being troubled and affrighted, supposed that they saw a spirit. And He said to them: Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? See My

¹ This precious Breviary translated by the Marquess of Bute into English.

² xxiv. 36-43.

hands and My feet, that it is I myself: handle and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see that I have. And when He had said this, He showed them His hands and His feet (those pierced hands, those pierced feet). But while they yet believed not, and wondered for joy, He said: Have ye here anything to eat? And they offered Him a piece of broiled fish and a honey-comb. And when He had eaten in their presence, taking the remains, He gave to them."

Then, too, that most impressive interview when He said to Saint Thomas: "Put in thy finger hither, and see My hands, and bring hither thy hand and put it into My side;"¹ by all of which He labored to make them cognizant of the reality of His risen Body; and, finally, not only crowned these evidences, but glorified them, by His Ascension, which was the veritable taking of this veritable Body with His Godhead, as an indivisible part thereof, into the Heaven of heavens, and to the splendors of the Beatific Vision.

This is the transcendent theology of our Mystery—the Ascension—which comes in the second decade of our glorious mysteries of the Holy Rosary; to be pondered upon and recited on the beads daily by those who say their full Rosary, or, as often as the cares and labors of this mortal life allow. Let us see how our artists have dealt with this mystery, and I believe it will surprise many to find how responsive genius has been to the wonders of Theology. It would seem, indeed, as if genius, Christianized, had but to listen to believe, and but to believe to set forth heights and depths beyond the power of mere words.

As was natural, the first representations of the Mystery expressed the fact of the Ascension only, but with a directness which rivals that of the Gospel narrative. The earliest representation on which we can lay our hand, is from an ancient ivory in the Arundel collection, which has all the simplicity of an actual beholding of the ascent into Heaven. There is no nimbus, no glory; the back is turned towards us, but the arms are thrown out with an ecstatic uplift as the hand of the Eternal Father is seen reached forth in welcome, and the soaring movement is like that of a bird.

But the charm of this subject, above all for wall spaces, was not overlooked by Cimabue, the reviver of Christian art. On one

¹ Saint John xx. 27.

side of the rose-window in the upper or "superior" church of Saint Francis at Assisi, we find it filling the entire space between one side of the circular window and the grand arch in which it is set. The ascending Lord is crowned with a cruciform nimbus, the hands and arms following the far, upward look of the eyes. Clouds conceal the figure from a little below the knees, but on the crumbling plaster of the wall below, we see the heads, at least, of nearly all the eleven apostles, and the heads and wings of the two angels mentioned in the narrative; the whole composition characterized by the solemn gladness of the feast itself, so suited to the genius of Cimabue.

His pupil, Giotto, followed the mind of his master in the treatment of his subject (which should always have space) on the walls of the beautiful Arena Chapel at Padua, and as it is in perfect preservation, can be studied and, also, well reproduced. The upward movement of the figure is similar to that by Cimabue, but more inclined, thereby giving its soaring action, and the whole figure is seen in the oval mandorla or glory, the cloud only slightly indicated. On either hand of the ascending figure are the choirs of angels who have come to meet Him, similar to those choirs described by Saint John in his vision of the Apocalypse, and which are represented in so many of the old Christian mosaics; notably, in the mosaic on the Arch of Triumph of Saint Paul, outside the walls. Below are the two angels with halos, and winged, pointing upward as they address the small company of the apostles, who are kneeling and adoring; foremost, also, as if they had followed her in her adoration, the Virgin Mother. The ascending figure of our Lord is of the tenderest beauty in its every line, and in the intense joy of His return to His place in the Heavens.

One of the pointed, or highest arches, in that treasury of art, the so-called "Spanish chapel" of Santa Maria Novella, of the Dominicans of Florence, is graced by this subject, and is one of Taddeo Gaddi's grandest conceptions. Like Giotto, he has given the Blessed Virgin and the apostles kneeling in a transport of adoration. Nearest to her and on each side, kneel Saint Peter and Saint Andrew; Saint John, just at the elbow of Saint Peter, is shading his eyes and following, with a look of longing love, the

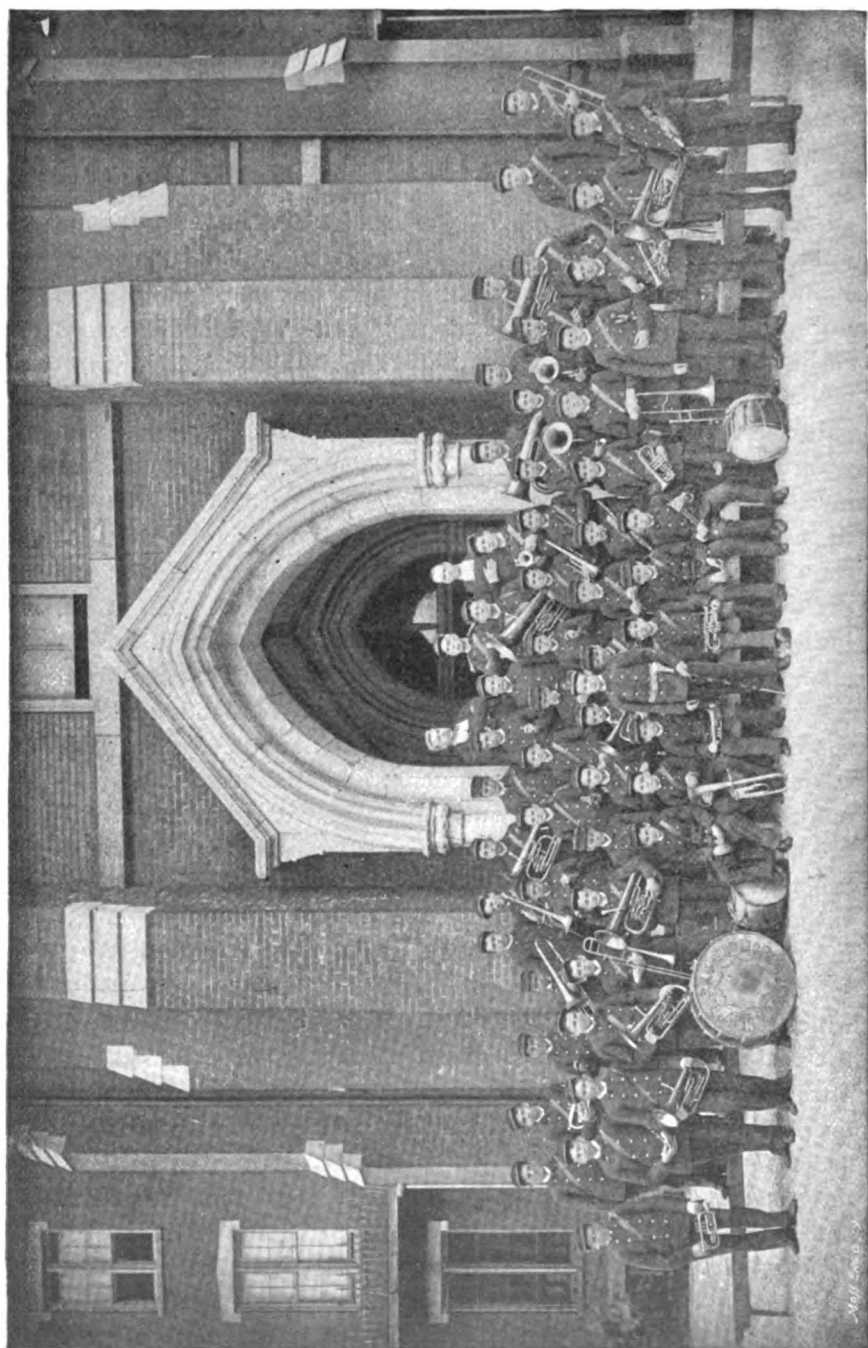
upward movement of his Lord, while the two angels are giving them the assurance of His second coming. The different dispositions of the apostles are strongly characterized, one being seen turning away with a look of untold grief, as if he could not bear to see this departure, glorious though it be. They kneel upon a vernal turf enamelled with flowers; the olive trees are in full leaf; groups of delightful angels are seen hovering near the mandorla of glory which surrounds the ascending figure crowned with the cruciform nimbus, robed and mantled in a starry drapery, both hands raised, and both feet set forth so as to show His wounds; sublime in its serenity, returning indeed to Heaven, but still mindful of those He is leaving on the earth.

Among those most tender subjects for meditation which Fra Angelico left on the walls of his monastery, San Marco in Florence, another treasury of Dominican art, is the Ascension. Like Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi, the Blessed Virgin and apostles are kneeling in an ecstasy of praise; only it is a praise more tenderly expressed. The olive trees stand close to the group, and the angels are there; but our Lord? Far, far up, truly among the clouds, we see only the folds of His garment! The "mountains that stand round about Jerusalem" seem to cradle a broad expanse of blue sea, like that on which Jesus so often accompanied His disciples, and the picture is full of summer atmosphere and the charms of Paschal-tide.

Raphael gave this subject among his immortal tapestries. In this composition, as in our preceding ones, the apostles are kneeling, unless springing forward in a rapture of wonder. The ascending figure of the Lord is somewhat like that in his Transfiguration; the nimbus is rayed; light clouds are clinging to Him as if ready to conceal Him from mortal view, and the two angels give, from the air, the assurance of His second coming. All is demonstration, full of the wonder mingled with grief which comes to the heart as we read the short descriptions in the Gospels and the Acts.

But the summing up of the Ascension as a mystery, with its transcendent theology, its wonder, its exultation, and its pathos, was still left for Perugino. Often as the subject had been depicted, its wells of gracious mystery had not been exhausted when Pietro

of Perugia set himself to show forth its grandeur and its divine tenderness to the eyes of men, and thus to open new fountains of meditation to devout souls. On the turf, on which flush the flowers of springtime, stands the Blessed Virgin, after Perugino's own heart: beautiful, entranced, altogether absorbed in the glory of her Son and her Redeemer. On one side of the Virgin Mother stands Saint Peter, holding the key of his spiritual primacy, one hand raised, from a movement of profound wonder and absolute adoration. On the other side stands Saint Paul, with the sword of his martyrdom, not as an eye-witness, but looking, steadfastly at Saint John, who holds his book as an Evangelist, and with a subdued look of sorrow, of adoring affection, which is like the trance of a poet, as well as of the profoundest faith, and as if he already saw the Word as he saw Him when he wrote the first verse of his Gospel. Saint James, Saint Philip, the young apostles, as they are always represented, are there; all the apostles duly individualized; and we see other heads on the edge of the picture, indicating the presence of other followers. A repose, unspeakable, breathes through these figures as if they were being lifted up with Him who is slowly rising above them; the hands uplifted, the feet visible with their precious wounds, and the drapery falls so as to show the wound in His sacred side; the gesture so benignant, the raised fingers pointing gently to that Heaven to which He is returning; choirs of angels are hymning their praises to the touch of musical instruments, while the mandorla glory is set with cherubs' heads. But more than the loveliness of surroundings, more than the beauty of the divine manhood portrayed as seldom is seen in art, or the graciousness of gesture, is that look which beams upon the little group below Him. The Godhead, the manhood, both adorable, both attracting as only God can attract the immortal beings He has created; loving them with an everlasting love; dying to redeem them; rising from the dead in order to resume His humanity; ascending gloriously, ineffably into the Heaven of heavens that He may draw them after Him, and set them on thrones in His everlasting kingdom,—this is Perugino's Ascension, where we may learn somewhat of that blessedness prepared, for body and soul, when the eternal counsels have consummated all that is in store for the children of men.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE.—THE BAND, WITH BROTHER LEONTINE, THE BAND MASTER AND BROTHER ABEL.

THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY.

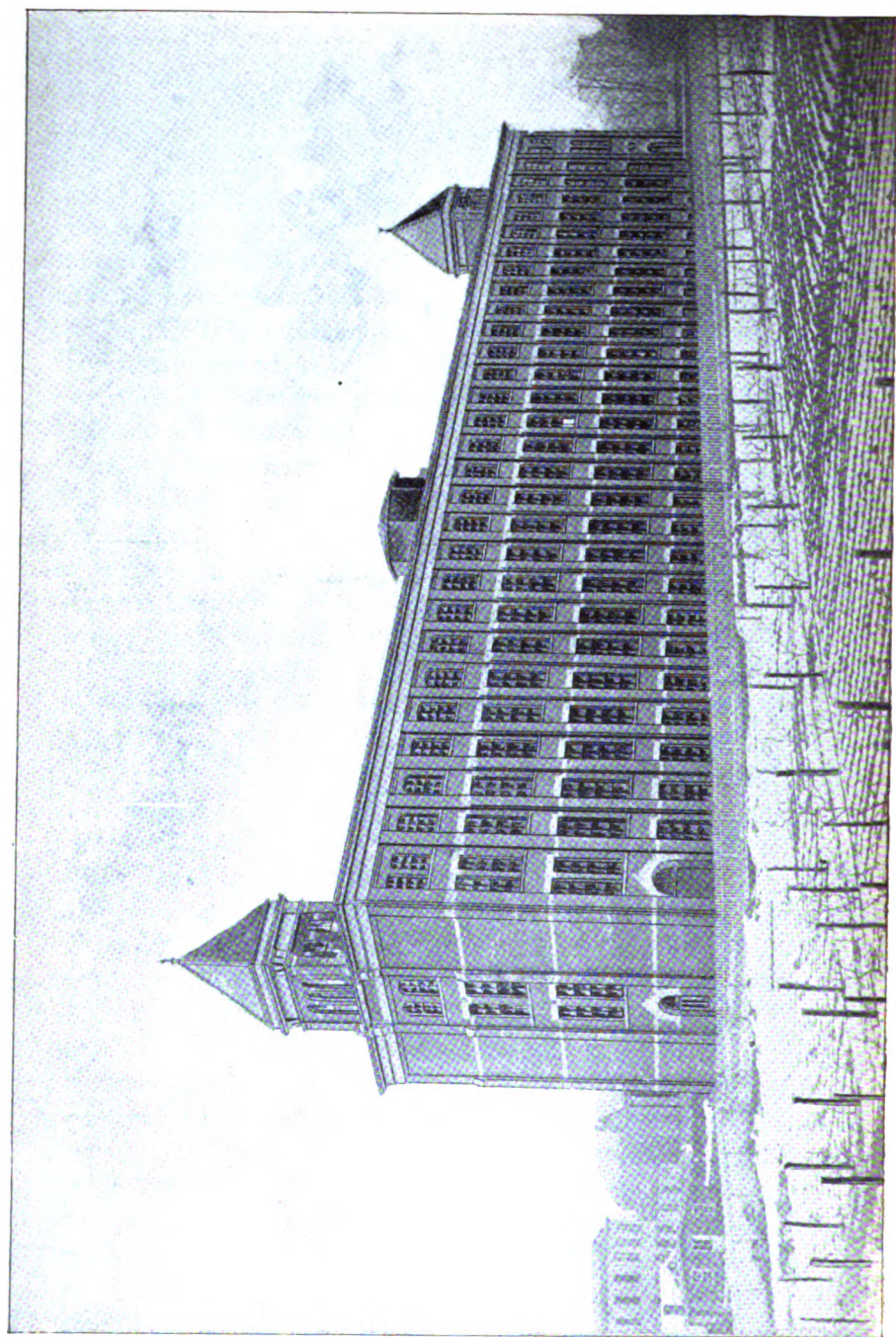
BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

A DOMINICAN TERTIARY.

IN the great heart of New York's first Archbishop, Most Rev. John Hughes, of illustrious memory, and in the hearts of several prominent laymen of the Church, foremost amongst whom stands Dr. Levi Silliman Ives, were laid the foundations of the New York Catholic Protectory. Around Dr. Ives stand grouped men whose names have become great through their greatness of heart, and their success achieved by a blending of conscious ability and tireless endeavor in chosen professions or avocations. Charles O'Connor, Charles M. Connolly, Daniel Develin, Eugene Kelly, Henry L. Hoguet, Joseph Fisher, Andrew Carrigan—these are the names that will live through the speeding years in the history of this Institution. We echo the words of Mr. John Mullaly, now Editor of *The Seminary*, in his address at the first annual visit of the friends and patrons of the new work: "While we admire the work, we should not forget the men by whom it was commenced, and these men deserve to be honored as the founders of one of our noblest Catholic charities."

As early as January, 1859, His Grace, Archbishop Hughes, made application in writing, to the Superior-General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, for a band to take charge of a protectory. The application was made through the lamented Brother John Chrysostom. His answer was encouraging: "I feel that our Superiors will be happy to co-operate with the noble intentions of your Grace, as soon as possible." But even the great need of the work, and his own yearnings for its foundation, did not lead the farseeing prudent prelate to take a premature step. The success of the work must be assured by its arduous labors being assumed by a religious Order. He was unshaken on this point.

It was in the latter part of the year 1862 that definite action was taken toward the establishment of the long needed, long contemplated work. His Grace had administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville, Rev. John Breen, pastor. In the parochial residence he met



INDUSTRIAL BUILDING, MALE DEPARTMENT.

the men whose names will go down as the founders of the work. It was discussed in all its bearings, and subscriptions were taken for \$5,000, \$2,500, \$2,000, and for smaller sums. Financial support was thus assured, and from Brother Patrick came on that occasion another welcome assurance: "Brothers would be given as soon as the premises were ready." "Then, gentlemen," exclaimed his Grace, "in God's holy Name, let us begin the good work!"

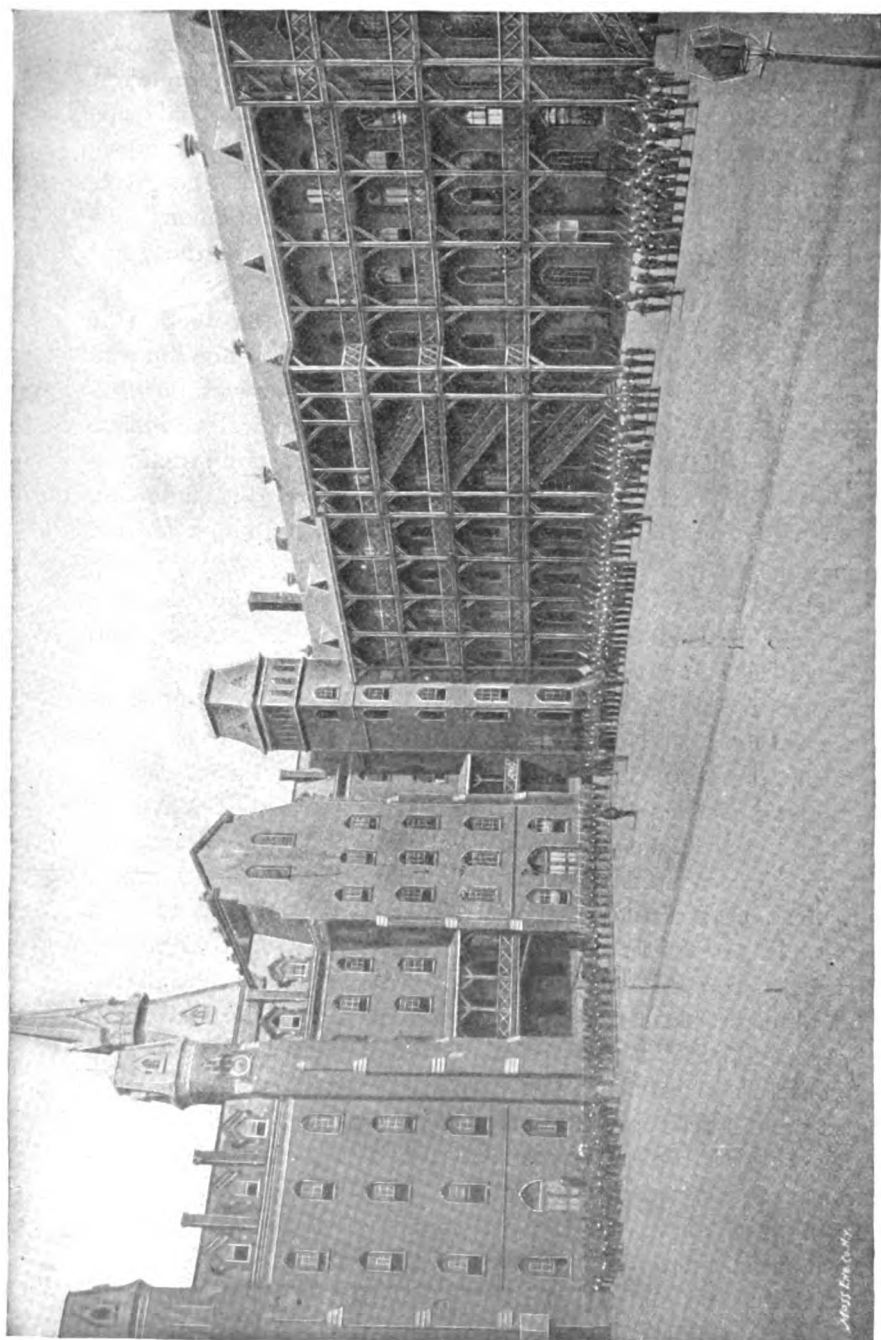
"Articles of Organization of the Society for the Protection of Destitute Children" were presented to the Archbishop on the second of January, 1863; a meeting of organization was decided upon for February eleventh, to be held in the pastoral residence of St. Peter's, Barclay St., Rt. Rev. Monseignor Quinn, then rector. At this meeting were present Dr. Henry J. Anderson, Charles O'Connor, Charles M. Connolly, Eugene Plunkett, Dr. Donatien Binsse, Dr. L. S. Ives, Rev. Wm. Quinn, Joseph Fisher, Daniel Develin, John Mullen, Louis J. White, John McMenomy, Florencio Escalante, Eugene Kelly, Henry L. Hoguet, and Edward C. Donnelly.

With the exception of Charles O'Connor and John Mullen, all those present at the first organization meeting appear as incorporators, together with the following: Felix Ingoldsby, Charles A. Stetson, Andrew Carrigan, Edward Frith, John O'Brien, John Milhau, Bernard Amend, John E. Develin, Stephen J. Philbin, John O'Connor, James Lynch, Frederick E. Gibert, and Daniel O'Connor.

Seven were appointed to go to Albany to obtain a charter, and empowered to frame a set of by-laws, to be submitted to the Board. Through the untiring endeavors of a friend of the Brothers and of the cause, the charter was obtained, on the fourteenth of April, 1863. No appropriation of money was included with the charter. Earnest appeals were, therefore, sent out. The rapid growth of the work attests the generosity of the response.

Two private dwellings were secured in Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets, near Second avenue. Brother Teliow, devoted, untiring, was appointed the first rector; to Father Clowry, in whose parish the buildings were situated, was entrusted the work of attending to their spiritual wants.

The home sheltered four boys the first night—three ran away



CADETS AT DRILL IN PLAYGROUND OF MAIN BUILDING.

the next day! With one little lad, the real work of protection and training began. Thirty-one years have passed; over seventeen thousand boys have been sheltered; over fifteen hundred are now in the Institution.

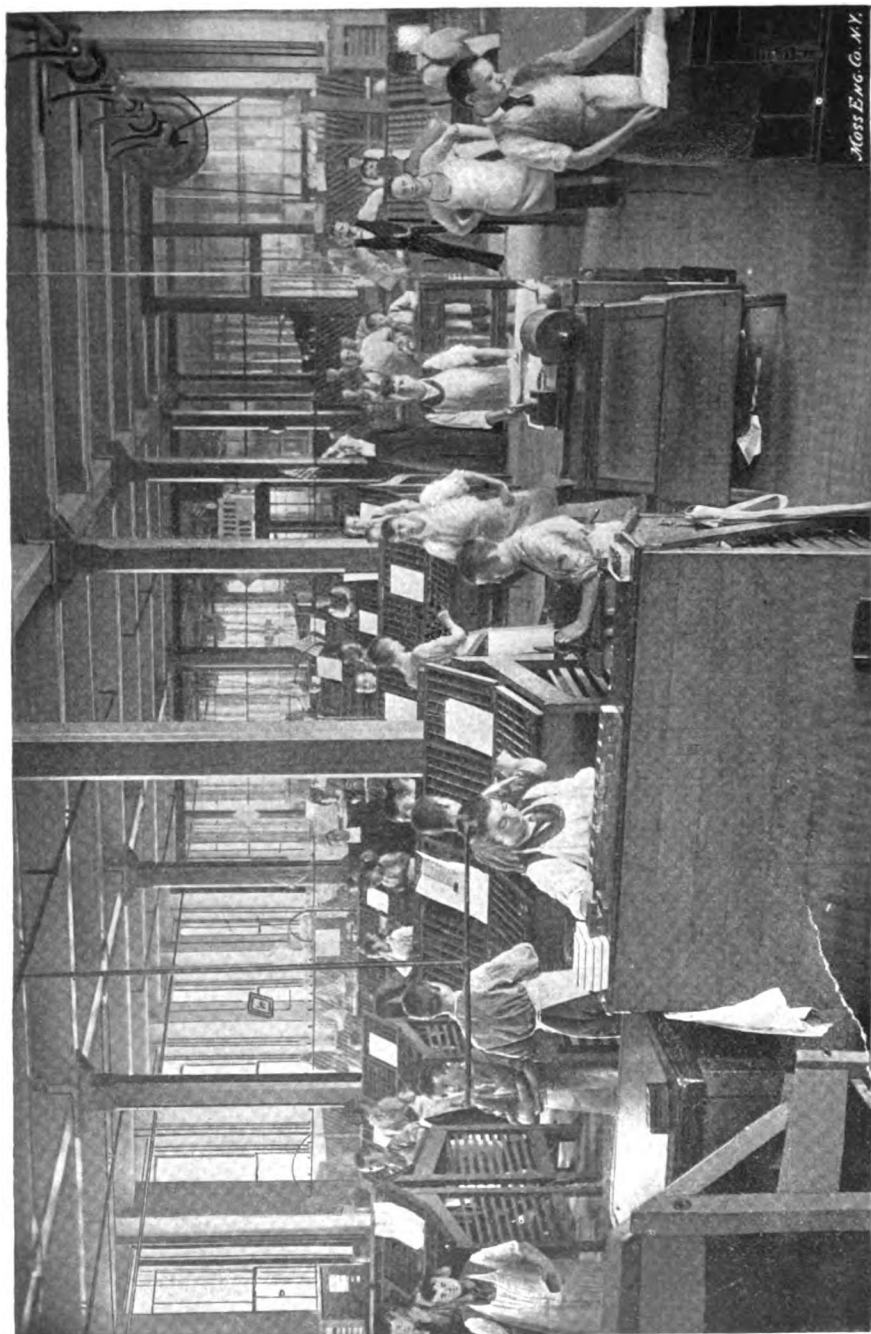
Eight months from the day of opening, the work had outgrown its accommodations. Two larger buildings were taken, in Eighty-sixth street, near Fifth avenue. The preceding October, a house had been secured on this street, near Second avenue, and there, under the Sisters of Charity, the Girls' Department of the Protectory was opened. But of this twin work we shall not treat in this paper.

In 1864, the State gave testimony to its appreciation of the work, and "assisted it accordingly." Nothing more was ever asked than "equality with any other protectory." A *per capita* was granted, which, however, was far from being sufficient to support the children. After persistently renewed applications for help towards building purposes, \$25,000 was appropriated in 1875, and the next year \$50,000, "the attorney of the State declaring that the Catholic Protectory is an important factor in the correctional policy of the State of New York." But previously to this, good judgment, zeal, economy, and industry, acting harmoniously, had secured a permanent home for the New York Catholic Protectory.

The ninth of June, 1865, will always be "a red-letter day" in the annals of the Institution. "A valuable farm of about one hundred and fourteen acres, with commodious barns and out-houses, near the village of West Chester, was then purchased for the sum of \$40,000," and the erection of a spacious brick building was begun. Additional land was bought some years afterwards.

An hour's ride in the electric cars, from the terminus of the Third avenue elevated road, or twenty minutes in the Harlem branch of the Hartford and New Haven, and the visitor reaches the very gate of the great Institution, which stands in full view. A few minutes' walk in the shade of the old trees, along broad, pebbled paths, and the main portal is gained. There is something warm in the appointments of the halls and parlors, through which one passes on the tour of inspection, which will occupy hours; but hours that will wing away swiftly.

Out of the great army of Christian Brothers, of which Blessed



Goss Eng. Co. N.Y.

THE COMPOSING ROOM, PRINTING DEPT.

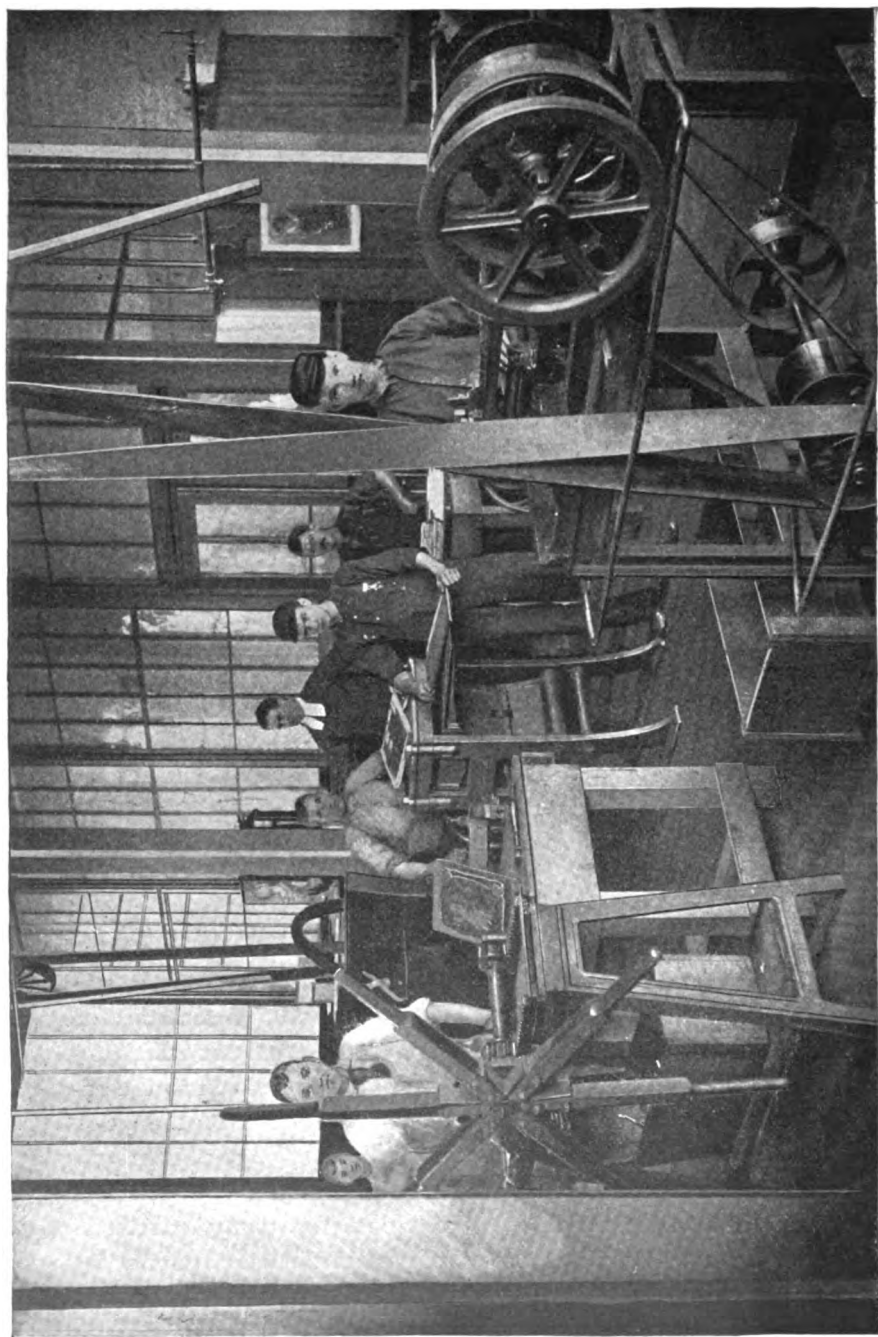
De la Salle was founder, fifty-five are detailed to duty in this one Institution. In every department, the kindly, yet vigilant eye of the Christian Brother is overseeing everything, while skilled secular instructors are training the boys in various handicrafts.

How boyish fingers fly, in and out, up and down, in the Chair-caning Department!—there are two hundred and thirteen boys here—which one visits on the way through the grounds to the Industrial Building, after taking a peep at the Power Room, which keeps in motion the machinery of the vast establishment, and supplies its light and heat.

Entering the Industrial Building, one passes through the Shoe-making Department, pausing at every few steps to watch the work in its various stages of development, from the cutting out to the finest of finishing. Two hundred and seventy-five boys are here employed, and they are advanced from one stage to another as proficiency warrants. Three hundred pairs of shoes are turned out each day.

Of deepest interest in this building, to us, at least, is the Printing Department, from which THE ROSARY goes forth to its thousands of readers. To be assigned to this department is a proof of special merit having been attained by the lads in school work. From this department issues also, monthly, *The Seminary*, that fine, illustrated journal, the noble mission of which is to help in building up the Ecclesiastical Seminary of this Archdiocese. Books and pamphlets of all descriptions go forth from here. The little lads set type, not only in every language that uses English characters, but they can also manipulate German and Greek type. The composing room, the press room, the electrotyping room, and the bindery, all present interesting features that one cannot easily forget. The amount of seven hundred dollars was saved to the Institution the first year this department was opened, by the printing of the yearly report alone! For thirteen years this branch of the work has been in charge of Mr. D. C. Hayes, to whom THE ROSARY, in passing, would pay a tribute for many courtesies shown. Seventy-five boys are employed in this department.

The Stocking-Knitting Department is a very interesting one to visitors. The experts among the boys teach the new hands. This



ELECTROTYPE FOUNDRY, PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

work does not hold the interest of the lads, as do the other industries, owing to its sameness. In the other departments there is opportunity for frequently recurring promotion to higher grades as a reward for adeptness in any assigned grade. One hundred and six boys are here.

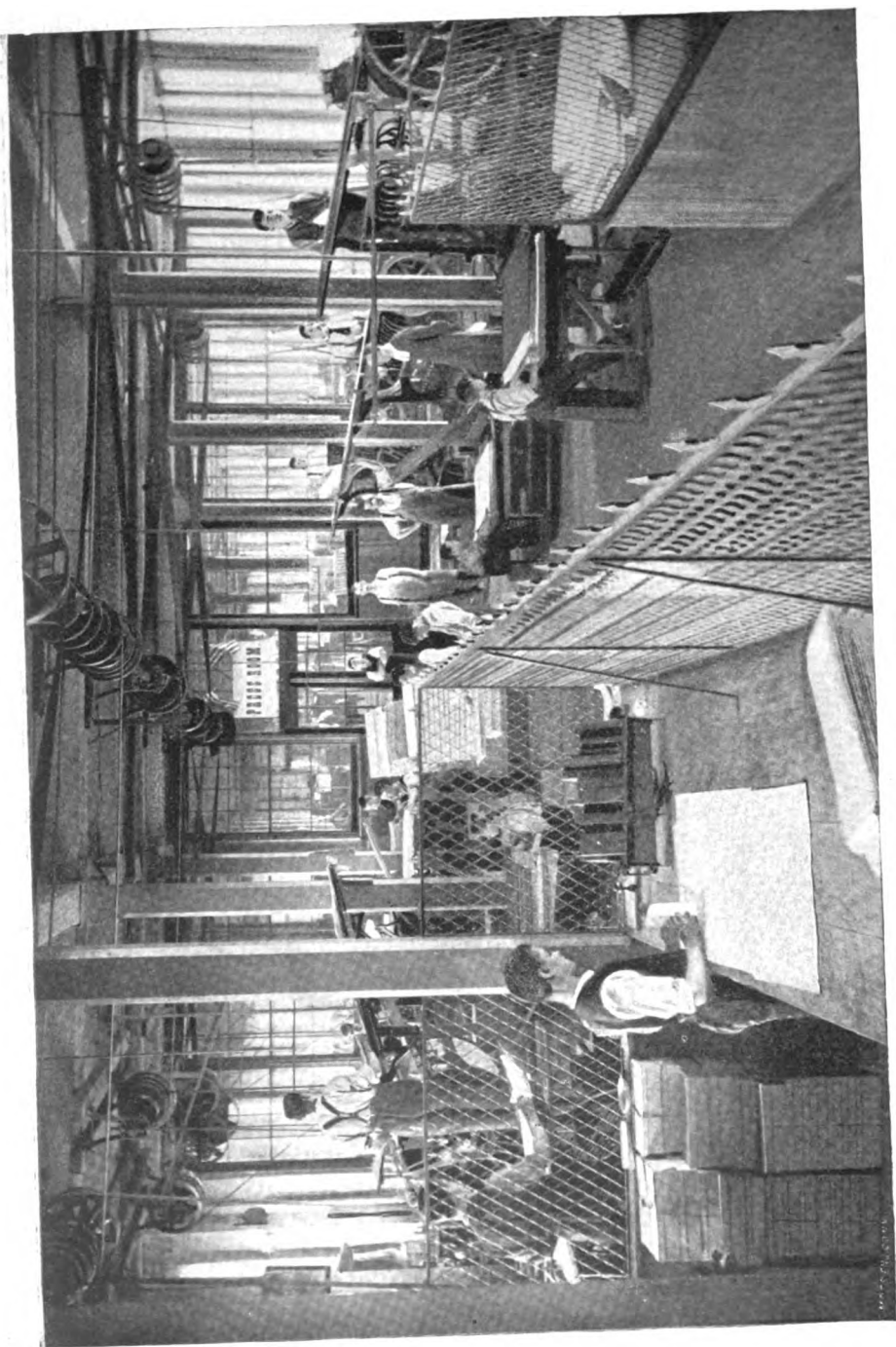
In a wing of the centre building, the visitor is introduced to the Tailoring Department. Seventy-five boys are employed here. They have made five thousand suits a year for use in the Institution alone. They turn out six thousand shirts a year. The boys take the work from the cutter's hands, and finish it throughout. Eleven boys are on machines, thirty on new work; the others, bushelling. Fashion plates are hung around, and the make of the garments is conformed to the prevailing styles. Good all-wool texture is used, of seasonable patterns, for there is no regulation garb for the Protectory boys. When they go forth throughout the city they bear about them nothing that stamps them as Institution inmates.

Only where a uniform is prized is it assigned by the broad-minded, far-seeing, heart-reading Christian Brother. The Military Band and the Cadets of the Protectory are uniformed, and only they.

Here in this same wing one finds the Drawing Department; any lad with talent is allowed scope, and given training and encouragement. This class sent some fine work to the Chicago exhibit. One of the little lads tried his hand at illustrating, and the head-piece for "Tony Redpath's Educated Pig," in the children's department of the present number of *THE ROSARY*, is the result of his efforts. One inmate of the Institution that delighted us with his more than bird-like intelligence, was Neil, the pet canary, whose cage hangs in the Drawing Department.

In a room leading from the same balcony, we found a Type-writing class; several of the pupils have acquired great speed in shorthand and type-writing.

Passing along the balcony, the visitor hears sounds the most discordant, a perfect babel of musical instruments, a real jargon of tunes—all issuing from the study room of the Protectory Band, where Professor Marcel de Donato does violence to a musical boy's propensity to learn by ear, for every one must learn his



THE PRESS ROOM, PRINTING DEP'T.

part while every other one is upon an entirely different musical theme. The result is perfect reliance upon self and the written note, and genuine music when the full rehearsals occur. This discordant practice takes place every day; general rehearsals four times a week. There are sixty-five boys in the first band; forty-five in the second. They are skilled in rendering religious, national, and classical compositions, while the "music of the day" is not debarred from their course. Upon all grand festivals the Military Band furnishes orchestral music in the chapel of the Institution. It takes a leading part in all important celebrations in New York City, on last St. Patrick's Day leading the procession, with sixty-five pieces. The Band is in great demand for entertainments, and for this purpose visits many neighboring places.

When boys enter the Institution they are put through a rudimentary course of music. Those who show real talent are then assigned to the instrument for which they are best fitted. The band wears a pretty uniform of blue, trimmed with red.

Adjoining the practice room of the Band is the drill room of the Cadets, three hundred in number, divided into companies. They wear an attractive uniform of blue, and carry genuine Manchester rifles. The drill takes place three times a week.

The Protectory Fire Company is a noteworthy feature, and has given good service in times of danger at West Chester. One incident, recorded in the "Report of Committee on History of Child Saving," issued in 1893, is specially worthy of repetition. "A fire broke out in St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal church in that town. The band of the Protectory was awaiting the arrival of the Delegates of the Superior Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, on the two o'clock train of that day, when the church bells rang out the fire alarm. The boys at once doffed their band uniforms, donned their fire clothes, hastened to the church, taking with them the fire engine belonging to the Protectory, and worked with a will at the fire, thus assisting at its extinguishment. A vote of thanks was promptly tendered to them by the vestrymen of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal church."

In addition to trades already mentioned, the boys receive training as carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists, wheelwrights, bakers, dairymen, gardeners, and are trained for kitchen and laundry



CHAIR-CANING DEPARTMENT.

Mass. Eng. Co. N.Y.

work. Brothers superintend all these departments; others are teachers. Every boy receives a good common school education.

Work and study succeed each other, while a plentiful allowance of time for play keeps the youngsters happy-hearted. A reasonable amount of devotional exercise and a healthy atmosphere of piety, diffused throughout everything, help the boys to grow up manly, not sentimental Christians.

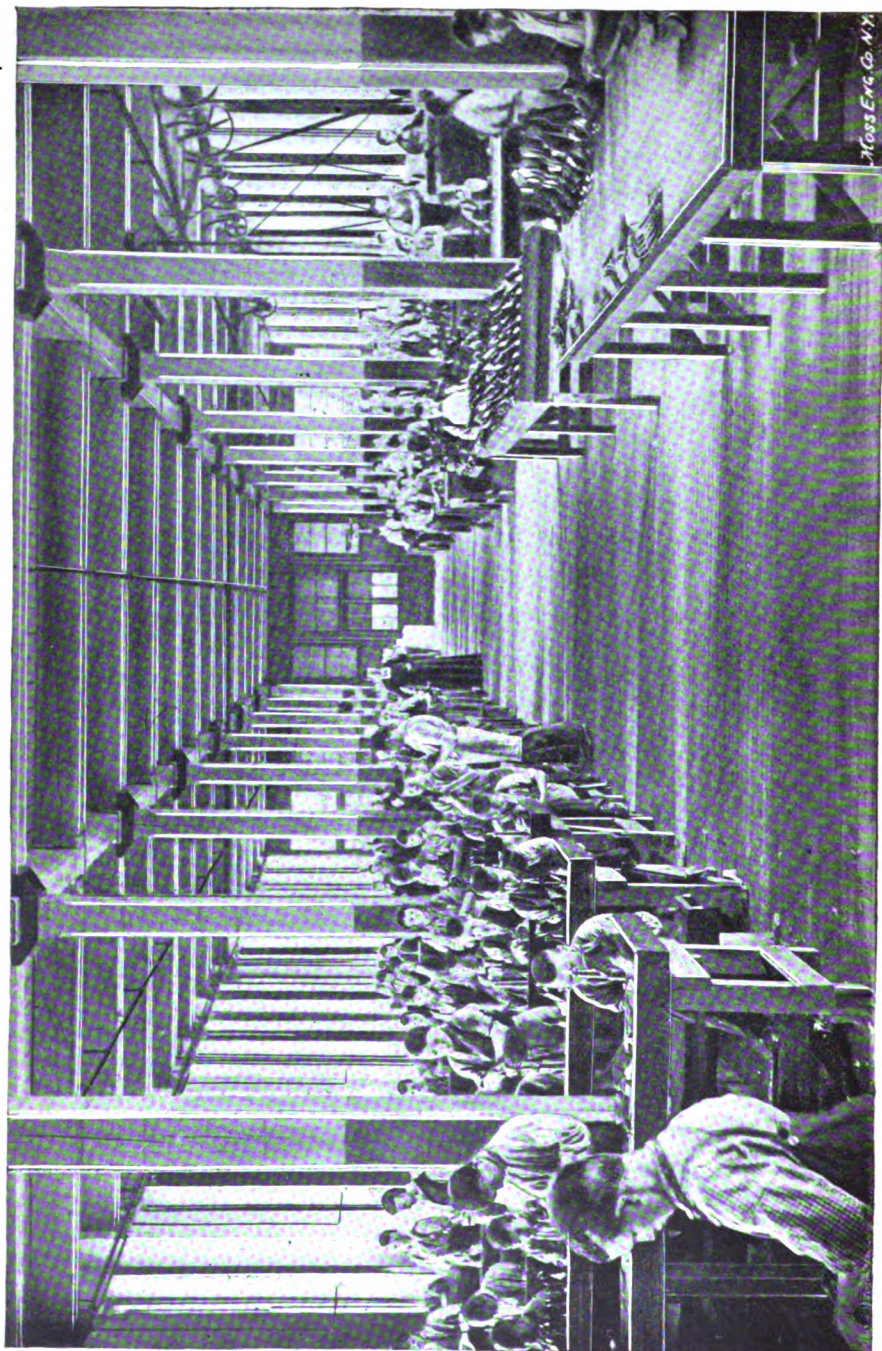
Spacious dormitories, well lighted and ventilated, one gets a glimpse of while ascending to the boys' chapel, in the upper floor of the centre building. Some day, so the Brothers hope, the need of a larger chapel will be filled. A chapel building should grace the grounds of the Protectory. The chapel for the special use of the Brothers is in another part of this building.

The first resident chaplain was a Polish priest of the Congregation of the Resurrection, Father Stupenski. Rev. J. A. Daly, O. P., became next resident chaplain. He was followed successively by the Dominican Fathers, Rev. P. V. Keogh, J. S. Collins, J. C. O'Mahony, W. F. Linahan, F. A. Spencer, R. P. O'Rourke, and J. H. Garvey. For years before becoming resident chaplains the Dominicans had attended to the spiritual wants of the Boys' Protectory, and at the present time, still serve the Religious in charge of both Boys' and Girls' Departments of the great Institution. The other inmates are ministered to spiritually by the priests of the parish church of St. Raymond of Pennafort. One of the Dominican chaplains of those early days again greets many old friends there, Rev. J. C. O'Mahony, whose present position on THE ROSARY staff brings him, now and then, to the Protectory.

Who are the boys who form the inmates of this Institution?

Children, who, by consent, in writing, of their parents or guardians, may be intrusted to it for protection or reformation. And children committed for the same purpose by any magistrate of New York City, empowered by law to make such committal.

The Select Committee of 1875 pays a tribute to the generous spirit of the Institution when it says: "While especially designed to receive Roman Catholic children, there seems to be no disposition to proselytize when those of other faiths are committed to its custody,"—a tribute which provokes a smile, and tempts Catholic charity to bid human philanthropy "go and do likewise."



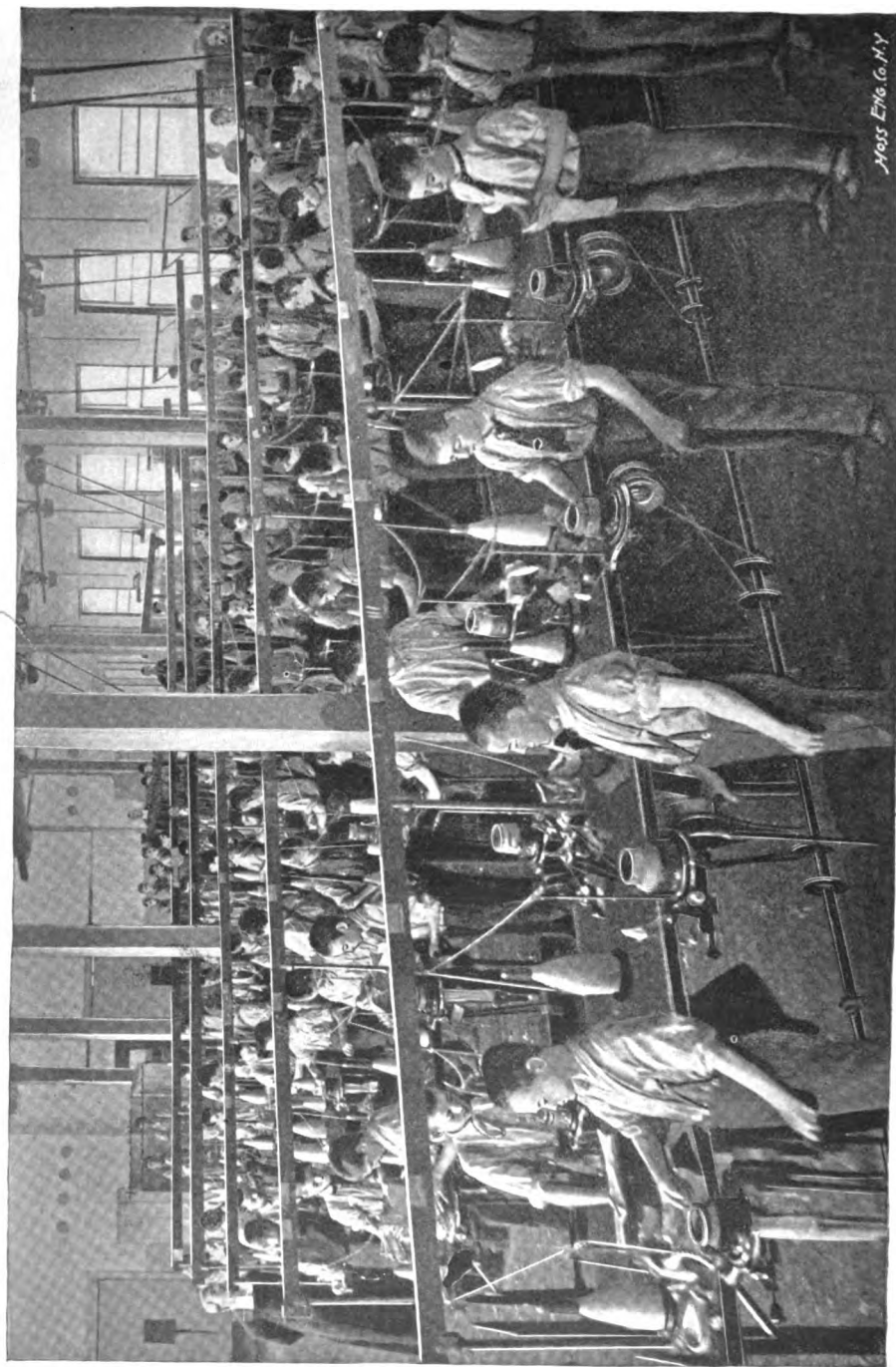
NORTHEAST END OF SHOE DEPARTMENT.

As an example of the freedom allowed all "to follow the dictates of conscience," we repeat a fact of those early days, related to us: Several of the boys, one a colored lad, were Episcopalians, and desired to attend services in a neighboring Episcopal chapel. One of the Brothers regularly accompanied them, and at the hour for their return met them at the portals, to see them safely home again.

Fifteen hundred healthier boys can rarely, if ever, be found together. Rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, agile-limbed, are they all, and no matter what their employment, it is visible in them all that personal cleanliness is the rule of the establishment. We do not wonder that the writer of one report of the State Board of Charity inserted the following: "The energy with which soap is applied to head, neck, face, and arms, is quite pleasant to see." The Christian Brothers evidently allow no proverbial "water-marks" to be visible on cheeks, necks, and wrists of the lads in their keeping. There are fine lavatories in the house, and splendid bathing facilities in West Chester Creek and Long Island Sound.

One cannot fail to notice the individuality that is preserved in the boys. The best that God put in them is drawn out and developed. They are not moulded in body, mind, and soul to an institution pattern. A feeling of manly independence is engendered by the knowledge that a percentage of their earnings is their own, banked, and drawing interest. Those in the city who have dealings with the Protectory cannot fail to notice the business-like bearing and quick intelligence of the young lads who are assigned to messenger duty.

Nowhere is the home life and family bonds so sacredly looked upon as in the Catholic Church. And the Protectory is true to this spirit when it says: "But it is, above all, in the many cases of reunited family ties—the work of this institution—that the managers take especial pride; cases wherein the truant child has been returned to its family a well-behaved, obedient lad or girl, able and willing to perform his or her share of daily toil, with such skilled knowledge acquired in the industrial departments of the Protectory, as enables them to contribute to the general well-being of their families." The Society of St. Vincent de Paul has ably helped



Moss Eng. Co. N.Y.

THE STOCKING-KNITTING DEPARTMENT.

the Protectory in this noble endeavor in behalf of home life.

The paternal care received from Archbishop Hughes, the Protectory found continued during the episcopate of Cardinal McCloskey; nor has it diminished during that of our present revered prelate, Archbishop Corrigan. Able, scholarly, great souled men have ever filled the post of Rector of the Institution. Brothers Teliow, Hugh, Clementian, Adrian, Candidus, guided it, successively, till 1885, when Brother Leontine was appointed to this honored but arduous duty. New York's best men among the laity have held the office of president of the Board of Managers.

In the Protectory cemetery, surrounded by the departed children whom he loved so well, lies all that is mortal of Dr. Levi Silliman Ives. There, too, rests his wife, Rebecca, who was also a convert to the faith. A massive granite monument rises above his grave, but his greatest monument is not in stone, nor in the brick and mortar piles that he so nobly aided, but in the trained hands, the developed minds, the uplifted souls, that have been, and will be, the outcome of the Catholic Protectory.

Who was Dr. Ives? A native of Connecticut, born in Meriden in 1797; a student for the Presbyterian ministry at the age of nineteen, but while in the early twenties, ordained an Episcopal minister; at thirty-five an Episcopalian bishop in North Carolina, one filled with zeal, watching with interest the religious movements of the age, especially that of Oxford, headed by Cardinal Newman. He studied the claims of the Catholic Church; grace touched him; light broke upon him; at the age of fifty-three he bravely renounced the honors and emoluments of a Protestant Episcopal See for the lowly position of a layman in the Catholic Church. A professor he was in Manhattan College for some time, but his life-work lay yet before him. In gratitude for the true faith that in his declining years had come to him, he would save that faith endangered in unprotected or wayward Catholic youth. His work lives. He died October 13, 1867.

In the presidency of the Board of Managers, Dr. Ives was succeeded by Dr. Henry J. Anderson, scholar, mathematician, linguist, "ex-professor of the first seat of learning in the State." Personal services in even minutest details was unsparingly given by this devoted friend.



THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

To Mr. Henry L. Hoguet, next president, the Protectory owes the magnificent monument of Blessed de la Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, a fac-simile of that placed by the people of France in Rouen. Ably for sixteen years he guided the councils of the Board of Managers. What greater tribute can be paid to the good and great man's memory than this—we quote the words of Sister Celestia: "As soon as he appeared, every face would light up, every little heart grow glad, so true it is that childhood instinctively knows its friend. How beautiful is true charity!"

Mr. Richard H. Clarke succeeded Mr. Hoguet in 1890. After giving in unstinted measure his time, his energy, and the best thought of his ripe, scholarly mind, he resigned the presidency and was succeeded by Mr. Bryan Lawrence, who now holds the post of honor and labor.

We do not here name the members of the Board, nor the many other generous friends who have always seconded their efforts. Space forbids.

A pioneer institution bears the brunt of adverse winds of opposition, of criticism, of condemnation. Others of its kind find shelter within the ground it has gained, and escape much, though each has its own strengthening and consolidating trials. The New York Catholic Protectory was a pioneer in Trades schools.

To recount all against which the new Institution had to brace itself, is impossible. To select a few specially painful, oppressive, or deterring adversities, seems ungenerous to a fallen foe, for the Protectory came forth the victor against every event that arose as an adversary.

But before long, its fame spread, and for many years after its foundation it was visited by eminent philanthropists and educators, who carefully studied and highly commended its labors in the cause of education. Similar institutions at home and abroad have the spiritual sons of Blessed de la Salle been called upon to found.

We close this meagre sketch with the note of approval sounded by a leading New York Journal—a note that gives forth a true ring: "The Catholic Protectory is never satisfied with its work, but is always laboring to make improvements each year, so that it may be better able to do the work it has on hand."



THERE'S in far Bologna, a banner old and worn,
 Its silken web decaying, its golden fringes torn:
 Faded its azure background, and all its tints forlorn.

Long, long ago a painter, whose name will never die,
 Set forth its tender meaning to face Bologna's sky,
 The banner of our Lady in honor borne on high.

Still fair its pictured Presence, and clear its outlined thought,
 Worthy the master fancy, the master hand that wrought,
 And true as truth the lesson its ages long have taught.

High throned on clouds of Heaven, our Lady sits a Queen,
 In radiant state and matchless, sweet eyes soft locks between,
 And purity and pity in her dear face serene.

Upon her knee supported, our Lord, the Infant King,
 Divine, yet condescending to every earthly thing,
 Bends, reaching hands of welcome to blossoms on the wing.

For roses—roses blushing, and roses red and white,
 And buds the sheath just parting, and parted leaflets bright,
 Float airily and thickly in Heaven's all golden light.

Below, the kneeling people tell o'er and o'er their beads:
 The Rosary of our Lady each soul devout that pleads
 Lifts towards her throne, entreating the helper of our needs.

The roses are their pleadings, their whisperings of love,
 The sighs, the yearning longings of faith and hope which move
 The air of earth, and blossom to loveliness above.

Oh, deathless thought! The painter linked lives with us to-day.
 Our Lady! at thy footstool thy children ceaseless pray,
 And with these blessed roses strew all thy radiant way.

O holy Infant Jesus! may Thy dear hands still seize
 The blossoms of our pleadings around Thy Mother's knees,
 And treasure in Thy bosom our prayers as well as these!

THE HEART OF CLOTILDE.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.

THERE was a pause, during which Pauline waited silently, and Clotilde held her hand, trembling. Then the American girl whispered: "Your aunt is obliged to trust me. If it were not so sad, all this would make me laugh,—the lack-a-daisical bloodhound kissing the rose between the box hedges; my breaking in on you; your aunt's evident desire to get rid of me! (I must speak low, she is, no doubt, at the keyhole!) Ha! What is that?"

A folded paper was thrust under the door with a rustling noise. Pauline picked it up.

"Seth Graves's handwriting! 'Do you want anything? The French woman has gone out,' he says!" Ah, Clotilde, your prayers have not been in vain. I declare, Clotilde, if we get out of this horrible place, I will pray to your Virgin; she ought to be able to get whatever she asks for, and I believe she is!" Pauline pulled out her pencil, and hastily scribbled a message: "Seth:—Find some means of opening this door; we are locked in." She put the paper under the door; she had the satisfaction of seeing it disappear.

"It is lucky that nobody in this house understands English," she said, in a whisper to Clotilde. "Oh, that your brother were here!"

"He is doubtless on his way back now;—I heard Madame Laborde say that he had been recalled. Ah, I pray that he may not come! The Vidame de Bretenil would instantly be sacrificed by the mob. My uncle, the Bishop of Bretenil, is awaiting death. If Francois hears that, nothing will prevent him from coming hither,—nothing. He is Vidame de Bretenil on condition that he will defend the Bishop and his lands when there is danger. He would come through a sea of fire!"

"Oh, well, I wish he would come, then!" said Pauline, impatiently. "I do not understand you French at all. Had I been in your place, I would have frightened your Madame Laborde almost to death; she would have been glad to let me go. No man, not even a hyena like this Fraternity, would want to marry a ti-

gress,—and I would have acted like a tigress!" said Pauline, with flashing eyes. "But what did you do? you looked as sweet as a violet, and said plaintively, 'aunt!—aunt!'"—

"I had exhausted every appeal—"

"Appeal? You did not break the glass in the windows; you didn't sing out 'Live the King' until Madame would have paid you to go. Thank Heaven!—I wasn't brought up by any Madame Etiquette!"

Clotilde's sadness was rippled by a smile.

"How Francois would admire you!—you look like Diana in a rage!"

"I would be worse than Xantippe, if he were here, as he ought to be! Seth Greaves;—Ah, there he is!"

Another slip of paper had been thrust under the door.

"The French she-devil has set me to wax the floors; I am doing this corridor. As soon as I can push Gaspard into a closet, I will lock him there, and open your door. It shall be done!" Pauline read; she tore up the paper at once. "Seth is always true to his word. We will muffle ourselves up and flee. O my dear, how I would like to see Madame and her hyena when they come in, to find the bride gone! Clotilde, once free, you will give up this nonsense about the convent, and be happy in this city of Penn!"

"Ah, Pauline, you do not understand. Shall we really escape?" Clotilde asked, her color coming and going.

"If a man's strong arms and a woman's will can compass it. And with your prayers, I think they can. Oh, that beast of a Fraternity!—I fancy he will be ugly enough when he finds us gone."

"Pauline," said Clotilde in a low voice, "are you not afraid?"

"Afraid? For myself? No!" answered Pauline. "I have always depended on myself; I have been in a log hut on the Pennsylvania hills when the red Indians threatened us on every side; but I had a gun!" she added, regretfully. "Besides, nobody wants to marry *me*. And the French will think twice before they guillotine an American who is not an aristocrat. They can do it, if they will;—but it's no time to think of that now. There! I hear Seth at the lock; he has great skill with his hands; a knife and a bit of wire are all he needs. Many a time when my boxes

have failed to open, he has picked the lock in a jiffy. There!"

A long, weather-beaten face and a shaggy head of grizzled hair were thrust into the room, and two keen blue eyes were fixed on the young girls.

"It is open!"

"Thank you,—oh, thank you, Seth!"

"You need not be afraid; I have thrust Gaspard into the closet to the left, and piled feather beds upon him. He can't help himself, but I promised him five francs not to howl. I have locked the door between this corridor and the main hall. There's no danger of intrusion,—think of it!—Gaspard was left as a guard!" Seth chuckled.

"Oh, Seth, I thank you!" said Pauline. "We must save Mademoiselle de Bretenil from a marriage she detests!"

Seth's eyes lost their light, and became stony.

"She is beautiful, no doubt," he said, entering and closing the door, "and good, no doubt; but she does not understand English,—she may marry or not; but we will not risk our heads to save her. I married Anne Kershaw, to please my father. I disliked it then,—but now that she is dead I have become reconciled. This young woman's husband will die, or she will get used to it!"

Pauline knew Seth well; she was aware that persuasion would not move him.

"But, Seth, I want her to be my sister."

"Ah," said Seth, with a start, "the wind blows that way? She's pretty,—but French! However, if you want her to be one of the family, we'll see what we can do. There's no time to lose."

"No! at five o'clock she may be married to the citizen Fraternity!"

Seth's brow contracted.

"We can't fight against him; he is one of the worst of them; he's as bloody as Robespierre! And where are we to take her? She would be traced to your house."

"He despairs, is it not?" asked Clotilde, who had watched the expressions of their faces earnestly.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" murmured Pauline, for the first time puzzled and anxious. "Where shall we take her? What friends have we, who would risk themselves for her? The Princess de

Poix, at the hotel de Beauvau? There is no guard there yet, and she might pass as a governess to the little boy. The Princess is a cripple, Seth; and they do not seem to suspect her, though she is a prisoner to all intents and purposes. Oh, *do* help me, Seth!" Seth was silent; he ran his fingers through his grizzled locks.

"I don't know; we might try the Hotel Beauvau," he said; "I have my great cloak, with the horse-pistols in the lining; all I can do is to shoot, if necessary."

"Seth, do you know that I believe you and the horse-pistols and I can beat these cowards,—these monkeys!"

Seth nodded and grinned.

"Let us try!"

The sound of slow music came from the street; the three spoke no word until it died away. The music was made by human voices; it was not the blatant Marseilles or the brutal Carmagnole. The song was the chant of Christians:—

*"Non avertas faciem tuam a me: in quacumque die tribulor, inclina ad me aurem tuam."*¹

"I think I know those voices," said Clotilde, gently; they were dying away.

*"In quacumque die invocavero te, velociter exaudi me."*²

"Hide not thy face!" repeated Clotilde, clasping her hands and forgetting that she was not alone. "Oh, do not hide Thy face from me, Lord!"

"What is she saying?" asked Seth, looking at the enraptured face.

"She is praying," said Pauline, softly.

"She looks like an angel," said Seth. "There are ten nuns on the tumbril; I saw them as it stopped at the corner; they are to be guillotined to-day, and they have that look; they are all in white."

"In white?" whispered Pauline; "of the Order of St. Dominic?"

"I can not say: they were in white, like those to whose convent you once went, and they sang. They are gone now."

¹ "Turn not thy face from me: in whatsoever day I am troubled, incline thine ear to me."

² "In whatsoever day I shall call on thee, quickly hear me."

Pauline's cheeks turned pale. She saw that Clotilde needed no explanation; she had heard the chant, that was enough.

"Gaspard may be smothered by this time," said Seth, coolly. "What am I to do next?" Clotilde spoke, with an effort:—

"Mademoiselle de Bretenil will put on my hat and pelisse and veil. You will leave me one of the pistols. I will take this large shawl on the bed here, muffle myself, and follow you. I will, Seth!" she added, impatiently, as he seemed to doubt. "I have no money, but I have with me all the little diamonds and the ruby from my fan. Threaten Gaspard as you pass; in the meantime, I will go on singing in here, and he will not know that Mademoiselle de Bretenil has gone. I will follow you as soon as I can. Trust me and the pistol. Bah, Seth!—why do you pause? Was I afraid when the Indians wanted to scalp that child a year ago? We must save this little saint, who is as helpless as a violet."

"I heard Sister Celeste's voice," said Clotilde. "How happy she is! In a short time she will be with our Lord!"

Pauline was awed by Clotilde's look.

"Wrap my pelisse around her,—that's it! Let me arrange the veil. Here,—this piece of gilded cord will keep the veil close." Pauline threw it aside: it was too long. The tri-color bow on the wedding gown caught her eye. "That will do, and look patriotic! Go!"

Clotilde obeyed; she seemed to be in a trance. Pauline pushed her by force out of the room.

"My rosary!" she said, turning.

"There is no time!" cried Pauline. "Take this! Take this!" She thrust the beads Talleyrand had given her into Clotilde's hands. "Hide them!"

Pauline laughed to herself as she heard Seth launch at the door of Gaspard's closet a series of awful threats in broken French. To which Gaspard retorted, in a smothered voice: "Go, savage American, the house is well rid of you!"

Pauline waited until the footsteps of Seth and Clotilde had died away. She drew the large gray shawl about her and over her head, and grasping the heavy pistol in her gloved hand, left the room. The corridor was clear. The door leading into the

hall was open. A few more steps and she would be in the street. Pauline's courage faltered; those steps were the hardest to take. She descended the staircase. The concierge was talking to a man who held a large bouquet of white and red roses and violets.

"For the Citizeness Bretenil," he was saying, "as a token from a friend of Citizen Fraternity on her marriage-day."

"It is well," said the old concierge, as Pauline slipped behind her into the street.

Seth knew the way to the Hotel Beauvau, where the lame Princess de Poix was living. Pauline, with a beating heart, saw him and Clotilde in front of her, as she turned the corner. She caught up to them. If they should meet Madame Laborde!

"Seth," she said, "do you know that we must pass that awful Place to reach the Hotel?"

"The guillotine? I know it," said Seth, with compressed lips. Pauline grew sick at heart; she clung to Seth's arm.

"O Seth," she whispered, "how good it is to be a man!"

"You are as good as any man," answered Seth, approvingly, "with that horse-pistol."

They were in a quiet street, but an unreasonable terror took possession of Pauline. Clotilde had lost herself in prayer. Sister Celeste's voice was still ringing in her ears.

"We'll save this little one," Seth said, "and marry her to our boy, Miss Pauline, or smash things! Don't get qualmish; that's a good girl!"

The unusual sound of carriage wheels was heard. Pauline started unnerved. "Madame Laborde, perhaps."

"Let us hide!" she exclaimed. "Ah, it is too late!"

The carriage drove slowly past them. It was very plain; there were no gilded panels or coats of arms in those days.

Pauline uttered a joyful cry. She recognized in the window of the carriage the face of her guardian, Mr. Gouveneur Morris. His quick eye saw the group; he knew Seth. The carriage stopped. Mr. Morris did not waste words. He ordered Seth to get on the box with his coachman. Pauline and Clotilde were assisted into the vehicle. Her brother was with Mr. Morris. She whispered her story clearly but rapidly, after they had greeted Clotilde. He said quickly.

"The Hotel Beauvau would be as safe as any place. The Princess de Poix lost her governess recently; she emigrated to America; Mademoiselle de Bretenil can take her place. Although Madame de Stael, who is in Switzerland, is doing her best to induce the Princess to flee, she remains here with a little boy. There is a boy, I know, and he will give an excuse for a governess. Her father and mother-in-law, the Duke and Duchess de Mouchy, have been guillotined; she is alone, but she refuses to flee. My house is suspected,—we shall have to hope in the Princess de Poix, who is very brave—or apathetic;—made callous, perhaps, by the horrors around her."

Walter Kieran was startled by Clotilde's loveliness; his heart beat quickly as he looked at her. "Ah, here," he said to himself, "is the loveliest and sweetest woman in the world! For me there can be no other!"

Clotilde, with the voices of the doomed nuns ringing in her ears, was wrapt in her prayers, her fingers rhythmically touching Talleyrand's rosary, and perhaps helping to make reparation for his desecration.

As they entered the more crowded part of the city, glances of suspicion were cast at the carriage. Mr. Morris had a wooden leg, and he indulged in the luxury of a carriage at a time when carriages were deemed aristocratic. Red-capped heads became more common, and Kieran had to ask the ladies to sit back in the seat farther, so that they might not see a dripping head carried on a pike.

They were nearing the horrible place of the guillotine. A face thrust itself into the carriage window, the horses were pulled up suddenly, in spite of some pointed remarks from Seth.

"Roll the aristocrats in the mud!" cried a man, who was echoed by a half a dozen others. "*A la lanterne!* Cut their heads off! Carriages—when the poor starve!"

"Hang the aristocrats!"

Mr. Morris looked at the mob defiantly. He opened the carriage door. Pauline clutched her pistol; she saw that the man who had spoken last had curly locks and wore a green suit of clothes. It was the Citizen Fraternity. Mr. Morris thrust his wooden leg into the faces of the mob.

"Citizens," he said clearly and deliberately, "I cannot walk because the leg I once had is gone; it was lost in the cause of American liberty!"

The mob cheered, and the Citizen Fraternity closed the door with a bow. As the carriage passed him, he saw the face of Pauline. Her shawl had fallen back; the face puzzled him. Where had he seen it? Ah, that morning,—the balcony,—the woman who had thrown the rose!"

A trembling hand touched his shoulder; he turned; behind him stood Madame Laborde and the trembling Gaspard.

"She is fled!" stammered Madame Laborde. "I went, as you requested, to invite a few friends to supper, and——"

The Citizen cursed loudly.

"Comrades," he said, "follow that carriage!"

The mob, including Gaspard, obeyed. Madame Laborde sank, almost fainting, upon the curbstone.

"Aristocrats! Aristocrats!" shouted the rabble that followed the Citizen Fraternity. "*A la lanterne*. Hang them!"

The creatures paused a moment to attach to themselves a squalid group who were dancing the Carmagnole in their way, and sped on, bloodthirsty, frivolous, fancying they were free.

"The Vidame de Bretenil arrived to-day," Mr. Morris said as coolly as if nothing had happened. Clotilde's face lighted up. "You must induce him to give up his foolish but chivalrous project of defending the old bishop of Bretenil, as his oath as the Vidame of that diocese demands. It is useless; he should never have come back. His head is in danger;—besides," said Mr. Morris in a whisper to Pauline, "the bishop was guillotined yesterday."

"Francois back!" exclaimed Pauline. "Thank God! he is not a coward."

"Francois," murmured Mr. Morris, smiling. "Ah!"

Pauline averted her face.

"The scoundrels are coming at us again," said Mr. Morris, coolly. "To tell the truth, my leg was cut off after an accident in Philadelphia. But I shall make it serve the cause of patriotism again, if necessary. What do you want?" he asked, haughtily, as the carriage again came to a standstill. It was drawn up beside the tumbril, on which the Dominican nuns were on their way to

death. The tumbril was almost on a level with the door of Mr. Morris's high hung carriage. The crowd was dense; the street blocked.

Citizen Fraternity did not respect Mr. Morris's wooden leg this time; he dragged him to the ground. Young Kieran was pulled out by half-a-dozen willing hands; he struggled with all his might.

Pauline tried to shield Clotilde in vain. She was lifted to the street, and then the Citizen Fraternity, with an affection of great politeness, helped her to the ground. Her hat had fallen off; the golden rippling hair wreathed her head like a halo. Her violet eyes seemed larger and more beautiful than ever; the rose-flush on her cheeks more exquisite. Seth put his finger upon the trigger of his flint-lock, as he dropped from his seat on the box to the other side of the carriage. His eyes were fixed on Citizen Fraternity.

Softly the nuns chanted,—“*Domine non secundum peccata nostra quæ fecimus nos.*”¹

Clotilde did not seem to feel the grasp of the Citizen Fraternity on her arm. Pauline's shawl and pistol had been torn from her; she shook off the hands about her, and stood erect.

“I am an American,” she said “and no slave!” It seemed to her as if her heart were breaking, as she looked at Clotilde. Mr. Morris arose and stood beside her, as calm as usual. He brushed some dust from his coat sleeve.

Kieran, as if possessed by a sudden fury, dashed himself against the Citizen Fraternity, who had assumed a graceful attitude, as if he were about to harangue the crowd. The Revolutionist was forced aside; Kieran caught Clotilde in his arms. “She will be my wife!” he said, aloud. “Take her from me, if you dare! I am an American citizen!”

Fraternity recovered himself.

“This citizeness, my friends, is to be *my wife!*” he cried out. Kieran kept him away. “She will be my wife!”

The crowd seemed to be amused. “Liberty!” called out Seth, in his uncouth accent, his eyes still on Fraternity. “She is free! Let her choose!”

The suggestion seemed to strike the fancy of the volatile mob.

¹ Not according to our sins, O Lord.

"Let her choose! Let her choose! It is the judgment of Solomon!"

"Let us dance the Carmagnole!"

"Monkeys!" murmured Mr. Morris.

The mob made a ring. Clotilde raised her eyes to the brother of her friend, and smiled; she drew herself gently from him. "Pardon," she said, gently, "I must leave you."

"Sister Celeste!" she called.

The chant ceased. Clotilde stepped from the ground upon the tumbril; she clasped her arms about Sister Celeste; the white habits of the nuns hid her for a moment out of sight. The tumbril moved slowly on.

The Citizen Fraternity sprang after it. Through the glass of Mr. Morris's carriage crashed a bullet; Fraternity fell backwards, fighting the air with empty hands; he had been hit in the heart. Seth, wrapped in his long cloak, smiled and moved towards the horses' heads. Fraternity was lifted into the carriage; it was his hearse. "An aristocrat has shot him!" Seth demurely held the horses. There was tumult; the tumbril had reached the foot of the guillotine.

A white, stern face kept pace with the tumbril; a ragged cap surmounted it. It was the face of a soldier,—that of Count O'Connell. When it came Clotilde's turn to mount the platform, he called out,

"Her name is not on the list."

Clotilde held the beads in her hand. Her smile was rapturous; she recognized O'Connell, and touched her heart with the crucifix.

"Her name is not on the list!" cried the Count again, in agony.

"It is the voice of an aristocrat!" coolly said the man who held a roll of paper. "The nation has no time to halt. One more or one less matters not!"

O'Connell turned away with a groan. He heard the voice of Clotilde,—the last of them all,—calling to the Heart of her Lord. He saw an old man, in a ragged blouse, raise his hands. Clotilde smiled and bowed her head. The Abbé St. Cloud had given her absolution. There was no more.

Pauline had drawn the ruby and the handful of brilliants from her purse. They might help her; the thirst for gain was strong with these wretches.

"Seth," she called.

Seth released the bridle of Mr. Morris's horses; he took her up and almost carried her through the crowd. It took them some time to reach the blood-soaked platform; the man with the list held the rosary in his hands. He was about to cast it away, but Pauline seized it.

"There!" she said, thrusting her little hoard of jewels into his hand. "Let me keep this!" The man, though a patriot, was not unwilling; his day's work was done, and he would have something more than patriotism to show for it.

A huge basket was dragged past Pauline. Count O'Connell placed himself between her and it, for from it hung a stained piece of white cloth, the habit of Sister Celeste.

Mr. Morris, who was not without authority, even among the rabble, managed by the judicious use of his wooden leg to secure another carriage. Pauline could endure no more; she fainted. Count O'Connell and Seth carried her to it, and the man who had secured the jewels was officiously anxious to see that she was cared for.

"No aristocrat," he called out. "An American; the friend of Mr. Jefferson, who is a *sans culotte*, like ourselves."

The mob cheered, unheeding the body of the ambitious valet of M. de Florent, as it was driven away.

"A bad day's work," muttered Seth, with a chuckle, as the carriage passed, "with one exception!"

When Pauline opened her eyes in her brother's apartment, she saw Francois de Bretenil near her.

"I could not save her!" she said, sobbing. "And I tried so hard!"

* * * * *

For years Pauline knelt beside her husband in St Joseph's church, in her native city, and the precious rosary was worn with use. Her brother never married; until he died he went into seclusion on the anniversary of Clotilde's death. Pauline and her husband, once Vidame de Bretenil, often reproached themselves with their happiness,—Clotilde's life had been so short!

"But after all," Pauline said, many times, between smiles and tears, "she said that *you*, François, were to be my vocation."

(Conclusion.)

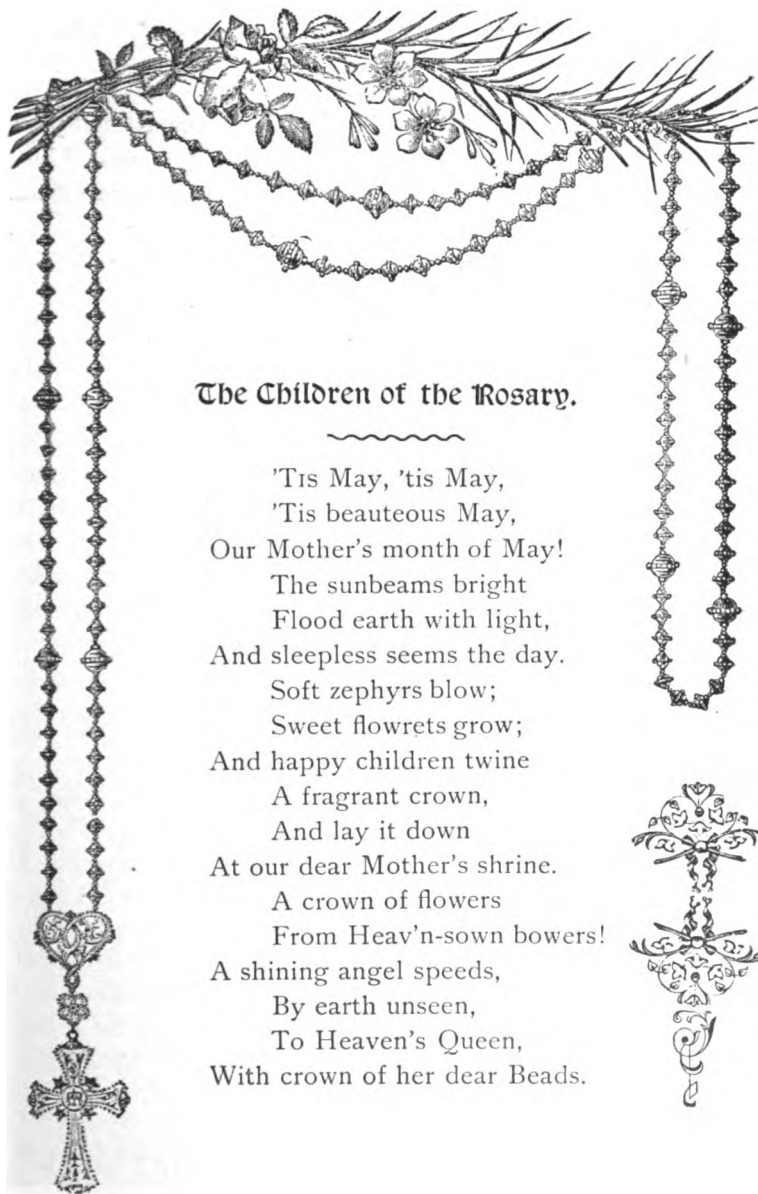
AFTER THE RAIN.

REV. WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

THE moist winds come with greetings strangely sweet
To breathe their cooling fragrance on my face,
And seem to fold me in their soft embrace
As some old friend they long had yearned to meet.
With new found life all nature's pulses beat,
The hour of gloom has passed and left no trace,
Save where a glist'ning drop remains to grace,
With liquid pearl, the grasses at my feet.

And from my heart there comes a whisper low:
These drops that lie a burden on the leaves,
Are gems to me that deck the lowly sod;
So, when the tears of sorrow cease to flow,
The cares 'neath which the patient mourner grieves,
And jewelled crowns that make her dear to God.

MARY must shine forth more than ever in mercy, in might, and in grace, in these latter times: in mercy to bring back and lovingly receive the poor strayed sinners who shall be converted and shall return to the Catholic Church; in might, against the enemies of God, idolaters, schismatics, Mahometans, Jews, and souls hardened in impiety who shall rise in terrible revolt against God to seduce all those who shall be contrary to them, and to make them fall by promises and threats; and, finally, she must shine forth in grace, in order to animate and sustain the valiant soldiers and faithful servants of Jesus Christ, who shall do battle for His interests.—*Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, O. P.*



The Children of the Rosary.

'Tis May, 'tis May,
'Tis beauteous May,
Our Mother's month of May!
The sunbeams bright
Flood earth with light,
And sleepless seems the day.
Soft zephyrs blow;
Sweet flowrets grow;
And happy children twine
A fragrant crown,
And lay it down
At our dear Mother's shrine.
A crown of flowers
From Heav'n-sown bowers!
A shining angel speeds,
By earth unseen,
To Heaven's Queen,
With crown of her dear Beads.



PEPITA.

AMELIE MIGNEREZ.

(Conclusion.)

THE next day the child was missed at her accustomed place among the strawberry venders. Her new uncle, as she called him, came very early to see her and the Madrina, and wonderful was the progress he made in the conversation with his very imperfect Spanish. To Pepita's oft-repeated query, why did he not think any other little strawberry girl might be his Mexican niece, he would reply that his heart told him she was the one. He had made many inquiries about his sister since his arrival in the City of Mexico a fortnight before, but all he could learn was that the pretty American lady who married Juan Corona, died ten years ago, and the broken-hearted father, two years later; and that the child lived somewhere in the outskirts of the capital with some old lady.

All this was very vague indeed, and Bennett was on the verge of despair of ever finding his niece, on the very day when he strolled aimlessly along the *plaza* and bought the strawberries from Pepita. Where had he seen that face before? Those eyes, that expression! surely, those were Helen's features pictured in that sweet little countenance!

On hearing her name, he knew then he had found the little niece he should have befriended all those long years. His conscience reproached him keenly that he should have been so blinded by prejudice against his sister and a religion he knew little or nothing about.

With nourishing food and careful nursing the Madrina soon recovered, and with uncle George and Pepita went to Puebla to the sulphur springs. They remained there three weeks, then prepared for their trip to the United States. The touching farewell Pepita took of all who knew her, and of her favorite nooks and corners, was heartrending.

"That child will never be happy in any other land," said Bennett to the Madrina, one day. "Perhaps, after all, it would be better to locate here; but, pshaw! Pepita is growing up, and she

must be educated; and you know, Madrina, that a young lady cannot receive proper education here." To which the Madrina promptly assented.

The day of the departure had come. It was now nearly noon, and if they hurried they would be in time for the twelve o'clock Mass, "the Mass that had all the glorious sunshine," Pepita said. At that hour Mexico is a flood of light and warmth, a veritable paradise. Of course, Uncle George must come; he must see Pepita's altar, and light a taper in the silver ring, and beg the Blessed Mother's protection on their journey.

"But heretics never do this kind of thing in your churches, Pepita," he said.

"But why *are* you a heretic, dear Uncle?" she sweetly asked.

"Oh! that's too long a question to answer now, Pepita, so instead, I'll take a peep at *your* altar, as you call it, and do everything you want.

The child was overjoyed, and led him through the crowded aisle to her special corner at the side of our Lady of Mercy's altar. There she knelt, with outstretched arms in the form of a cross, as so many devout Mexicans do, and offered up her simple little prayers to that tender Mother of God who had never abandoned the orphan child.

Whether a glimmer of faith was suddenly dawning in Bennett's soul, or Pepita's devotion touched him, he, too, knelt with the child, and bowed his head while tears coursed down his cheeks. At the end of Mass, Pepita lit three tapers in the silver ring on the stand at the side of the altar, and once more begging a blessing for their journey, she and Uncle George threaded their way out of the grand old Cathedral. They found the Madrina had completed the packing, and after a hasty lunch they drove to the station, and took the fast-bound train for New York.

There they spent a week in sight-seeing and shopping, much to Pepita's delight, who never tired looking at the pretty things in the "monster shops," as she called the stores. They then went to Washington, where Uncle George installed the Madrina mistress of his beautiful bachelor residence.

Pepita, like all children, loved the novelty of this new kind of existence, and adapted herself admirably to American customs. But occasionally a sigh of regret for her sunny and picturesque Mexico, the *plaza*, the park and fountains, the cocoa and banana trees, and her little wild life, would escape her and, for the time

being, she would be inconsolable, but the shadow would not last long, and again she was the little Mexican maid.

The Madrina was happy because the child was happy, for her whole heart was wrapped up in Pepita. Uncle George found a teacher for his niece, who gave every promise of developing into an intellectual girl.

About a year later, towards the end of May, Uncle George proposed a trip to Mexico as a reward for Pepita's perfect lessons and great progress in English. The child was wild with delight at the prospect of seeing her native land again, her favorite haunts, and her dear altar that she cherished more than ever, for, beautiful as was the little church where she and the Madrina heard daily Mass, she could not feel at home in it, and pined for her accustomed corner by our Lady of Mercy's altar in the Mexican Cathedral. From the beginning to the end of the journey it was one uninterrupted joy for Pepita. After a few hours' rest on their arrival, the child's first visit was paid to the Cathedral.

"I know something will happen," she said to herself, softly: "the dear Mother has never refused me anything, and she will make Uncle George a Catholic when I ask her at *my* altar."

Confident that her prayers would now be heard, she begged her uncle to go with her, and, by a strange coincidence, the twelve o'clock Mass was just commencing, and it was the same venerable priest at the altar that said that very Mass a year before, when George Bennett was so deeply moved by the first Catholic service he had ever witnessed. The child's earnest prayers, and her pious example, together with the Madrina's, certainly obtained much for the "heretic uncle," as he called himself; he had been making serious inquiries into the Catholic faith, and studied well during the past year, and as he now knelt with Pepita at our Lady's altar, he exclaimed, half audibly:

"Oh! Mother of Mercy, receive me into the fold;" and to the child's joy, he extended his arms in the form of a cross.

She knew then he was a Catholic, if not in open profession as yet, surely in heart and soul.

All three revisited the scenes where Pepita's early childhood was spent, and many and long were the excursions they made through that old and picturesque land. Before leaving Mexico some three months later, George Bennett was baptized at the little altar of the Mother of Mercy. Pepita's prayer was heard, and her happiness was made complete.

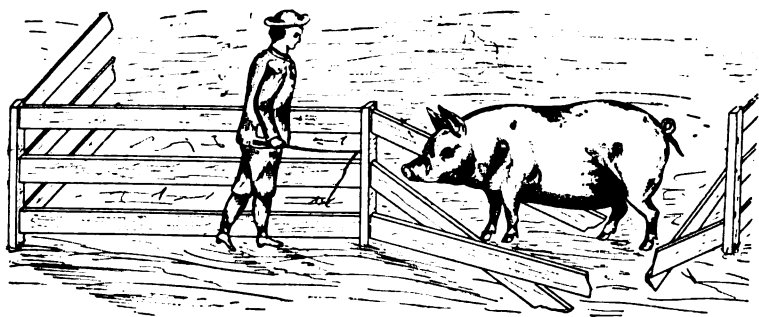


AQUINAS.

"All for you!" breathe parted lips;
 "All for you!" beam lifted eyes;
 "All for you!" beats loving heart,
 As a little maiden hies,
 Laden with sweet vines and flowers,
 Gathered in May's dewy hours.

"All for you!" the sweet voice says,
 And the fragrant treasure lies
 Scattered round our Lady's feet,
 While the love-lit, azure eyes
 Upward lift to Mary's own,
 Looking down from May-day throne.

"All for you,"—the flowrets dropped,—
 Clasps the little maid her beads;
 Breathes *Hail Marys* all for love,
 Quite forgetting childish needs;
 But the May Queen knows each one,
 And she breathes them to her Son.



The original drawing for this illustration was made by one of the boys of the Catholic Protectory.

TONY REDPATH'S EDUCATED PIG.

BY EDWIN ANGELOE.

I

TONY AND BARNEY BEGIN THEIR FORTUNES AT ST. PHILIP'S LAWN PARTY. THE PIG'S PUZZLING PERFORMANCE.

Tony Redpath was fourteen years old. He lived with his father and mother and little brothers and sisters in a red, wooden house on the outskirts of a country town called Plympton.

Boys generally have a dog for a companion in the way of quadrupeds. But it was not so with Tony. His favorite was a fat, chunky little animal, known throughout the town as Barney, the Wonderful Educated Pig.

Barney had been left by will to Tony, by a man named Peter Duncan, who, during his life, had made a business of raising and training numerous kinds of animals.

Barney was not gifted with any beauty whatever. In fact, he was as ugly in appearance as the pigs usually seen in any pen, and had that flesh-colored coat possessed by most swine.

No one would have dreamed he had the "education" that people credited him with.

The Redpaths were a poor family, but they had never known real want until one unfortunate day when Reuben Redpath, Tony's father, met with an accident while painting the roof of their little home.

His injuries were so severe that he was obliged to undergo the most expensive kind of medical treatment. And furthermore, it compelled him to remain in bed for many months.

The small sum of money that had been saved up by the strictest economy, lessened and lessened till, eventually, there was nothing left, and starvation, a thing they had never supposed would come to them, almost stared them in the face.

"Mother," said Tony one day, as he watched her trying to hide a tear, "I have an idea which I think will help to support us and buy us food."

"What is it, dear?"

"I am going to take Barney out and see if I can make some money with him."

"You mean to exhibit him with his education?"

"Yes, mother. I know how to manage him thoroughly, and he obeys everything I tell him to do. Father cannot work for many months to come."

"You could only go into a circus with him, Tony, and I shouldn't like you to do that," said Mrs. Redpath, seeing no other means by which Barney's talents could be made known.

"Church fairs, and all other such things, would be good places if I could get into them," said Tony. "I heard to-day that St. Philip's, in Woodburgh, is going to have a lawn party. I wish Father Williams would give me a chance to show Barney there. I think I'll ask him."

That very day Tony made it his business to visit the priest in the next town.

Tony walked to Woodburgh, which was not a great distance from Plympton, and luckily found the young pastor of St. Philip's at home.

The latter asked Tony the full particulars about Barney and his education, and finally gave consent to the pig's appearance at the lawn party.

"I am glad to have you exhibit him," said Father Williams, his face expressing amusement. "I need money for a new steeple, and a hundred and one other little things. If the pig is any good, he can raise it for me. My own opinion, from what you tell me, is that he will prove a great success and drawing-card. Bring

him along next Monday night. If he goes well, I will pay you handsomely."

The following Monday night found St. Philip's ground crowded with people who wanted to see the educated pig.

And closing his eyes, young Father Williams saw with delight "the new church steeple and the hundred and one other little things."

A big butcher sign, on which was painted a large over-fed hog, was displayed outside the little tent where Barney was concealed.

It did not pretend to be a picture of Barney, but was simply a reminder that he could be seen inside for the small extra sum of five cents.

I doubt if even one of the pleasure seekers slighted Barney that night. As for the "small boy," he was represented in large numbers.

Tony exhibited Barney every fifteen minutes in a manner something like this:

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you this evening, my young friend, Barney, the Wonderful Educated Pig. I do not say, ladies and gentlemen, that he possesses any human intelligence or intellect, but I do say that he does some wonderfully clever things, which have been taught him. There is a trick in his training which you will not be able to see. I wish to be honest concerning him, and not act as a fraud. If you manage to guess the secret of his knowledge—but you won't,—very well and good. However," ended Tony, with a smile, "I am not going to tell you."

It was a merry, good-humored audience, and it greeted Tony's rather old-fashioned speech with loud applause.

On the platform was arranged a long line of thin leather slips, on which were lettered the replies that Barney was accustomed to make to Tony's questions. The animal would wander down along the line until he came to the proper answer. Then he would close his mouth on it, draw it forth, and carry it to his young master's feet. Tony then read the answer aloud, and freely submitted the strip of leather containing it to any persons in the audience who desired to *see for themselves* that the word was really there. Barney would then receive a grain of corn from Tony as

a reward for each answer, and would acknowledge the same with a grateful grunt.

"Now, Barney," began Tony, "for what purpose did the pastor of St. Philip's get up this lawn party?"

The pig went slowly and carefully along the line of answers, and then selected one on which was the word *Money*.

"Did you visit the World's Fair, recently, in Chicago?"

No.

"Why not?"

Had nothing to wear.

"Suppose, Barney, I were to cut an apple into two pieces and place them on a plate, and should offer one of the pieces to a little boy. What then would be left?"

Half.

"And what would be left after I had given the other piece to a little girl?"

The Plate.

"Now you may tell the boys what your favorite sport is."

Baseball.

"They are anxious to know what position you take when in the game."

Umpire.

"Are you a friend of the girls?"

Yes, indeed.

"What do you think they are smartest at?"

Talking.

"Could you run as fast as they can talk?"

Oh, dear, no!

"I'm afraid they will dislike you, Barney, for your open opinion of them. You should remember that it is the girls who give you many a good thing to eat when you are not performing. Perhaps they will forgive you if you sing them a song. Will you?"

All right.

"What is your favorite piece?"

Star Spangled Banner.

"I will whistle the accompaniment for you. Sing away."

Barney broke into a series of loud discordant squealings, whose

melody could be appreciated only by pigs. Instead of stirring his audience to patriotism, he moved them to laughter. When he finished, Tony said, with a dry smile:

"You're a failure, Barney. Every one is laughing at you. The girls are even with you now for what you said of them. I'd advise you never to sing again in public!"

Barney went through many more tricks too numerous to mention or describe.

Although every one understood that he was only an ordinary pig, well trained for his performance, they were nevertheless highly amused by his acts, and wondered how he and his young master worked together in such deceiving harmony.

"If the pig selected each answer, one after the other, as they lay on the platform, one would see that it was an easy enough thing," the people said. "But he picks out the replies from here, there, and everywhere. That's what's so puzzling."

"Won't you tell us how you make him do it?" they asked of Tony.

"Oh, no," laughed he. "I cannot give the thing away. Besides," he added, with a humorous smile, "Barney might object."

The sum paid Tony by Father Williams was far beyond what the boy had hoped for. The family were delighted when he reached home.

There was a letter awaiting Tony, asking him to appear with his pig in another neighboring town.

"It looks as if you are going to make the family living with the pig, Tony," said Mrs. Redpath. "Barney is a blessing."

"That's true, mother. I'll be getting many letters."

"I hope you pray always to our Blessed Lady." The mother-heart was solicitous for the safety of the boy, going out for the first time into the big world.

"I do. And I'm sure that she is helping me to success with Barney. She seems to be in favor of even a poor little Educated Pig."

ALL that you do, do with your might ;
Things done by halves are never done right.



POLLY AND BO-PEEP.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

WE'RE two loving little sisters,
We've a happy home in Rye; *
Maybe you will come to see us
And our dollies, bye-and-bye.

Lulu's dolly—he's so funny !
Such a queer cap he does wear !
But my dolly—she's so pretty !
With blue eyes and golden hair.

Lulu t'inks her doll is lovely—
When she makes him, he can talk;
And she drags him 'long behind her,
Making b'lieve that he can walk.

But I carry my dear dolly,
And I let her go to sleep.
Oh, I love my pretty Polly—
Lulu loves that queer Bo-peep.

* See March ROSARY for sketch of the Home in Rye.

Sometimes other children tease us;
Just for fun, you know, they call
That queer Bo-peep "Punch," and "Judy"
Is the name they give my doll.

But we never mind;—the children
Love each other up at Rye.
Won't you come see me and Lulu
And our-dollies, bye-and-bye?

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.
 2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.
 3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.
 4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.
 5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.
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We publish, again this month, the picture of the Rosary, by means of which the magazine is reaching many a poor person, and many a prisoner, who could not otherwise receive it. Much as we desire to do so, we cannot send it free to all of God's poor. But Aquinas *knows* the children will help, and the grown-up people, too. You will find this Rosary on page 87. Do not tear out the page, thus spoiling your magazine, but send to us for a ROSARY CARD just like it.

When you want Cards, and when you return them filled, address your letter just as though you were sending for the girdles of the Angelic Warfare. But when you are sending two-dollar subscriptions for the magazine, then leave out Aquinas' name, and address your letters this way:

THE ROSARY,
871 Lexington Ave.,
New York City.

LETTERS FROM THE SOLDIERS OF THE ANGELIC WARFARE.



DEAR AQUINAS:—I would like to become a soldier in the Angelic Warfare. I am very naughty, but I am going to try to be a better boy.

Please send a girdle to me, and I will tell you about the battles I win; so please, Aquinas, send a girdle to

THOMAS LAMB.

I am a good boy sometimes.

Aquinas is sure that you are often a good boy. Do not forget the promise,—to tell about the battles won, Thomas.

Here's a young soldier that addresses his pretty little letter to *Saint* Aquinas.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS: *Dear Sir*:—I am a little boy. My papa is dead, and I want to grow up a good man. I have seven brothers and sisters. I am ten years old. There are five younger and two older than myself, and I want to be all the help I can to my mamma. So, please, St. Thomas Aquinas, if you wouldn't mind, I would like to be enrolled, and become a soldier in the Angelic Warfare, and I will fulfil the conditions as near as I can, with the help of God. Enclosed find stamps for the girdle, and oblige your little friend,

THOMAS SULLIVAN.

Aquinas is well pleased at the noble resolve you have made of being a great help to mother bye-and-bye. But, Thomas dear, keep your bright young eyes open to see all the *little* ways in which you can help mother *now*. Her fond heart will keep count of every helpful deed.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I thought I would write and tell you how I "got the best" of one wicked thing. It was being sly. I didn't think I was sly, but the nurse who took care of my little sister said I was. She was always real good to me and my bigger sister, as well as to the baby.

Papa loved me very much, but he didn't let me have as much of my own way as I wanted to have. So sometimes I did things that he didn't want me to do, and sometimes things he told me not to do. I mean that I did them when he was not looking on.

One day the nurse said to me: "Richard, do you love your father?" I looked at her, and said: "Love my father? 'Course I do. What do you ask that for?" She said: "Because, Richard, you're just going right ahead and doing something you know he doesn't want you to do. And if he came here this minute, you'd drop it like a hot coal, and you'd go up to him, and look him in the face, and make him think you were the best boy in the world."

I felt like saying something—well, something saucy. But I knew she was real good, and never told on me, so I didn't say anything. But she said: "If I loved a person, Richard, I'd love all that person's commands and wishes, and I wouldn't go against them when that person was out of sight, trusting that I wouldn't be found out. If I did that, Richard, I'd be *sly*." How she did shoot that word *sly* at me!

I didn't say anything, but I had to begin to fight, because I couldn't help seeing that I was sly. It wasn't so *very* hard, because I kept hearing all the time: "Do you love your father, Richard?" And I couldn't do a mean, wicked thing, then.

I hope this big long letter won't tire you out, and I hope some other boys will write about their fights.

Your true friend,

RICHARD A.

Please don't put in my name, nor where I live, because if the other boys saw it, they'd poke fun at me.

The enemy you had to fight, Richard, stands in many a young soldier's path. Aquinas hopes all have a friend who will point it out to them as clearly and kindly as it was pointed out to you.

These are real heart to heart talks we are going to have, and though you must always send your names to Aquinas, they need not appear in print if you do not wish it.

DEAR FATHER:—I am very anxious for one of the Girdles, and to belong to the Angelic Warfare. But do not think I am bold for sending without money, because I am a little girl without any mother. I have no money, and my father works hard to keep our home, and send me and my little sister to the Sisters' school, and I hope you will not be offended for me sending.

Now I will close my letter. Please excuse the writing.

From your true friend,

MARY.

We gladly send you the Girdle, and we appreciate the little letter that follows, showing that you are grateful.

Aquinas hopes you are better. Keep your fun-loving nature through life, little girl, but be careful about teasing your sister and companions. Don't make any young heart feel sore that you may "have fun." Aquinas is not a priest, Mary.

DEAR FATHER:—Do not be angry at me for not writing. I was sick in bed with the Grippe. I received your kind and welcome letter, and I was glad you sent the blessed Girdle belt.

I try to be good in school, and study my lessons. I try to do everything to please my father and make him happy. But sometimes I feel like having fun, so I tease my little sister, and my companions. Good-bye. This is all I have to say.

I remain your sincere friend,

MARY.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I am so glad about the prizes. My brother Tommie is going to work for a bat and ball, but I'm going to work for one of the coupon prizes. Tommie made fun of me because it took me so long to make out just what was meant by the prize coupon in the April magazine, but Mamma explained about it. When I get the five subscribers I'm going to send the coupon for something I want very much, but I won't say now what it is, 'cause I might change my mind, and get something else.

Yours very truly,

ALICE MURPHY.

We are glad that you and Tommie are going to work with such good will, and we wish you great success. I think many little children will enjoy buying their own gifts on the Prize Coupons.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I am a little boy nine years old, and I live at Notre Dame, Indiana.

I play quarter back in a Rugby team. I like to tackle and throw other boys down. I like Rugby better than Baseball, because you can have more fun. I read about the *Ships at Sea*, and about *Pepita*, and like them both very much. The names of the boys that play in the same Rugby game I play in, are: Joe Coquillard, centre; Robert Clark, left guard; Robert Catchpool, right guard; Noel Freeman, left tackle; Eddie Swan, right tackle;

Victor Steel, left end; John Fortune, right end; Clarence Green, left half back; Frank Breslin, right half back; Gerald Egan, quarter back, and Billy Durand, full back.

I hope other boys will write about their games. Now I think I will say good-bye.

Your sincere friend,

GERALD EGAN.

Aquinas is glad you enjoyed "Ships at Sea." It is *true to life*. Do you know what that means, Gerald? So you like to tackle and throw other boys down;—I suppose you don't know how it feels to get thrown—eh, Gerald?

DEAR AQUINAS:—My name is Sadie Lamb, and I am Thomas J. Lamb's sister. He received his girdle and leaflet and a beautiful letter from you last week. Thomas is the only boy among five girls, and, poor fellow, he has a hard time. He is going to write to you very soon. I, too, am anxious to be a member of the Angelic Warfare.

I haven't yet received my first Communion. I go to the Sisters of Charity's Academy. My papa is dead, and mamma has to work very hard for us.

I quarrel with my brothers and sisters, and Aunt Kate—she is the one that reads THE ROSARY to us,—thinks I will be a better little girl by becoming a soldier.

Now, Dear Aquinas, will you please send me a girdle, as I wish to become, as Aunt Kate wished me, a noble girl in the house.

I have a little sister four years old. Do you think she is too young to become a soldier? Her name is Bessie. She can tell all about our Lord and our Blessed Mother. She says she is called after Saint Elizabeth, Saint John the Baptist's mother. She is very choice what picture of our Blessed Lady she likes best. I think it is called the Madonna of the Rose. My aunt has it at her house. She also likes the picture of the Sacred Heart.

Dear Aquinas, if I should get a card filled for THE ROSARY magazine, could I have it for myself for a year? If so, will you send me a card, and I will get everybody I know to punch it, and in a short time I think I would have it filled.

Dear Aquinas, I hope I have not written too much, but I think I have, so I sign myself,

SADIE LAMB.

Aquinas hopes that you help Mamma all that you can. So you say that Thomas has a hard time? Why, Sadie, five little sisters could make one little brother very happy, I think. Some day he will be a big brother, and then you'll want him to give you a nice time. Now that you and Thomas are both young soldiers, Aquinas thinks you can make a very happy home. The little one, four years old, is too young. She wouldn't understand it—would she, Sadie? Yes, you may have the magazine for yourself.

DEAR AQUINAS:—In THE ROSARY magazine, March number, I read with great interest your notice and beautiful explanation concerning the Angelic Warfare. I'm exceedingly anxious to become a member, but you seem as if you were addressing small children only. I therefore decide to enquire by letter if I, who have just completed my eighteenth year, am too far advanced to become a member.

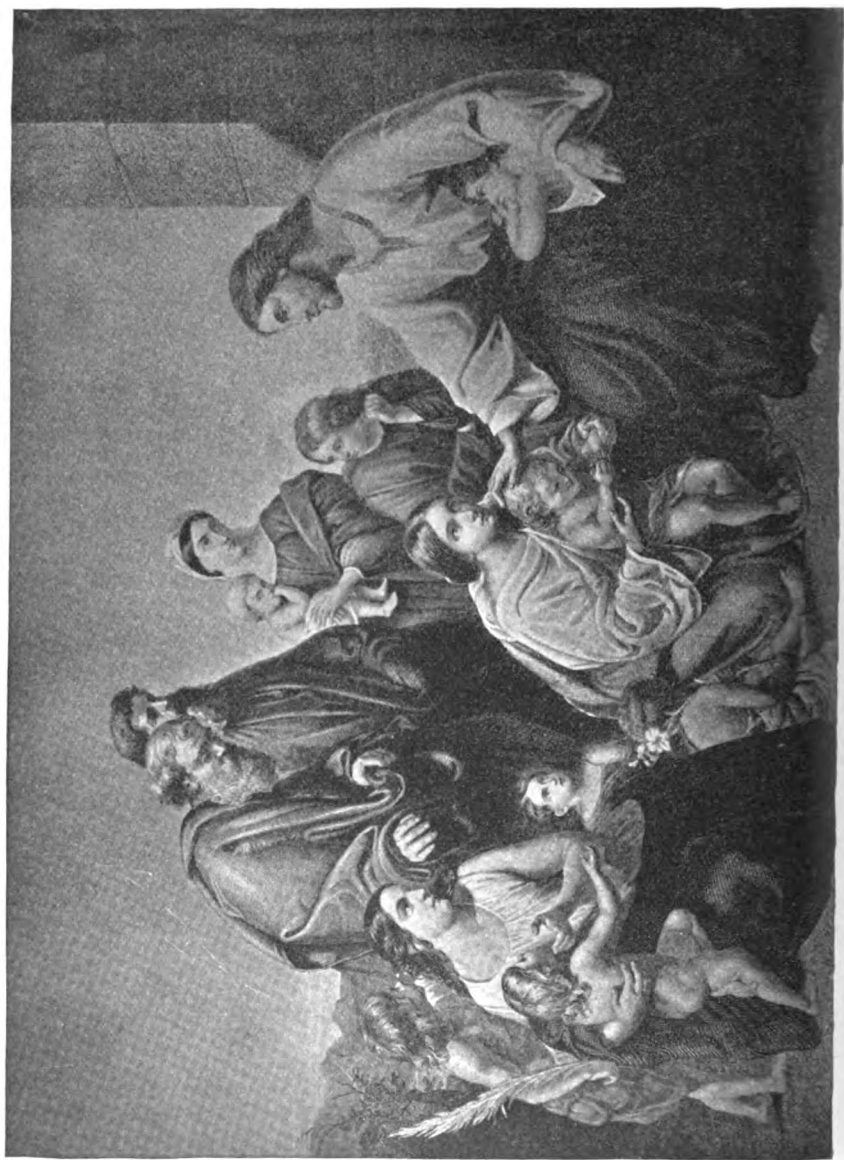
NELLIE M. S.—

No, indeed, you are not too old. Anyone may join the Angelic Warfare.

Space does not allow us the insertion of any more letters. But so many kind ones came asking for Rosary Cards! and so many earnest requests for the Blessed Girdle of St. Thomas! and so many answers to the puzzles! The answers will be given in June.

That all the young soldiers may be victors in the good fight during this new year that we hope to pass together, is the loving wish of

AQUINAS.



Notes for the Children.

A sweet, sweet thought comes to me as I study the beautiful picture the Editor has chosen for the dear children of THE ROSARY, whom he loves so fondly. We had the same subject, "Christ Blessing Little Children," once before, in May, 1893, but the two pictures are different. Just as two of you, who had heard a lovely story, would tell it in different words, so two artists paint the same story in different ways. But Aquinas must tell you the thought that comes at sight of the picture.

Do you notice that the little children are led to the dear Master by their fond mothers? Do you see how the eyes of the mothers in the group, brimming with love for their little ones, are fixed upon the face of our Lord, saying as plainly as their lips could do: "Dear Master, bless my little ones, and oh! may the blessing dwell ever with them, saving them from every evil!"

Now, just as these good mothers brought their little ones to Christ, so will our Blessed Mother bring you all to Him. We say lots of prayers to her, I suppose, but somehow we do not stay closely beside her. We seem to feel that we can get as near to our dear Lord and please Him as much, and obtain all we ask from Him as easily, if we go to Him all alone. But we do not get so near Him, and we do not please Him so much, and we do not obtain so easily what we are praying for when our Blessed Mother is not with us.

When we receive graces from Him, we soon lose them if we try to take care of ourselves; or we forget, perhaps, that God gave them to us, and some evil spirit, in the form of a temptation to do wrong, comes coaxing us, and we lose the dear grace for which we prayed so hard.

Boys and girls! when you are going to pray at our Lord's altar, to thank Him for some gift He has given to you, or to ask Him for some new one, just make your eager young hearts be still until you ask His dear Mother and ours to go with you, and to make your prayer her own. She can pray so much better than you can!

And when you have finished your prayer, ask her to stay with you all day long, everywhere you go, to protect the graces you gained while you were pray-

ing with her so near you, and while she was praying with you.

When you feel disposed to be bad, peevish, snappish, quarrelsome, disobedient, or to say bad words, or think bad thoughts, or do bad things, you will have to say: "Dear Blessed Mother, go away a while, where you cannot see me." But *could* you ever tell the dear Heavenly Mother to go away? And *could* she ever go so far that she could not see her little Rosarians, both boys and girls, her dear soldiers of the Angelic Warfare?

This month and next, in a way, belong to the dear little First Communicants. All our young Rosarians should pray that every First Communion made may be a good one. We hope to begin in June a sketch of dear little Imelda, the Blessed young Patroness of First Communicants.

A kind friend of the children offers a gold watch and chain to the boy or girl who sends in the greatest number of paid subscriptions to THE ROSARY by October first.

Did you read the prizes offered in the April ROSARY? Perhaps you would rather work for the gold watch. Take your choice, children.

Another kind friend has promised a gift to the child who is first to send in, filled, five Rosary cards for the poor. Who will be the first to get this prize?

To a young girl who does not quite understand about Special Prize, No. 2, in the April ROSARY, we say here that its meaning is this: If you get five prepaid subscriptions and fill out the coupon that you will find in the April issue, and send it to us with the subscriptions, you can get two dollars' worth of goods from any firm that advertises in THE ROSARY. You must therefore look carefully through the advertising pages, and find out the name of the firm who sells the goods you want.

Write the name and address of this firm on the coupon, and your own name and address; then send it to us to be signed. You can get the gift you desire when the coupon is returned to you, by presenting it at the store, the address of which is upon it. I think this will be clear to you now.

With Other Young Folks.

The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs, for April, contains, among other interesting and instructive matter, the fourth paper upon "Our Lady's Office." Many of our young folks belong to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and the title and the words of this Office are familiar to them; but all do not know its history, nor the meaning of its various parts. Without this knowledge they will fail to see its beauty and to measure its value. Boys and girls too often pass over any reading like this. It is "dry" or "dull" or "no good," they say, as they hasten on to the stories. This is not right. It is something for the young soldiers to fight against. Aquinas wants you to read, that you may learn, as well as be amused.

In the column of the *Catholic Standard*, Philadelphia, above which we read, "For Our Young Folks," we find, in the issue at hand, a pretty poem that has been going the rounds of the press, "Home From School," by Eudora Stone Bunstead. It is full of loving suggestion for school-girls during vacation, and, too, for frequently recurring holidays. We trust many of our young girls will say, with the one in the pretty poem:

Dear little mother, it brings the tears
Whenever I think what I've let you do;
You've planned for my pleasure years and years—
It's time I planned a little for you.
So drop that apron and smooth your hair;
Read, visit, or knit—whatsuits you best;
Lean back in your chair, let go your care,
And really and truly rest.
You neat little mother, you sweet little mother,
Just take a vacation and rest.

The *Catholic News*, New York City, is presenting to its readers a list of Catholic books which we commend to the notice of our boys and girls. Aquinas wants you all to know who the people are who write our histories, stories, and poems. Of course they are not all in this list which the *Catholic News* gives, but some of our best writers, and some of our best books are there. We are glad to see our papers keeping Catholic authors and their works present to their readers. Good books are good friends, boys and girls.

For the "Children's Corner" of the *Catholic Mirror*, Baltimore, pretty poems and stories are selected. One feature of this department some time back we miss—the interesting chats with the children, always present when the department was specially conducted by "Little Scrapbag." We regret the change, hailing as we do the growing spirit of enterprise in our weeklies, shown by the special editing of children's departments in many of them.

The Mt. Angel Students' Banner, published by the students of Mt. Angel Seminary and

College, in the issue before us, gives some interesting facts concerning German libraries adapted from the German by Father Frowin, Benedictine.

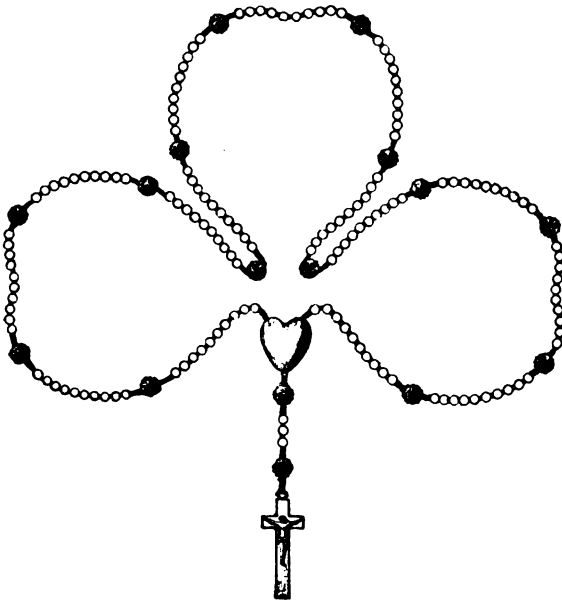
One interesting feature of this little publication from far-off Oregon, is the Students' Roll of Honor, to which attention is specially drawn, as it appears as a supplement.

"Gleanings for the Children" is the title "Cousin Ruth" gives her department in the *Catholic School and Home Magazine*, Worcester, Mass. Evidently "Cousin Ruth" is teaching the children to glean every bit of useful and interesting information possible, as they go through life. "In the Sunday School" is another department for the young folks in this same enterprising little magazine. It encourages the study of the Bible. In a department, "Literature and Art," our American Catholic writers are presented. In March we find a sketch of Richard Malcolm Johnston.

Our Animal Friends, New York, comes monthly, and with delightful stories, sketches, pictures, and editorials, pleads earnestly for the dumb friends that are so helpless to plead for themselves. Animals have a sign language of their own, but it is only those who have kind hearts that read it intelligently. If boys and girls read this pretty magazine, they will learn to understand this language, because they will learn from its pages to be kind to all dumb beasts. It is strange how cruel some boys and girls are to domestic animals. The "Letter Box" of this little magazine contains some pretty messages from children.

"A Lily's Easter Story," in the Easter number of *The Angelus*, Detroit, Mich., is a pretty, dreamy thing. Under the heading "For Men and Women at Work," a bit of advice is given that all the boy and girl readers of the little journal should take to heart, and put in practice when they go out and begin life's work in earnest. One sentence we quote: "What you learn of your employer's business is not to be talked about outside, at home, or anywhere else." We find here another literary "Uncle,"—"Uncle Joe," who gives religious instruction in pleasing ways to the children of the *Angelus*.

"Our Little Ones," *The Pittsburgh Catholic*, in a late issue, reproduces a quaint sketch from the Swedish, by H. R. Churchill, "The Legend of the Bowlder," crediting *The Young Catholic*, from the pages of which it was taken. "Dancing Birds," in the same issue, is a pretty bit of natural history for the children. "Selfishness," "St. Peter's Loaf," and two contributions in verse, one from a child, "My Happy First Communion," make up the department.



Please send THE ROSARY for one year
to *(Here put name and address of poor person or institution.)*

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.....

(Here put sender's name and address.)

.....

.....

If you wish to help send the magazine to the poor, please write for one of these cards.

Address:

AQUINAS, Rosary Office,
871 Lexington Ave., New York City.



To all our
readers we
offer the
greetings
of our
Blessed
L a d y's

own dear month, and while we pray that their hearts may be filled with love for our gracious Queen, we also entreat them to be worthy of special graces, by greater devotion to her Beads. Surely, this month will count many rosaries of love and gratitude and reparation, with an eager intention running through all, that our Lady's clients may grow in numbers and increase in grace, and that the land may be full of the melody of Mary's name, chanted, in prayer and praise, with fulness of love, next to that which we shall offer to her dearest Son.

We feel confident that our readers will be pleased with the frontispiece of this number. It is a copy of a painting by the modern German artist, Ittenbach. The countenance of our Blessed Lady in childhood's tender years, beautifully expresses a happy mingling of youthful innocence and divine grace, which was later to enrich her with its fulness. In June we shall give a companion frontispiece—the Child Jesus—after the same author.

The Province of the Most Holy Rosary of the Phillippine Islands is one of the most flourishing of the Dominican Order. There are at present eleven bishops belonging to it, besides five hundred and forty-eight religious. In the year 1891, the Fathers baptized about eighty-six thousand persons. The University of Manila, the faculty of which is Dominican, numbered in 1891, nearly eighteen hundred students in the different departments. Three preparatory colleges, under the care of the Dominicans, equip hundreds each year for the University course. This province is still the nursery of martyrs and saints.

The following edifying sketch is from the pen of our esteemed contributor, Miss Marcella A. Fitzgerald:

Many years ago, when Joaquin Murieta and his band of daring freebooters ranged the highways of California, the homes of the rancheros lay far apart, the wide and fertile estates over which they held sway often extending for miles, unbroken by fence or dwelling. This isolation left flocks and herds an easy prey for the bandit whose name smote terror to the hearts of the Indian herdsmen; they dreaded with good cause the knife or pistol of the cut-throat and his followers.

Therefore when a message of warning, sent by an unknown friend, was placed in the hand of Señor —, little wonder that dire consternation reigned in the household as its purport was made known.

The message ran: "Joaquin has learned that you hold in your keeping much gold and silver, which he will seize at all costs. Be warned. Do not stay on the ranch, or evil will befall. . . ."

The Señor read the message, roughly scrawled on a scrap of paper, such as is used for rolling cigarettes, and laughing lightly, said:

"This is the work of an alarmist, one of the idle rumors that fill the air. Why note what is said by one who does not sign his name? Are we cowards?"

But the urging of friends and family at last prevailed, and his household was soon established in the Mission, there to remain until the danger had passed. Every day brought tidings of outrages committed by the spoiler, now here, now there, until a certainty of his departure for the mines where gold was plentiful, gave the unwilling refugees freedom to return to their home. At the ranch all was fair and peaceful; no rude visitors had disturbed its quiet, and the even tenor of life was gladly resumed. The garden echoed the laughter of the merry children at play, careful and happy as the butterflies, or the gleaming humming-birds that shared with them the nectar of the flowers. How peacefully the evening fell! With what rare tints the sunset clothed the lofty peak that sentinelled the plain! A breathless calm seemed to rest upon the earth as the evening star came forth in glittering splendor, and all

the countless host that keep watch in the blue vault above, shone in unclouded glory.

At the usual hour for night prayer, the household assembled in the great room, the loftiest and the lowliest, joining in the petitions to our Lady, in the Aves she loves so well to offer to her Divine Son.

Suddenly the baying of the watch-dogs startled the silent air. One glance from the casement told that the dreaded danger was at hand. At the head of a score of horsemen came Joaquin, seeking the gold he would have, if torture could tear from the heart of its owner the secret of its hiding-place. The stout doors were barred, the Señor and some of the servants seized their weapons, resolved to sell life dearly. The aged and feeble crouched, begging to be saved. In the midst of the terrified throng, sweetly dignified and motherly, the Señora, hiding her own fears, sought to encourage the terror-stricken children and domestics.

"Come, my children," she said, "kneel with me and we shall recite the Rosary. If we are to die, let it be with the praise of our sweet Mother on our lips."

Obedient to her wish they knelt, and from trembling lips arose the heartfelt pleadings to our Lady full of grace.

Ere the last Ave Maria died away, the sound of galloping hoofs was heard, now, near, then sinking into silence in the distance, and so swiftly as they came, the robbers disappeared, leaving as a vivid proof of their presence, the trampled flower-beds, over which they had ridden to surround the house.

With one voice, in grateful love the worshippers exclaimed: "Our Lady has saved us. Blessed be her name!"

In connection with the interesting and edifying sketch, which we publish in this number, of the recently beatified Martyrs of the Dominican Order, THE ROSARY announces that the Very Reverend Father Higgins, Provincial, has ordered, for all the churches subject to his jurisdiction, that a solemn Triduum will be held in honor of these martyrs, during this month of May. On May 16, 1893, the Sacred Congregation of Rites, by authority of the Holy Father, and at the instance of the Most Reverend Procurator-General, Father Cicognani, granted a plenary indulgence to all the faithful who will attend the exercises of the Triduum. The usual conditions are required. Moreover, a partial indulgence of one hundred years may be gained at

each visit to a Dominican church during the Triduum, provided prayers will be offered for the Holy Father's intentions. These indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory. Following the counsels of our Master-General and our Provincial, THE ROSARY urges Tertiaries and Rosarians to avail themselves of this opportunity to do honor to the glorious martyr bishops and priests who, during their lives, were the faithful servants of our Blessed Lady, Queen of the Holy Rosary. The time of the Triduum will be announced in the different churches in which it will take place.

Again we plead with our readers for an active interest in our work. THE ROSARY needs personal friends, and we frankly say, it deserves them. Its mission is the gospel of our Lady's great devotion, and the crusade for pure literature. Its efforts in behalf of these noble causes are inspired by high purposes. Its claims to recognition, help, co-operation, active and zealous, are justified by its past career, and encouraged for the future by the proofs it has received of friendly aid from many. But we wish to grow, to expand, to spread far over our broad country, and beyond, the Rosary name and the Rosary love. We wish to make this magazine such an exponent of Catholic literature, that it will be recognized by strangers as well as by friends. To accomplish this we need zealous workers. In this we speak not of the mere agent, whose work is entirely commercial; we allude to those whose time is free, or whose means are ample. Of such there are many in our ranks. Their opportunities are considerable; may we not speak in like manner of their obligations? Not to THE ROSARY exclusively, but to the great cause of pure reading! All we ask is a fair share of help. The success of our fellow-laborers delights us; we cheerfully aid them whenever the occasion arises. But we are justly concerned in a special way, for the success of THE ROSARY. For it we speak and write and labor; nor do we know discouragement, though at times it is a sad thought that so many Catholics are utterly indifferent, or only selfishly interested in the work of Catholic literature. What a power we could wield as Catholics if our resources were not so often scattered in supporting unwholesome, sensational, unworthy publications! THE ROSARY asks each individual who reads this paragraph, to become a true friend, to speak for our work, to tell acquaintances about it, to talk Ros-

ARY, to make it known, to induce others to do the same. Rest not satisfied with your own enjoyment of this magazine; win others to its side. Each day will afford an opportunity, in some way, of judiciously helping the good work in which we are engaged. We ask your help, for the precious interests at stake, and because you are bound, in a general way, to labor for the Church, whose battle is ever for devotion and for sound, wholesome reading as an antidote to the corrupting tendencies of much of the modern press. Our Lord's word should be remembered: "Whoever is not with Me is against Me." Friend, what have you done? What are you doing? What will you do? This is an appropriate time to espouse our cause. We enter upon the fourth year of ROSARY life. Time and money have been freely spent, and unstinted labor has been given for this magazine. We wish all our friends to be sharers in the blessings to which we look forward, and therefore, we invite them to join hands with us in the struggle that must be maintained.

Added to the general devotion of this month, are the special Rosary festivals, the Ascension of our Lord and Pentecost. These, with Trinity Sunday and Corpus Christi, are the notable days of May. Consult the calendar for indulgences and for intentions of petition and thanksgiving that we warmly commend to Rosarians.

Our readers have doubtless observed our practice of printing extracts when the regular matter of the page leaves space. It will be our invariable rule to devote these passages to our Blessed Mother. From the approved writers of the Church we shall draw, and particularly from the Blessed de Montfort. Of this great servant of our Lady, her champion in these latter times, we shall give an accurate account in some future issue. In the meantime we urge our readers to enter into his spirit—leaving all to our dearest Mother, and doing all for her, that thus it may be better done for Jesus, her Divine Son. In this connection we gladly announce a greeting from his Eminence, Herbert Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster: "I am delighted to hear that you are promoting De Montfort's beautiful devotion."

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers a translation of the letter of our Holy Father, who authorizes the Master-General of our Order to assume full au-

thority in the final arrangements for the new edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas. The commission having the matter in charge has taken official quarters in the General's residence, so that he may exercise direct supervision. Seven volumes of this monumental edition have already appeared; the others will be issued as rapidly as the conditions will permit. The following is the text of the Pope's letter:

*To our Beloved Son,
Andrew Frühwirth,
Master-General of the Order of Preachers.*
LEO XIII. POPE.

BELOVED SON,

Health and Apostolic Benediction.

We have had such a firm hope that a new edition, perfect and complete, of the works of St. Thomas of Aquin, would happily be achieved for the progress of the divine sciences and sound philosophy, that We have fixed Our attention upon this from the beginning of Our Pontificate. In Our letters of the 15th October, 1879, to the illustrious Cardinal Antoninus di Luca, now dead, We have expressed this wish, manifesting at the same time Our desire to see added thereto the best authorized commentaries. Still further expediting the work, the following year, January 18th, by fresh letters given with the same intention, We placed at the head of this work the same Cardinal di Luca with other members of the sacred College, John Simeoni and Thomas Zigliara, giving to them the power and privilege, in Our name, to arrange and ordain whatsoever, in their judgment, should be necessary for the publication of this new edition. They immediately began the work with which We had charged them, and actively continued it, as is shown by the seven volumes already published. But since they have died without being able to finish it, We have resolved, in order to make sure of its continuation and completion, to confide it to the Order of St. Dominic, of which you are the Superior.

The members of this family are, in fact, so happily penetrated with the Doctrine left to the world by this incomparable Master, and so profoundly consecrated to the Doctor, whose name covers with marvellous splendor the whole Order, that the same work placed in their hands will, we doubt not, receive from their zeal and wisdom its finish and its crown. For the same reason, beloved son, we have confidence in those religious of your Order whom you will choose for this pur-

pose. We place at your command the sums of money fixed by Our letters of January, 1880, and We maintain for the completion of the task the conditions which will be found established by the three Cardinals. Help from on high has protected those who commenced this work. Sustained by the joyful confidence that Heaven will favor its continuation, We affectionately grant to you, beloved son, and to the whole Order which you govern, as a mark of Our paternal tenderness, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 4th

day of October, 1893; the sixteenth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII.

The address delivered by Archbishop Ireland before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, on April 4, had a glorious ring.

We trust that it will be issued in pamphlet form, and that it will find readers by the thousand. The Grand Army of the Republic would do a good work if they printed a special edition for the A. P. A's., and plentifully supplied these worthies with copies.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE COLUMBUS MEMORIAL VOLUME, issued by the joint committee of the "Catholic Club of New York," and "The United States Catholic Historical Society," appeared in March. The story of the splendid celebration in honor of Columbus, as arranged by the Catholics of New York, is given in full. To this are added papers by a Jesuit, a Franciscan, and a Dominican, on the works of their respective Orders in connection with the discovery, and the early American Missions. The volume is well illustrated with portraits of Columbus, and is a credit from the book-making standpoint, to the publishers. The late appearance of this work is to be regretted, but nevertheless it is a valuable compilation. It would be well if all the dioceses which did honor to Columbus, would preserve a narrative of the celebration, as a contribution to the history of the Church in the United States.

From the CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, (the publishing house of the Paulist Fathers), we have: 1.—a reprint of "The Pope; How far does he control conscience? How far does he interfere with citizenship?" by Cardinal Newman; 2.—"From the Highways of Life," a series of tracts on interesting subjects, published for the purpose of showing how converts are made. Both of these well-printed booklets "hit the mark." Newman's needs no comment; the other will speak for itself; and THE ROSARY hopes that its hearers and readers will be many.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, we have received "SONGS AND SONNETS, AND OTHER POEMS," by Maurice Francis Egan. Though this volume was issued more than a year since, this notice of it is timely. Many Catholic readers may be more familiar with Professor Egan's prose writings than with his poems, though we have published specimens of his

best work in verse. Some of Mr. Egan's poems have appeared in secular magazines, but the burden of his labor is in behalf of Catholic periodicals. Constantly Catholic, he ever keeps in view beauty and truth, and the pitch of his song is always attuned to his high ideals. The volume before us is an excellent sample of Dr. Egan's varied and growing work under the muse's inspiration. Messrs. McClurg present the book in a very attractive form. With pleasure we commend "Songs and Sonnets" to our readers.

From the same firm we have also received "SOUND AND MUSIC," by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Professor of Physics in the University of Notre Dame. This is an excellent, an admirable work. The learned author has brought into the compass of these 452 pages, a treatise that proves his complete mastery of this difficult subject. While the work is thorough in its scientific features, it is nevertheless most readable, delightful. *The Scientific American* welcomes it as an extraordinary book, and declares that "in no single volume can students of music find the same amount of valuable information as is to be found in Professor Zahm's new book." "Sound and Music" presents the latest results of modern acoustic science in such a way that the technicalities are so stripped of their usually uninviting characteristics, that the subject becomes intelligible to the general reader, and of particular interest and pleasure to the musical student. The publishers have spared no expense in producing this splendid volume. Nearly two hundred illustrations adorn its pages, while paper and press-work are of the first quality. We hope that the sale of this work will be sufficiently full to recognize the learning of the author and the liberal spirit and enterprise of the publishers.

From B. Herder, St. Louis, we have received EXPLANATION OF DEHARBE'S SMALL CATECHISM, by Canon Schmitt, D. D. This translation of a work that received in the original German, the warm acknowledgment of the Archbishop of Freiburg, has been recognized

with like commendation by His Eminence, the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Among the different works of varying merit that have been published in this line, the growing needs of Catholic schools, together with the multiplied cares of pastors, seem to give welcome place to new books treating on the subject ever ancient and ever new. This volume has many points of excellence, not the least of which is that it can readily be adapted to any catechism, in the way of explanation and development. Its material make-up is another "sign of the times," a proof of good workmanship in book making, in which our Catholic publishers are showing great progress. Mr. Herder keeps pace with the foremost.

The veteran Catholic publisher, P. O'Shea, New York, has brought out in fine form, as to paper, press-work, and binding, the "ELEMENTARY COURSE OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY," adapted from the French of Brother Louis of Poissy, by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. This manual of philosophy, which was honored by a Brief, addressed to the author by Pius IX., has been translated into English, "to meet the needs of a growing class of youth of both sexes." When we say that it succeeds in its admirable purpose, we feel that our commendation of the work is only according to its merits.

THE ROSARY is pleased to announce a revised edition of an excellent little book, published several years ago—A Novena in Honor of St. Joseph, by Fidelis. As it is a ROSARY publication, one of a series which we hope to issue, we have special interest in commending its merits. It is sold singly, or in quantities. The price is ten cents a copy; six for fifty cents; twelve for one dollar. Address THE ROSARY.

The twenty-fifth volume of the new edition of the works of Blessed Albert the Great, has been issued from the press of the Paris publisher, Vives. This edition will be a fitting monument to the teacher of St. Thomas Aquinas.

THE CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT CATALOGUE has been received. It contains a complete list of Catholic Schools and academies that exhibited at the World's Fair, with a full account of the ceremonies of Catholic Educational Day, including the addresses by Archbishops Feehan, Ryan, and Hennessy, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien and Hon. T. J. Gargan. These give a special value to the "Catalogue," and take it out of the rank which its name alone could claim.

Of the six members appointed on the council of doctors to examine the Venerable Joan of Arc, after her presentation

to the King of France, three were Dominicans: William Aymeric, Peter Turlur, afterwards Bishop of Digne, and Seguin of Seguin, all of whom bore testimony to their belief in her mission. Father Chapotin, O.P., writing in the March number of *L'Anne Dominicaine*, makes clear the help given to the Maid of Orleans by different members of the Order, while he as frankly deplores the cowardice of Le Maistre, vicar of the Inquisition for Rouen, and one of Joan's prosecutors, who wore St. Dominic's habit, and who abandoned the heroic girl. Despite this ugly fact, the author of the article in question justly contends for the rights of the Dominicans to an honorable place in the story of Joan of Arc. Isambard de la Pierre, a worthy Dominican, defended Joan, as did her confessor, Martin L'Advenu, also a Dominican, who administered to her the last sacraments. Both these noble men accompanied the martyr to the pyre, Martin L'Advenu holding, at her special request, the crucifix from St. Saviour's, on which her dying eyes rested till the sad close. We had intended to present to our readers the full version of this interesting paper, but want of space obliges us to substitute this condensed reference.

La Couronne de Marie (Lyons) prints in the March number a very interesting letter from Father Reginald Begouin, O.P., Apostolic Missionary, in the Dutch Archipelago. From his communication we learn that in the scattered group of six islands, the chief of which is Curaçao, the majority of the population are Catholic. Twenty-one Dominicans from the Province of Holland live among the people, exercising a sort of patriarchal authority in general affairs. All these islands, with the exception of a portion of St. Martin, which is under the French government, are subject to Holland. The government is, in a manner, friendly to the Missionaries. While the official language is the Dutch, the people speak a patois composed of French, Spanish, and Dutch, mingled with the original Indian dialect. A powerful auxiliary in the work of these Missions is maintained by the Dutch Franciscan Sisters, who direct a hospital and a leper house, besides other charitable undertakings that deserve high praise. There is also a colony of Dominican Tertiary Sisters from Holland. Father Begouin further states that a Dominican Father, whose name is not mentioned, an accomplished painter, from the Convent of St.

Mark, in Florence, instructs the poor boys who manifest a taste for the arts. Thus the good work of culture keeps pace in these strange lands, with the spread of the Gospel. In the city of Curaçao, which is the seat of government, civil and ecclesiastical, there is a beautiful church dedicated under the title of Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

The Owl, published by the students of the University of Ottawa, Canada, and now in its eighth volume, is an excellent magazine. The March number is strong, and of such general interest, that *The Owl* ought to have many friends besides its student readers.

The leading article of *The North American Review* for April, is by Cardinal Gibbons—"Personal Reminiscences of the Vatican Council." His Eminence follows a very interesting vein in a very interesting way.

The Forum for April has an excellent paper by Theodore Roosevelt—"What 'Americanism' means." Agnes Repplier's essay, "A Gentle Warning to Lecturers," is well named, and a neat piece of writing. "The Irish Conquest of our Cities" is the work of some Mr. Boroock, who tries very hard to keep his bigotry from showing too offensively in a story that, despite his insinuations, is of much credit to the Irish. "Why Christian Missions Have Failed in Judea" is a "weak tea" explanation by a Hindu, of why he has not become a Christian—a Protestant.

The Dominicans comprising the theological faculty of the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, drawn from various provinces of the Order, are winning fresh honors through their *Revue Thomiste*, the sixth number of which has been received. Father Gardeil, O. P., continues his articles on evolution, and the principles of St. Thomas; Father Sertillanges, O. P., writes most entertainingly on an artistic pilgrimage to Florence; Father Coconier, O. P., comments on the recent Encyclical on Biblical studies. The other papers complete a very interesting number.

The *Revue Biblique*, edited and published by the Dominican Fathers of Jerusalem, has begun its third year, with prospects of increasing efficiency in its special field. Able papers are contributed to this quarterly, not only by the French Dominicans, but by the Dominicans of other parts, by members of

different religious Orders, and by secular priests.

Our Italian fellow-laborer, *Il Rosario Memorie Domenicane*, is publishing, in serial form, the splendid "Life of St. Dominic," that has already appeared in *THE ROSARY*. It is pleasant to see this just recognition of Mother Drane's great work.

From *Il Rosario Memorie Domenicane*, we take the following interesting sketch of the Dominican Sisters in Southern Africa:

"It has been already stated in this periodical, that the Dominican Sisters of Germany have mission houses in Southern Africa. From its tropical regions consoling accounts are constantly arriving of the labors of these good daughters of St. Dominic. At King Williamstown, where the principal house is, there is an asylum for poor children and abandoned orphans. No week passes without the reception of some one of these unfortunates. No one is refused. 'The good God pays for them,' the Mother Prioress always answers. In December, 1892, seventeen of these children made their first communion, and on the feast of Pentecost, 1893, eleven of them, together with a pagan woman, received Holy Baptism in the Sisters' chapel.

The government inspector, and the Director-general of the schools, have made very flattering reports concerning the schools of our Sisters, and have promised to help them as much as their means will permit. Two leagues and a half from King Williamstown, a branch is founded under the patronage of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is a vast establishment, with ten choir Sisters, and thirty-eight lay Sisters, for the education of the poor children and of the orphans; and also an asylum for the old and infirm priests of the mission.

"On the eighth of May, 1893, beginnings were made for a new foundation in behalf of the Kaffirs. At present there is in course of construction a house which is to be the beginning and the centre of a parish. The poor negroes that will embrace the faith will live near it. There will be wanting neither work, nor bread, nor dwelling, and thus the advantages of the social life, which is a fruit of the religion of Jesus Christ, will be enjoyed also by them.

"The other house of the Sisters is at East London, a commercial city which day by day acquires more importance. Our chapel there is the parish church,

but it is too small, and it will be necessary to erect another.

"All this is done in Cape Colony. But the Dominican Sisters have also three houses in the Jesuit Missions of the Zambesi. That of Macloutsie in Bechuanaland has five Sisters, who are engaged in the education of children. In Mashonaland, too, there are two other houses, one at Salisbury, the other at Victoria, in which there is added to the education of the children, the care of the sick; and the Sisters have already earned amongst the negroes a sweet reputation as infirmarians.

Almost all of the Dominican Sisters of Africa are Germans. The Convents of St. Ursula in Augsburg, and of the Holy Rosary in Wettenhausen, in Germany, give them the education and instruction requisite for the duties of the missionary life, which they afterwards discharge in a way worthy of so privileged a vocation."

The Catholic Review, in its issues of March 31 and April 7, publishes a translation of a magnificent address to the youth of France, by the Dominican Father Didon, whose "Life of Christ" has made his fame world wide. Taking as his motto, "Young men are the treasury of our hopes, both national and religious," he grapples with the difficulties and evils of the day, and while setting a high and noble standard for Catholic youth, marks a bright and shining path leading to their goal. We ask our friends to read this address.

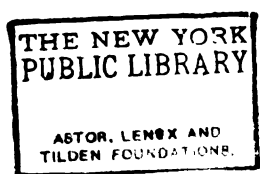
St. Mary's Chimes, that admirable academy magazine conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the students of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, is always crisp and snappy. The April issue gives a very interesting symposium, by four of the graduating class, on the much discussed character of Katherine O'Connor, in Professor Egan's "A Marriage of Reason." THE ROSARY, as the first champion of Katherine, after the distinguished author himself, congratulates the young ladies and the Sisters at Notre Dame, and presents its sincere compliments to *St. Mary's Chimes*.

In an exhaustive review of a recently published work, *The Public School System of the United States*, by Dr J. M. Rice, *The Sun*, on March 25, made some strong statements not flattering to this system as a whole. In a preliminary way *The Sun* says that Dr. Rice has learned from experience, "to place no reliance on reports put forth by school officials, re-

garding their charge." Hence, after spending "nearly two years abroad, in the study of educational systems, and in the inspection of European schools," the author of the work in question visited the schools of thirty-six cities, and twenty establishments for the training of teachers, and was thus enabled to observe more than twelve hundred instructors at their work. The result of this tour of inspection, lasting almost six months, is given in Dr. Rice's volume. While the advantages of the public school system are honestly set forth, a few of *The Sun's* conclusions are deserving of quotation. "As a matter of fact," the reviewer states, "the professional weakness of the American (public school) teacher is pronounced the greatest blemish of American schools." "Dr. Rice's extended observations have convinced him that, as a rule, our (public school) teachers are too weak to stand alone." "The office of teacher in the average American public school is, perhaps, the only one in the world that can be retained for an indefinite period, in spite of flagrant incompetence and negligence."

In the *New World*, Chicago, April 7, there is a very clever essay on life and its purposes, under the heading, "Drifting and Rowing," by that well-known writer, Carola Milanis. Under this pen name an amiable and learned Dominican nun hides her identity from the world. We trust that we shall soon be able to introduce Carola Milanis to readers of THE ROSARY.

Edward W. Bok, whose recent article, "The Young Man in Business," published in *The Cosmopolitan*, received general and deserved praise, supplements it in the April number of the same magazine, by a practical, well-digested, and instructive paper on "The Employer and the Young Man." It is a live subject, treated in a live way, and on the right lines of morality. This number of *The Cosmopolitan* also contains "The Romance of the Great Canal," which reveals some unpleasant and unworthy phases of De Lesseps' scheme of the Suez canal. W. D. Howells continues his "Letters of an Altrurian Traveller," writing pungently on life in a plutocratic city. Agnes Repplier figures in the symposium on the world of art and letters, and Edward E. Hale presents some strong points in behalf of home rule in cities, giving, as he himself puts it, by an interesting account of Hull House, Chicago, a direct, concrete illustration from which he has squeezed out all gush or mere sentiment, of what one "residence," as our modern phrase has it, can do for the poor and afflicted of our large cities.







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NO. 2.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND THE MINNESINGERS.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.



SIDNEY Lanier, to whom a friend had suggested the reading of Montalembert's "Monks of the West," when returning the book, said: "Call these the Dark Ages? They should be named the Bright." Then he proceeded to speak of the wonderful things done in that period in the fine arts, agriculture, and other fields, by devout men whom, for three centuries, English people have been led to despise. For some months before his death he had been meditating a poem on a legend of one of the monks. Pity that such a poet did not live to accomplish it.

Yet, we could wish more: that he, so gifted, so sincere, so non-partisan, so honorably sensitive to whatever was beautiful and good, had studied, also, among other things, in those Ages of Faith, the Minnesingers, and understood well the spirit by which they were inspired. Slight as our acquaintance is with these poets of six centuries ago, it is only lately that we have come to know them at all. Even in Germany they had become almost entirely unknown, until found by Bodmer in the last century, and in the present brought to light by Heinrich von der Hagen under the patronage of the late Frederick William III., king of Prussia.

Untaught in schools, many of them not knowing how to read or write, yet they made verses so exquisitely sweet and musical that through the mouths of many generations they came down to the invention of printing, when, their authors long ago dead, their art was lost, destined, apparently, never to be restored. English people have been long familiar with the poetry of the Troubadours, so fresh, so gay, yet often licentious; but it was not until now that they have known anything about this class of poets, far beyond the Rhine, who, if less devoted to chivalry and the licenses born of it, were more artistic in form and arrangement, often more happy in themes, and far more deliciously sweet in music! The word *Minnesongs* signifies not alone a love song, but song of a love that is pure. With the Minnesinger began the true romantic which is always single-minded, always honorably devoted to one dear object, the having of which is legitimate. They admired much the poetry of the Troubadours, although their sensitive, modest, pious spirits shrank from its too oft uncleanness, and, loyal to their inheritance of thoughts of love that was chaste, even before it became consecrated to Christianity, they began to sing, also, but in strains other than those of their forerunners of the West; not less joyous, but more innocent. Not very many of these productions have been saved. Their makers did not dream that they were to escape oblivion or even outlive the brief days of their utterance. They sang as the birds sing in the trees, knowing not half the sweetness to others, of songs poured for the ears of only one beloved. We are thankful that a few, if only a few, in that period, from the middle of the twelfth century to the close of the thirteenth, have come down to us.

These poets were of every degree, from high to low. The Hohenstauffers of Swabia, risen to the throne of Austria, clement in rule, lovers of peace, speaking a language mellow, and otherwise well suited for poetic expression, patronized literary endeavors of every honorable sort. During the one hundred and fifty years of their dynasty, as many singers made resonant hills and valleys with such music as delighted mankind, and must have been not displeasing to angels.

In these songs, what, next to their exquisite sweetness, is surprising, is their artistic finish, a finish which not Pope, nor Tenny-

son, ever matched or approximated. Of these are many varieties; for it was a rule, if unwritten, not less binding, that no poet should employ the rhythm of another. Some of them are so nearly perfect in construction that they might convince us that they cost much elaboration, if we did not know how unlettered were the makers, and how simple were their lives.

Take the poem by Gottfried von Nifen, of which I quote the first stanza.

Hark ! I hear the birdlets singing,
 Music through woods sweetly ringing;
 Clinging, you see flowers loom through the grass.
 Trace of early summer pleasure,
 Shows the heather in full measure,
 Treasure of rare flowers and roses red.
 May brings many a blossom glad;
 Had I but my lady's favor,
 Look, with joy I'd glow forever
 Ne'er more sad,
 Of many a sorrow free.

In the next, "To the Beloved," by Nerich von Lichenstein, the whole of which I insert, I bespeak attention to the rhymings outside of the usual in each verse. What must they be in the original when the translation sounds as follows !

Blessed the feeling
 That taught me the lesson thou hearest,
 Gently appealing,
 To love thee longer the dearest,
 And hold thee nearest ;
 Yea, as a wonder
 From yonder, that bearest
 Rapture the wildest,
 Thou mildest, thou purest, thou clearest.

I faint, I die, love,
 With ecstasy sweetest and rarest,
 When thou draw'st nigh, love,
 And me thy sweet pity declarest.
 Then, as thou sharest,
 Love, oh, I'll sing thee,
 And bring thee bonairest,
 Redress, and over
 Thee hover, thou sweetest, thou fairest.

My hands I fold, love,
And stay at thy feet humbly kneeling,
Till, like Isolde, love,
Thou yield to the passionate feeling
O'er thy heart stealing ;
Till thy behavior's
Sweet favors reach, healing
My heart, and tender
Love's splendor to thee be revealing.

I pray but send me
A hope ere my locks shall turn gray, love;
Thou wilt befriend me,
And I of thy grace catch a ray, love,
To light my way, love,
Thine eyes were fated—
And mated, their sway, love,
My soul beguiling,
Shall, smiling, revive me for aye, love.

Love, only love, was the theme of the Minnesinger. Their country, without large cities, ruled by pious, unambitious princes, was in peace. Big wars, of whose pomp and circumstance they had heard tell, they wondered at, but they were not inspired by them to song. Not that they were wanting in courage or other qualities of generous manhood, but, like their sovereigns, they loved peace. Neither intending nor expecting invasion, they sang like the birds, each on his own bough, each having, or hoping to have, his own mate, without thought of molesting another's nest, legitimately chosen and fixed in its own bower. Like those knights who rode to the field of battle or tourney, each had his esquire, but not to carry helmet or mace. He was a boy, soft in heart, like his master; like him, sensitive to beauty and music, hoping to be some fine day like him, a lover and a poet. To him alone was entrusted the secret in the master's heart. Him the master taught first to rehearse, then to sing his lay, and after he had conned them well, sent him to the lady who had inspired it, to take her reward and bring back her answer; for often she, also, like her lover, knew not writing, and so must send her token in the hand and on the tongue of the messenger.

Now does it need to ask who was the chief patronage of such love and such innocent expression of love? It could have been

none other than the Blessed Virgin. On the romantic German heart, the graces of the young Mother of God, when made known, made impression perhaps more profound, certainly more tenderly joyous, than among any other peoples. The love verses of fore-times were inspired by divinities, to not many of whom the solemnness of chastity was dear enough to be solemnly inculcated. The great goddess of love was neither a safe teacher nor a fit exemplar. How earthly, how entirely of the earth the erotic poetry of the Greeks and Romans! The rich, gifted Catullus could love none so ardently as Clodia, the profligate wife of Metellus Celer. Such passion, avowed, or but slightly covert, is the theme of most of ancient amatory verse. But among the Germans, chastity from oldest times was a noted characteristic. The German lover, even when a barbarian, regarded his beloved, his single beloved, as one separate from all others, invested in his imagination with immortal beauty and all loveliness. When made known to him the Blessed Virgin, his mind, quick to discover graces such as no other woman ever possessed, nor muse, nor fabled divinity was ever imagined to possess, flew to her patronage. The virtue thitherto revered instinctively, was gladly found to be taught and enjoined of God, who had chosen a young girl of Galilee, child of humble father and mother, to be the type. So accepted by these poet-lovers, their songs to lady loves, with few exceptions, give signs of her guiding spirit. If those songs exhibit passion whose hopes are the tenderest and gushingest, and whose despondencies are the saddest and yearningest, yet they are kept within limits, set by the patroness, who, among all the daughters of men, was the only one of native and everabiding sinlessness. In the following, by Christian von Hamle, it is pleasant to note how fond is the lover how melancholy, yet how free from stain:

THE MEADOW.

I wish the flow'ry meadow could but utter
 Like yon parrot in the glass,
 And tell me how it felt and 'gan to flutter,
 When to-day my love did pass,
 And plucked flowers, a glorious mass,
 From its field, whilst onward airily flitting,
 Her sweet feet trod the grass.

Sir Meadow, since you felt such wondrous pleasure,
Where that time my lady went,
With her white hands gath'ring your flow'ry treasure,
And gathering lowly o'er them bent,
Oh, Sir Meadow, do consent
And let me now place my feet where, quitting,
My love left the grass down bent.

Sir Meadow, if you but at our next meeting
Persuade her to relieve my woe,
Her naked feet you often shall feel beating
Your fields, for there I'll ask her go.
Then you'll ne'er be hurt by snow,
And if she send me a kindly greeting,
Green, like your clover, my heart will grow.

Yet the very best of all this poetry is that addressed to the Blessed Virgin herself, for throughout this period, from first to last, the controlling theme was she. Fine is the "Lay to the Virgin," by Walter von der Vogelweide, the surname (signifying Bird-feeder) given, according to one tradition, because of a sum of money bequeathed by him for bread, to be fed to the birds coming to his grave. Of the many excellent stanzas, I quote a portion:

Behold, O maid and mother, how Christendom lies wan!
Thou blooming rod of Aaron, uprising morning dawn!
Ezekiel's gate that never was opened, as 'tis said,
Through which the King of Glory came in and out, sweet maid!
E'en as the sunshine passes through the unstained glass,
Thus birth did give to Christ the pure, who maid and mother was.
A bush caught fire, yet never aught of it the living flame there ate:
All fresh and green remained its sheen, unscorched it passed its fiery fate;
Such the thronely maiden.

Far above this and all is the "Hymn to the Virgin," known as "The Great Hymn." Strange that its author is not known. In the first findings and compilations of the Minnesong and the Minnelay, it was ascribed to Gottfried von Strassburg, but that has come to be regarded as erroneous, and the authorship, it is probable, will never be ascertained.

In this hymn of nearly one hundred stanzas, each of fourteen verses, our Lady is praised with praises the most abounding, the most various, the most exultant that any human being ever re-

ceived from human tongue. Of it, as I have quoted elsewhere,¹ von der Hagan said, "It is the heavenly bridal song, which mirrors its marvellous object in a stream of deep and lovely images, linking them all together in an imperishable wreath." In the realm of Nature is scarce a thing of beauty to which she is not compared, she in whom all beautiful things meet. The poet begins with adjuration to all ears to hearken to his hymn.

Ye who your life would glorify,
 And float in bliss with God on high,
 There to dwell nigh
 His peace and love's salvation;
 Who fain would learn how to enroll
 All evil under your control,
 And rid your soul,
 Of many a sore temptation:
 Give heed unto this song of love,
 And follow its sweet story;
 Then will its passing sweetness prove
 Unto your hearts a winged dove,
 And upward move
 Your souls to bliss and glory.

After several stanzas upon the infinite love of the Creator, and the means of winning and holding His grace, suddenly bursts forth exultation for the Blessed Mother:

Ye fruitful heavens, from your ways,
 Bend down to hear the tuneful lays
 I sing in praise
 Of her, the sainted maiden,
 Who unto us herself has shown
 Of modest life a crown and throne;
 Whose love has flown
 O'er many a heart grief-laden.
 Thou, too, O Christ, Thine ear incline,
 To this my veneration,
 In honor of that Mother Thine,
 Who ever blessed must stay and shine,
 For she's the shrine
 Of God's whole vast creation.

The poet declares further on:

¹ "Studies, Literary and Social."

Her praise will rise fruitful, I ween,
 As leaves, grass, flowers, and clover seen
 O'er meadows green.
 When fruitful rains them brighten,
 It must refresh our parched hearts' gloom,
 E'en as the dews of Heaven perfume
 Each fruitful bloom.
 It must our souls enlighten,
 E'en as lights up the moon with red,
 When new the sun has risen.

What beautiful images are the following:

Oh, o'er all virtues, virtue fair!
 Oh, endless youth in youth's spring year!
 Thou gem, thou gold, thou diamond glow,
 Thou cream-white milk, red ivory, oh!
 Of chastity thou whitest snow;
 A grape of chaste and sure love,
 A clover-field of true love's glow;
 A turtle dove of pure love.
 Thou sun, thou moon, thou star so fair,
 Thou art a light, an origin
 Of life.

Midway in his song are thrilling congratulations, beginning thus:

Rejoice, then, Lady of the skies,
 Rejoice, thou God-love's paradise,
 Rejoice thou prize
 Of sweetest roses growing.

Page after page is fraught with such congratulation.

At last, as if faint with long endured ecstasy, the singer pauses for a space, and then begins his strain in adoration of the Father and the Son.

Despite the many difficulties in any sort of translation of these poems, I believe that all who read that of Kroeger¹ must be led to regard them as among the most remarkable ever produced. It was no wonder that such a people should have such poets who were such lovers, when they came to learn, even in infancy, that Mary the Immaculate was the patroness of all true love, as that her blessing must be invoked upon their beginnings and

¹ *The Minnesinger of Germany*, by A. E. Kroeger.

throughout their continuance. Thus taught, when gifted with poesy, they could tell their tales no otherwise than in words meet for her ears. The dynasty of the devout, peace-loving Hohenstauffens, ended at the rise of the House of Hapsburg, when walled towns, and wars, putting to silence songs of pure love, led to others dictated by gain, trade, commerce, and other themes belonging entirely to this world.

THE ROSARY AND THE SACRED HEART.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PART I.



O SACRED Heart of Jesus ! taking
Of Mary flesh by power divine,
Thy throne in Heaven for us forsaking—
Oh! make our hearts one heart with Thine.

REFRAIN.

In Love's own Sacrament Thou art
Still in our midst, dear Sacred Heart!
In Mary's merits clothed away,
Clasping her beads, we come to pray.
Oh, may our lives forever be
A *Deo Gratias* to Thee.



O Sacred Heart of Jesus! bearing
To Zachary's home both joy and grace;
Blessings for us Thou art preparing—
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling place.



O Sacred Heart! the manger holds Thee
While angels glory sing to Heaven;
Oh, may our hearts with love enfold Thee,
And peace to men on earth be given.



O Sacred Heart! blest Simeon cheering!
The Light of Israel art Thou!
Our hearts know Thine by charms endearing,
And faith bids love adore Thee now.



O Sacred Heart! sweet lessons teaching,
Doing Thy Heavenly Father's will;
Our hearts are humbly Thine beseeching
Wisdom our mission to fulfil.

COLLEGE ENDOWMENTS.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.



THE question of the future of the Catholic colleges in this country concerns us all intimately. If it be possible to support them properly by the fees of the students, supplemented with an occasional donation, then the question is answered. There is nothing more to be said on the subject.

But no university or college of the first rank has ever existed under such conditions. We can obtain little help from foreign countries for the consideration of this problem, since we do not want state aid; the most valuable lesson Americans have learned from the condition of European countries is that state aid to institutions of learning, may mean state domination.

Now Catholics want, above all, to be free. Freedom is as the breath of life to Christianity. To be free, a Catholic institution must be independent of state manipulation, while loyal in every respect to the government under which it exists. The best gift of America to Christian schools, is freedom. Only that is asked.

This being the case, the Catholic college has a problem before it which it must solve, if it is to hold its place and be equal to the new demands upon it. The cry for what is called higher education in America is almost furious. The various sects are laying in all directions the foundation of colleges for the education of the laity. They are compelled to get large money endowments as the preliminaries for existence. The Catholic colleges were built on *hearts*; their endowments were, and are, flesh, and blood, and brains. Unfortunately, some of them have had the defects of their qualities. They became only appendages to the work of a religious order. Collegiate work was not the main object: it was only part of a great plan,—a plan often suitable to other conditions than ours. This, however, is only incidental to the main subject of this paper, which is to discover some means of making our most important Catholic colleges independent of the fees of students, and thus extending their powers for God.

There seems to be an impression that an attempt to raise the standard of our colleges and to increase the number of their stu-

dents by endowments, would in some way interfere with the usefulness of the Washington University. But this is unreasonable and narrow; it is not the intention of the Holy Father or of the Rector of the Catholic University to limit the benefits of that institution entirely to the clergy. The University is to justify its name, and to be for all Catholics who are qualified to take advantage of its *curriculum*. It must, when complete, have feeders; and these feeders must be thoroughly equipped colleges. All Catholic college men will not have the time or the inclination to follow the course at the university; they will not care to be specialists; and, as I understand it, the university at Washington is to be as much a school of specialists as Johns Hopkins: where a man is only in his when he has completed a preliminary course at another college.

The student who enters a Catholic college no longer feels that to enter that school is a sacrifice. There is no reason why he should not know that his education there, will make him the intellectual equal of any other man who has gone through a similar course in a great secular college. There is no reason why any collegiate department should exist in any Catholic school to-day, if the student, with his diploma in his hand, can not justly have this feeling. To produce this should be one of the principal aims of the college. We American Catholics are in our own country. We are making history; and the sociologists of the future will find our actions to-day a more interesting and curious study than those of the Italians of Renaissance, or the French under Louis XVI. We have new conditions to confront; we need the weapons of the higher education. Christianity through us is on trial in a new land. The time, then, is ripe for the consideration of some general movement which will put our representative Catholic colleges on a firmer basis. At present there is no Catholic college which can exist without a department,—and a large one,—for small boys who have no business in any college. They ought to be in a preparatory school like Eton in England, or Exeter in our country. But the income from them is necessary, and hence we find them in large numbers in every Catholic college, coming and going without following any regular course, cared for by men not always specially fitted for the work, whose vows of obedience induce them—for

the greater glory of God,—to assume the position of dry nurses. This is not always a good thing for the men. But the teaching orders in this country, no matter how economical they may be in the matter of money, are extravagant in men. In my time, I have seen man after man, of splendid possibilities, sacrificed to what was apparently a misunderstanding of the ideals of past ages;—but that is another matter. *Chacun à son métier.*

There are thousands of young men in this country who never get the opportunity they long for, because the doors of Catholic colleges are closed to them. They might obtain scholarships at Harvard, at Yale, at Columbia, at Cornell. They have a conscientious bias in favor of a Catholic college. They take literally the teaching of their priests. They are cut off from an adequate education because they have little money and the colleges have no scholarships.

It is not at all pertinent to say that we do not want "assisted education,"—that a young man ought to pay for education or do without it. We are confronting a "condition," not an aristocratic "theory." The important Catholic colleges are well-manned and fairly equipped; they have the *nuclei* of great establishments. How can the most be made of these things for the advancement of the rising generation and the spread and defence of an intelligent faith? To increase the number of students means to help the college and its power for good in all directions.

This can be done through scholarships. Let the professorships go until the foundations have been thoroughly built. We can do without great libraries; but not without the eager students who await their chance.

The time of college commencements is at hand. The alumni of many of the colleges will come together, in June. An impetus can be given to a general and generous movement for the obtaining of scholarships. Let it be talked about, at any rate; let it be debated. There is no need to wait for the hierarchy to take the initiative. Its members will heartily bless any movement for the betterment of Christian education.

Let us be practical. Secure five dollars from a thousand men and you have the first scholarship,—or twenty dollars from five hundred, and you have two more. Enthusiasm once excited will carry the

movement along,—or else we are different from our friends of the Methodist and Baptist persuasions, who, to their credit be it said, have been ardent in every educational movement within their denominations. When the Chicago University has ceased to receive magnificent donations we may be sure that an appeal to people of small means may be made. Let *us* begin with the moderate contributions.

FOR LOVE OF THE FLAG.

A STORY OF THE MAUMEE.

JOHN PATRICK BRENNAN.

"KEEP her clear of that rock! There, use the pike-pole! That's right,—now anchor."

Jim Kirby paused to take breath and light his blackened pipe. Tossing the match into the water, he seated himself on a barrow near by, and drew in a deep draught of smoke. His little son, who acted as apprentice, or boy of all work, on board the sand-scow, thrust the light pike-pole through an iron ring fastened to the gunwale of the boat, and pressed it down straight into the sandy bed of the stream. He then made his way, over the heap of wet sand which lay on deck, to his father's side.

"Are you tired, father," he asked gently, laying his hand upon the boatman's shoulder.

"Yes, Willie," returned the latter, withdrawing the pipe from his mouth, "this work hurts my back. But, then, I must do what I can. This river sand is worth money nowadays."

"I'm glad I can help," said the lad, earnestly. "But, father," and his voice sank to a whisper, "are you going to stay here for good—never going back South?"

"Hush, boy!" and the pipe fell with a clatter to the deck. Don't say a word about the South to anybody. I'm going to stay here, though God knows my heart is with Lee and his brave fellows. I'm too old to fight,—besides, what would you and your mother and the little ones do without me? No, Willie, I'll stay here."

"Do you think they'll beat the North?" asked the lad, eagerly.

"Hard to say, Willie, hard to say. Our kinsfolk are strong

and brave, but the North has more men and money—money, that's what buys powder and shot, and food and clothing."

"Hey, there, Jim—Jim Kirby!" called a hoarse voice from the shore, "send over your boat, and take us to the other side."

"Colonel Manly!" exclaimed the lad, starting guiltily, as though detected in an act of high treason.

"Hold your tongue, boy," cautioned the boatman, in a low tone. "Loosen the boat—there, near that plank. Now, row over to the colonel, and keep a close tongue in your head,"—then aloud,—“aye, aye, Colonel, the lad'll be over there in a minute. Any luggage to tote?"

"Nothing except this," replied the officer, smiling, as he held aloft a small book, resembling the old-fashioned cash-books then used in country stores.

It contained a list of names gathered in and around Olean. The names were signed by men who volunteered their services,—aye, their lives for the Northern cause. Some of the volunteers were young barristers, better acquainted with the massive desks and high-backed chairs of the courtroom than with the hard pallet and rude stool of the soldier's tent. Some were merchants, young and old, who could perchance manage more deftly the hidden lock of a money-drawer than the trigger of an old-time musket. Many were youths without trade or profession, without wealth or distinction, but possessed of sturdy limbs and brawny arms, and above all, of resolute hearts. Some were old men, veterans of other wars fought beneath other skies, but their blood seemed now to course as fresh and as warm as when they marched first to battle for the land of their birth. Some, it is true, were adventurers, that followed like kites and crows in the wake of every great army, but they were comparatively few in number.

The old boatman shrewdly surmised the nature of the book held up to his gaze, and likewise guessed the errand of the dark-bearded colonel and his thin-faced, sharp-eyed sergeant. He was not alarmed at the prospect of a visit from a recruiting officer of the Union army. No act of conscription had as yet been passed, and judging from the number of volunteers that pressed forward to the battle front, such a measure would not prove neces-

sary. But he felt uneasy at the officer's presence, and heartily wished that he had allowed his scow to drop farther down the stream.

"But I know what that book means," he said, with a sharp laugh.

"Not as well as you should," snapped the sergeant, in a tone too low to reach the boatman's ear.

"I suppose you do," replied the colonel. "It's a chapter of war history. But here's the boat," he added, turning to his companion; "we have no time to lose. That will do, boy."

The lad looked askance at the blue uniforms of his passengers, but mindful of his father's admonition, he held his peace, and bent to the oars. As he sat face to face with the dark-bearded colonel, he had an excellent opportunity of studying the officer's features, but he was merely a boy, and the only thing he remembered ever afterwards, was that Colonel Manly had a terribly stern face. Yet those who knew him in life say that he was a handsome man. The same authority states further, by way of biography, that he had been born and reared in the Catholic faith, but that in his early manhood he married a Presbyterian lady of wealth and social position. He was not a Catholic now. He scorned even the name, and when his eldest son, the pride of his later manhood, reached his sixteenth year, he sent him to a non-sectarian college. Strange compromise—to satisfy the religious craving of warring sects, all religion is excluded! Yet this is the logical outcome of sectarian spirit. Religion,—the Church; means unity, or it means nothing.

"Wal, Colonel," began Kirby, as the prow of the skiff grated against the side of the sandscow, "I see you're out after more men."

"Yes, I am," returned the officer, nodding to the lad to surrender the oars to his father, "and I should like to have your name written in this roll of honor."

"Wal, Colonel, you see—," and he paused to catch the eye of the thin-faced sergeant.

"Like better to scoop sand out of the river, eh?" queried the latter, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone.

"No, Sergeant Dickson, I don't. The work is hard, but my

family must have bread. You see, Colonel," turning to the officer, "I'm getting old now, and I'm not as spry as I was some years back."

"That may be true enough," said the colonel, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but a man ought not to prefer a private to a public good. The loyal North is now pouring out her best blood on the battlefield."

"There's the colonel, for instance," interposed Dickson; "he has *allowed* his eldest son to join the ranks."

The officer's dark eyes lighted up with pride at the mention of his son's name.

"I merely did my duty," he said, averting his face, apparently to view the broad and winding course of the stream.

"Haven't heard from him lately, Colonel?" asked the boatman, with real interest in his tone; "he is a gallant youth—not afraid of fair fight."

"He is with old Dad Thomas in the army of the Tennessee. I haven't heard from him of late."

But Dickson was determined not to let the boatman off so easily.

"Perhaps Friend Kirby has too many friends among the Johnny rebs to relish the thought of fighting for the North!" and he closed one eye knowingly as he glanced at the colonel.

"There, there, Sergeant," said the boatman, with a short, uneasy laugh, "that's hardly fair. It's true, I come from the South—was born there, but I'm now in the North, making an honest living. I don't deny that I like to see the country at peace—war is an awful thing."

A dark scowl settled on the officer's brow.

"Aye, who began the war?" he asked, harshly; "who shed the first blood? But they shall pay dearly for their murderous treason," he added, with a bitter smile.

The boatman was silent. Matters began to look grave. He was well aware that all public spirited men had succeeded in working themselves up to a dangerous pitch of excitement. A word was often sufficient to serve as a spark in igniting the explosive materials of patriotism. Woe to the man who spoke that word! Sometimes even a word was unnecessary. Murders

were committed under the shield of loyalty;—households were made desolate for love of the flag.

"How now, Kirby?" enquired the sergeant, sharply; "nothing in the colonel's words to give *you* offence. Hope *you're* not in sympathy with the secesh?"

"Sergeant," replied the boatman, sadly; "I'm not a soldier, and can't look at things the way you do. I don't like to see countrymen killing one another,—I wish the fight was over. There's my little children, they pray every night for peace."

"We'll have peace," said the sergeant, fiercely, "when we've made the South get on her knees and ask for it."

The colonel started uneasily at the mention of prayer. The word awoke unpleasant memories, and despite himself, he was forced to revert in mind to former days. Why could he not quiet that canker gnawing at his heart? He thought it had died years ago, but memory seemed to give it new life. It had not been dead; it had been merely sleeping, for conscience cannot die.

The boat glided among the sedges, which grew in luxuriance near the banks of the stream. Loosening one of the paddles from its oarlock, Kirby used it as a pike-pole to push the boat sideways, close to the grassy bank. The officer and his companion leaped nimbly ashore, and stood a moment to brush and arrange their soiled and disordered uniforms. Kirby replaced the oar and turned the prow of the boat up the river. He resolved to examine his outlines stretched, at a short distance from his house, along the bed of the river. He had hauled them in that morning, heavy with large fish caught during the night. But he was wont to renew the bait during the day.

"Hold up, Jim," cried the colonel, suddenly: "I forgot to pay fare. Here," and he tossed a piece of silver into the boat.

"No need of this, Colonel," replied the boatman; "I'm ready to accommodate my friends."

But the soldiers had vanished in the forest, which advanced its serried ranks close to the water's edge. The boatman pocketed the money, and bent to his oars.

The Kirby family were southerners by birth, education, and sentiment, and a mere accident of place could not obliterate any of these characteristic qualities. They were *in* the North, but

not of the North. They could not forget the friends and associations of earlier and better days. Nothing but necessity consequent on failure in business led Kirby to seek a home in the far North. A distant relative, living in Oleon, saw a good opening for a man without money to secure an independent livelihood for himself and family. It lay in working the rich layers of sand which had in the course of ages been deposited in the bed of the Maumee. This article of commerce was in constant and ever increasing demand among builders in the neighboring city. Thus it was that Jim Kirby became a boatman on the Maumee.

He was a practical Catholic, and notwithstanding his natural inclination to take life easy, he was prompt and exact in the performance of his religious duties. This was no doubt owing, in great measure, to his pious wife, for it was she who managed the household affairs, and introduced and conducted the many little family devotions, which gave a religious cast to the most trivial of their daily employments. She took a serious view of everything that emanated from the Church and tended towards God. Nothing that the Church recommended by the mouths of its ministers seemed to her a mere trifle, and in accordance with that instinct of imitation the children followed her example. Kirby himself grew warmer in his faith, for the well-disposed cannot but be affected by an atmosphere of piety.

The fratricidal war then raging between the North and the South cost him many a bitter pang. He was not a coward, but the accounts of each succeeding battle filled him with fear and sorrow. He could count four near relatives and numerous friends in the Confederate army. On the other hand he had become attached in a certain degree to his new home and new life in the North, and he had learned that the Federal soldiery were as stout and as brave as their cousins in gray. He did not take into consideration the cause for which the States contended, for the simple reason that he did not know on which side justice lay.

On the morning following his meeting with Colonel Manly and Sergeant Dickson, he arose, as was his custom, at an early hour, and roused Willie from his slumber. In a short time the latter joined his father, and together they made their way along a

beaten path to the water's edge, where lay moored the skiff and sandscow.

"We'll take a look at the outlines, Willie," said Kirby, briefly.

"Why, what a fog!" exclaimed the lad, straining his eyes to pierce the heavy clouds of vapor. "It's a good thing many boats don't run on the river, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the boatman, still more briefly. "Now, then, take the tiller ropes, and sit in the bow. Keep a sharp lookout."

The cumbrous figure of the sandscow was dimly outlined amid the dense clouds of mist. It resembled the back of some huge monster, resting idly in the water. The opposite shore was completely hidden from view, and even the neighboring shore grew indistinct as the boatman urged his light skiff towards the middle of the stream. It seemed to the lad as though they were riding over the waters of some wonderful mountain lake, far up amid the clouds.

They were soon feeling their way along the opposite shore, and it required a pair of eyes as bright as young Kirby's to guide the boat amid the half submerged rocks and projecting trunks of water-logged trees which lay in their course. The fog began to clear away as they advanced, and gradually the precipitous banks, crowned with a wealth of trees and shrubs, presented themselves to view. Suddenly the lad started, and turned enquiringly towards his father, but the latter intent upon his labor, was faced the other way.

"Father," he asked, in a low tone, "didn't some one call from the bank?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Kirby, awaking from his reverie.

"I heard some one call us from the bank," repeated the lad, more positively.

"Is that you, Jim Kirby?" cautiously enquired a voice from a bluff hanging almost directly over the boatmen.

"Yes, who are you?" and Kirby rested on his oars.

"Let me in, for God's sake," said the same cautious voice, "I *must* get over to the other side."

"Come down, then," replied the boatman, not a little surprised at this summons, "and I'll take you over."

The lad saw a form rise up from among the bushes crowning

the bluff, and plunge recklessly, half falling, half sliding, down the steep bank. A shower of sand and pebbles fell into the water. Young Kirby was fully prepared to see the daring stranger follow them into the river. But a moment later, the form—a young man dressed in the uniform of a Union soldier—stood in the boat, and stared at father and son.

His clothing was soiled and torn, and his hair long and unkempt. His face and hands were scarred and grimy, and the dark blue lines beneath his eyes told of sleepless nights. He *had* been a handsome youth, but there was now scarcely a trace left of his former comeliness. The feverish, hunted look in his sunken eyes told more than the soiled uniform and grimy hands. He was a deserter,—a traitor, and the penalty due deserters was death.

(Conclusion next month.)

LEGEND OF THE MOSS ROSE.

“CECILIA.”

Down from Heaven's radiant glory
Came an angel, pure and fair;
Down to earth, (so runs the story)
Down amid its grief and care.

Laden with a message holy
From his Master's court above,—
This, to earth, his mission solely,
This his duty, born of love.

Wearied when his message given,
(Earth's dark ways were rough and steep
So unlike his home in Heaven,)
Fain he'd lay him down to sleep.

Far he journeyed, worn and weary,
Seeking where in peace to rest;
Far, o'er pathways bleak and dreary,
Far, but vain, alas, his quest!

(When his Lord, to scatter gladness,
Soothe all sorrow, grief and pain,
Came to dwell amid earth's sadness,
E'en thus sought He rest in vain.)

On the message-bearer wandered,
Where bright roses intertwined,
"Here a place of rest," he pondered,
"Shall my weary spirit find."

And beneath those bowers fairest,
Sheltered by the gentle rose,
Where were wafted perfumes rarest,
Found the angel sweet repose.

* * * *

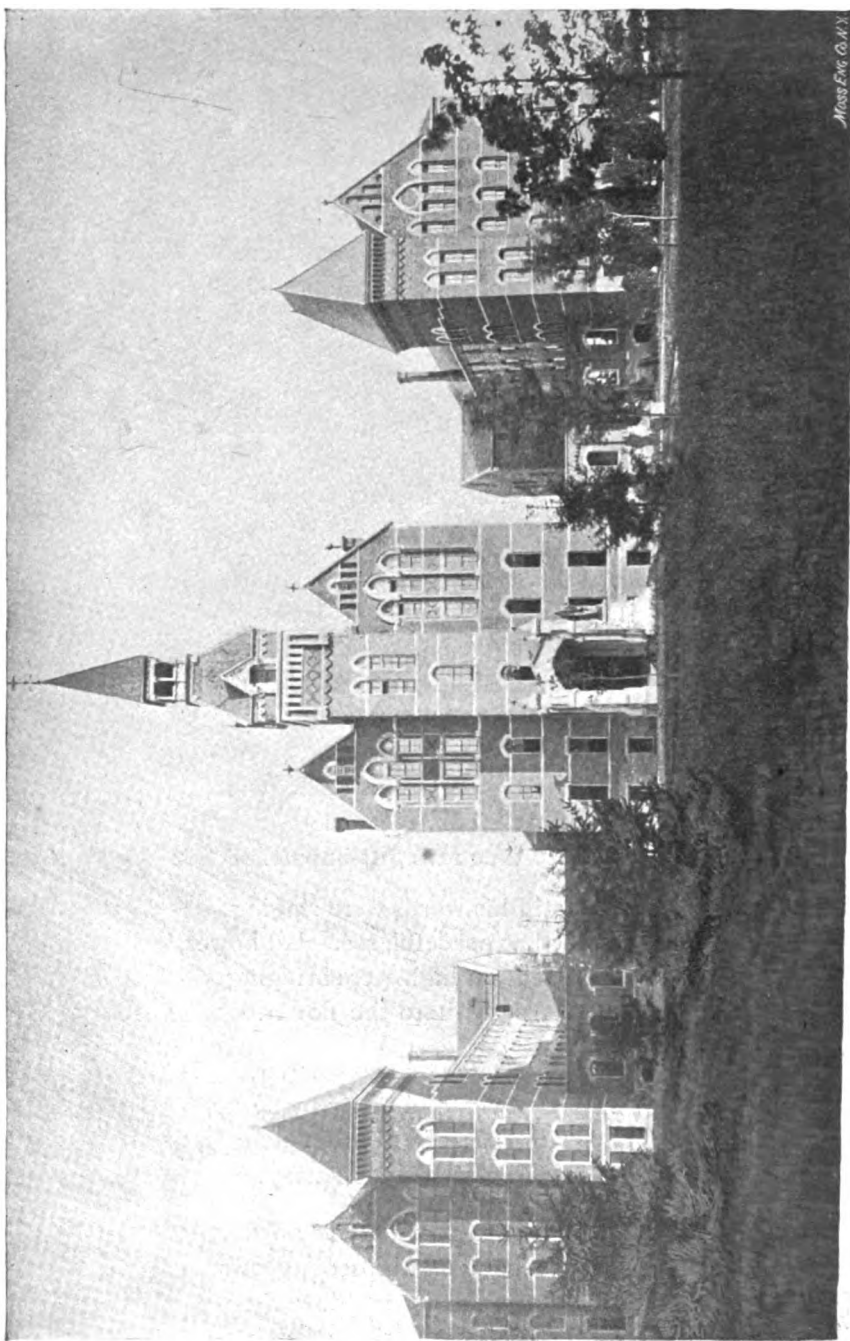
When the shade of night receding
Ushered in resplendent day,
Thus the angel spake, ere speeding
Heavenward upon his way:

"Thou, fair rose, to me hast given
That denied by man's stone heart;
As a loving token, Heaven
Shall to thee rare gift impart."

Lo! as still his words were ringing
Thro' that peaceful, rose-clad bower,
Spirits from on high were bringing
Heaven's gift unto the flower.

Round about its stem so slender,
Twig by twig, and spray by spray,
They, with robe of emerald splendor,
Decked the rose in rich array.

E'en to-day, to prove God's power,
Round about that blossom grows
Bed of moss, the angel's dower
To the kindly, shelt'ring rose.



Moss & Co. N.Y.

MAIN BUILDING, FEMALE DEPT.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

A DOMINICAN TERTIARY.

BUT a brief time elapsed after the opening of the Boys' Department before the homeless young girls of New York were provided for by the devoted managers of the institution. A delay was occasioned by the difficulty of finding a suitable dwelling; this difficulty was removed in October. A building was then secured at the corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Second Avenue, which for the time being, was well suited for the purpose. The work was placed in the hands of the Sisters of Charity, from Mt. St. Vincent's on the Hudson.

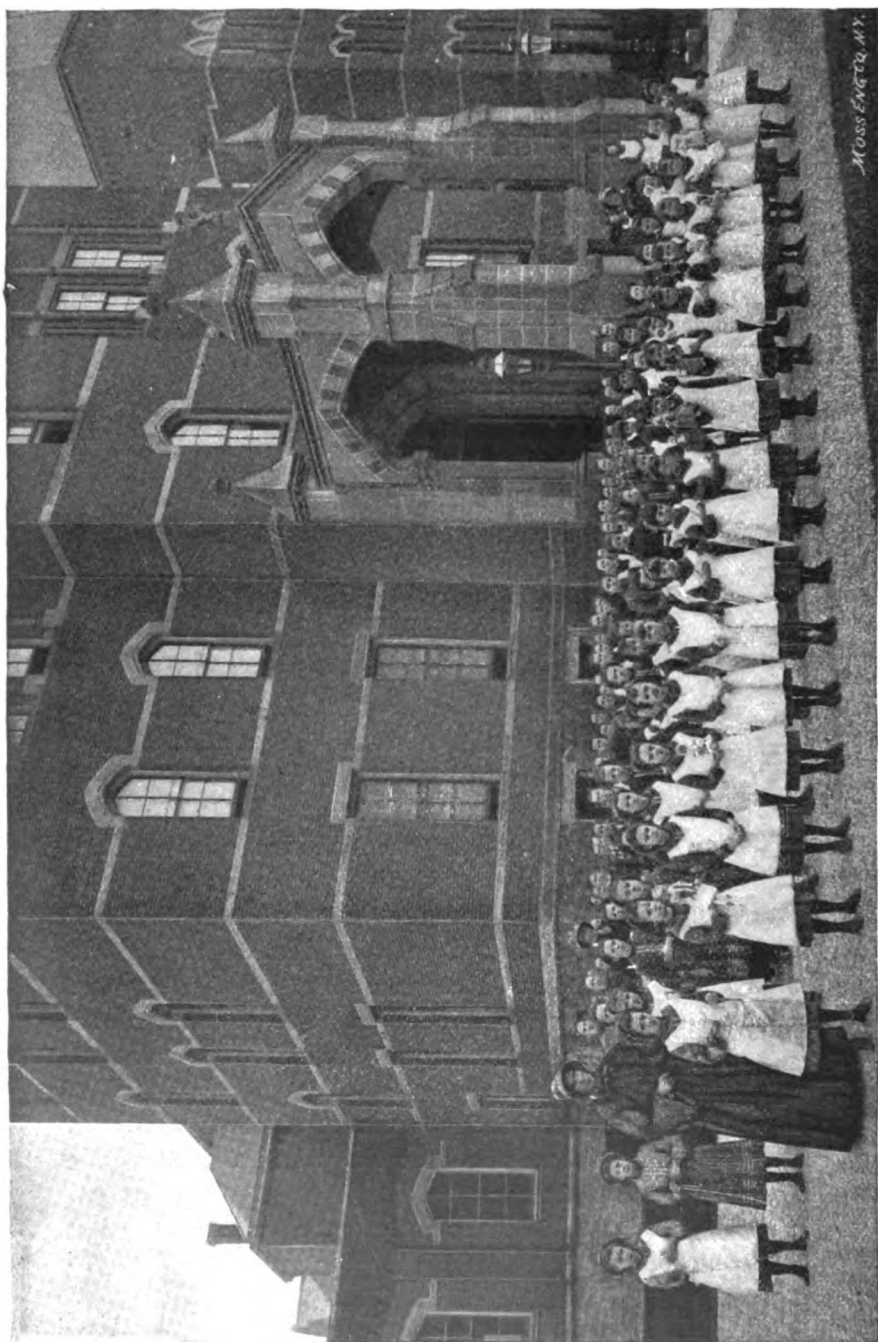
There is no need here to speak in praise of the choice made of these Sisters. What has been said and sung of the Sisters of Charity in the centuries that echo with the name and fame of St. Vincent de Paul, as admirably applies to his daughters of American origin as to those of the land where first they grew unto vigorous life under his own fostering care. Already THE ROSARY has paid a tribute to these Sisters' labors, in another but similar field. We refer our readers to the issues of December, '92, and January, '93, for the papers on the New York Foundling Asylum.

Trials early marked the new work; perhaps that of illness was God-sent, to turn the eyes of all unwaveringly to the broad fields, the pure air, the cheering sunshine that lay beyond the cramped confines of the city. Typhoid fever came, and though the Boys' Department suffered but two deaths, that of one Brother and one boy, the Girls' Department suffered more heavily. Seventy-five children were stricken, and seven Sisters. The children recovered, but to three Sisters of Charity the bed of fever became the threshold of another life.

Among the Sisters who died was numbered the Superioress, Sister Domitilla. Let those who knew her tell of her worth. We quote from the report of 1864:

"Sister Domitilla, the Directress of the house, was, in every point of view, one of the noblest of women in this or any other country.

"Her wisdom and self-sacrificing energy could hardly be surpassed, while her affectionate heart put no bounds to her practical charity, and so influenced the hearts of others as to make



PLAY-GROUND, FEMALE DEPT.

them follow in the train of her good works. Indeed, she was seldom known to fail in any appeal she made in behalf of poor children, while she finally fell a victim to her great solicitude for their welfare.

"She was so much exhausted by nursing the sick, that when she was herself seized with the fever, it was thought advisable to remove her at once from the scene of her anxiety, and place her under the Sisters at St. Vincent's Hospital. But this did not separate her thoughts from that scene. Indeed, so deeply was she affected by the condition of 'her dear children,' that disease of the heart, with which she had long been afflicted, suddenly developed itself, and she expired without a struggle. The high estimation in which she was held by all classes when living was manifested in the deep grief expressed at her death."

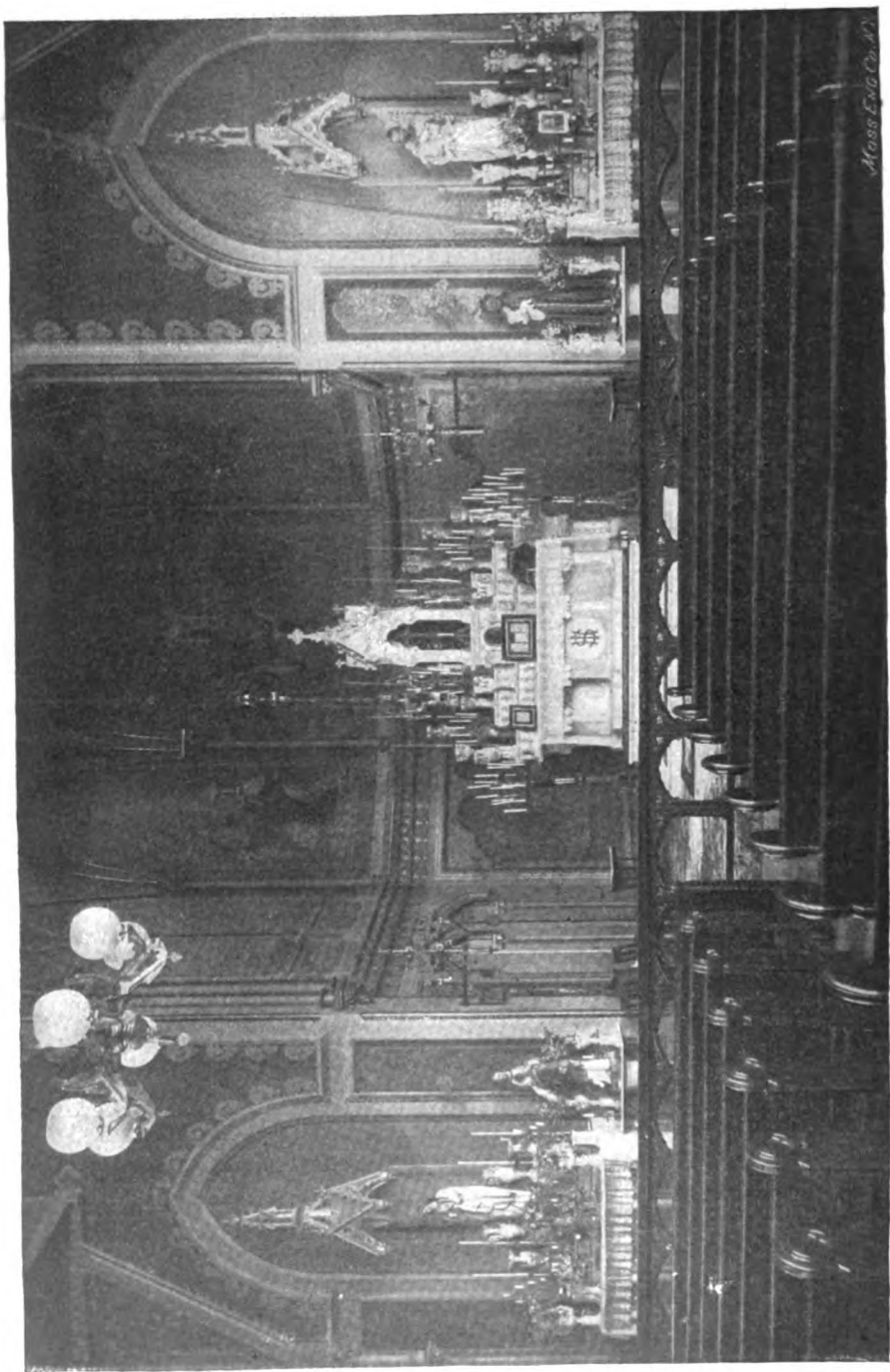
The purchase of the farm at West Chester was a happy event for the Sisters and the girls, for arrangements were at once entered upon for the erection of a spacious brick building similar to that to be erected for the use of the boys. In the meantime temporary quarters were provided.

There were about one hundred and fifty girls at this time in the Institution. A good common school education was being imparted to them, and already their industrial and manual training was well under way. Sewing, and housekeeping in its various details, were mainly the kinds of work taught.

Work, study, and play made up the day of the larger girls; but the little tots had nothing to do but study and play.

The great Catholic Fair of 1867 was a boon, indeed, to the Girls' Department. Over one hundred thousand dollars, above all expenses, was thereby netted for the building fund, and was "sacredly appropriated" to its destined purpose. The Fair opened May twentieth, and closed June twenty-first. We learn from the report that all previous opposition was cast aside by the government, that cordial support was extended, and also "the use of public ground for the full space of time required." There is a genuine ring in this report, that we fear to try to express in words of our own, so acknowledge, willingly, that we quote:

"The reverend clergy threw themselves into the work with an energy inspired by their frequent dealings with a destitution which they unanimously resolved should be relieved. The conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, twenty or more in number, devoted themselves unweariedly, day and night, to the hard work assigned to them. The city officials and the metropolitan police, so far as they were detailed to our assistance, did more for us than we



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CHAPEL, FEMALE DEPT.

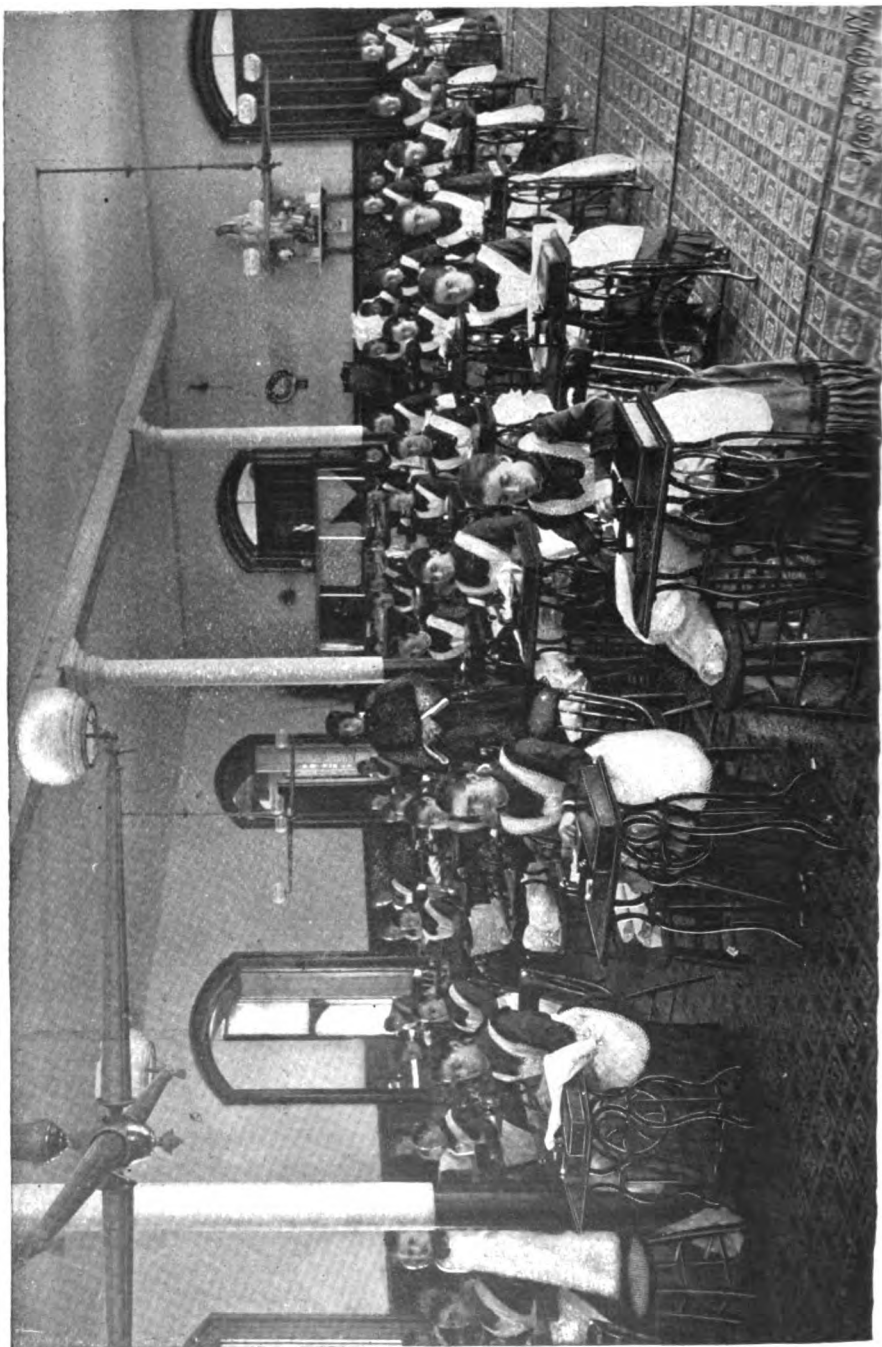
could ask. But, most of all, it is just and necessary to mention prominently in this report the enthusiastic and successful perseverance of the lady-directors and promoters of the Fair. Without their aid, without their singular assiduity and zeal, what could the managers of this society have effected?... We forbear to say more, for more we could not say without betraying the unfitness of mere words to make known what the Catholic ladies of New York can accomplish when their hearts are in their work. To all, then, without exception, who so generously contributed to the gratifying result, we promise, in behalf of the poor girls who yet await the application of this measure of relief, the certainty of their grateful and perpetual commemoration of an act of such substantial charity as the great Catholic Fair of '67."

In the seventh year of the existence of the corporation the Girls' magnificent building was completed. It contained, at that time, five hundred and twenty beds. We find in the report for 1869 that "the entire cost of this large addition to the buildings and outfits, amounting in the aggregate to nearly \$200,000, has been defrayed from private charity, and loans obtained on mortgage, without our having had recourse to the contributions of either city or State for that purpose. A tract of about 20 acres of land has been purchased and added to the ground previously laid out for that division of the Protectory."

Joy in temporal possessions was but of brief duration, yet in the midst of the dire calamity of fire, God's protecting hand was so visible, His guiding voice so audible in its silent direction, that hearts could not repine, though they must, being human, feel the sorrow.

The night of July 25th, 1872, the destruction by fire of the Girls' magnificent building took place. We find a brief but vivid description of the painful episode in the *Souvenir* issued at the close of the Protectory's third decade of life:

"Let no big girl pass this way without a baby in her arms," spoke the Superioress of the Institution. These were the only words spoken, but they acted like a charm. Hastening to the neighboring dormitories, with the flame licking up the building on all sides, each big girl became a heroine. Each one brought the required 'passage money' in the shape of a little babe, many still sleeping in the arms of their rescuers. Thus, the presence of mind, the genuine heroism of a daughter of St. Vincent, saved the situation, and sent a thrill of joy into every Christian heart when the word went abroad that though the walls of the Female Protectory were no more, the children, without exception, lived, and called upon the generous public of New York for protection."



CHILD MACHINE CHINA KANG

Great praise is accorded the larger boys of the Protectory for their bravery in this trying hour. Through their prompt endeavors, and as it were, through their total forgetfulness of the preservation of their lives, they rescued from the burning building several sewing machines, a valuable painting, "St. Joseph's Dream," now in the parlor of the Girls' Protectory, and other articles of value. It is needless to say that the Brothers gave noble assistance.

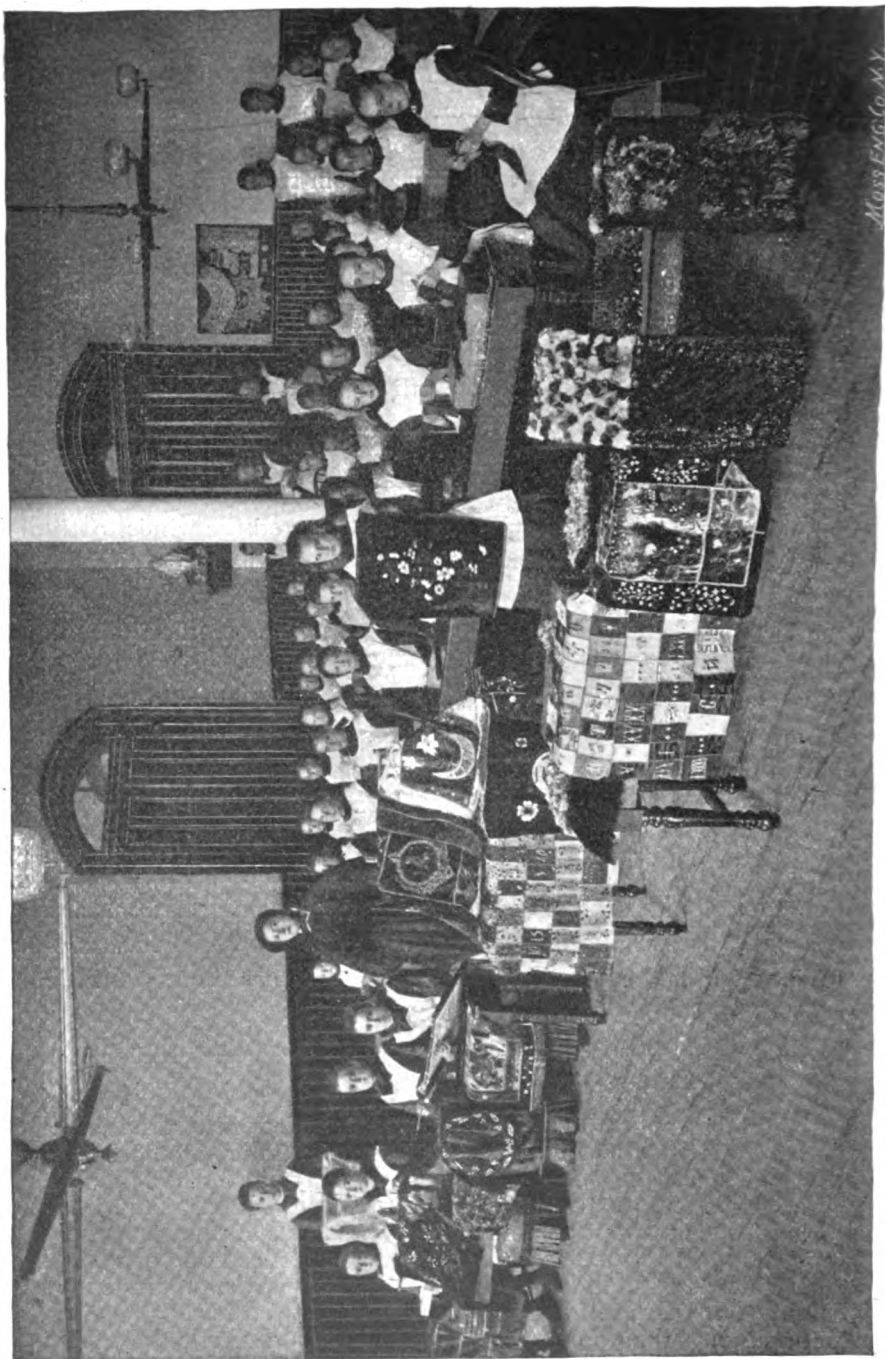
Well may the courageous self-disciplined superioress of that day write, concluding her statement of the ordeal: "It was a scene well calculated to arouse the deepest sympathy. Five hundred poor children thrown at once out of shelter, without food or clothing, their home a smouldering ruin!"

It was summer. "Providence had tempered the winds to the shorn lambs." Had it been winter, exposure would have blighted many young lives that had been rescued from fiery death by the superhuman exertions of those who gave them mother-love for the love of Christ.

Friends were not wanting. From the Boys' Protectory and from many homes in the village, offers of food, shelter, and other help poured in. Of all that was necessary the Sisters gratefully availed themselves for their large flock.

Athwart the gloom cast upon the Girls' Catholic Protectory there shone a ray of cheering light. It was nothing less than the benediction of the Holy Father, and the touching information that he, Pius IX. of holy memory, had wept at news of their misfortune and had extended his hand to assist these homeless little ones of his flock. Words of ours cannot add to the tender beauty of the incident as it is simply related in the *Souvenir* from which we previously quoted.

"Among the cardinal truths daily instilled into the hearts and minds of the little ones of the Catholic Protectory is that of unceasing devotedness to the Holy Father. But a short time before the burning of the new building, the little girls had sent about one hundred dollars, out of their own savings, as a gift to the successor of St. Peter. Needless to say that the 'widow's mite' did not call for more praise from the lips of our Divine Lord Himself than did the pennies of those little ones, poor among the poorest, from the lips of him who is the visible successor of the Saviour of men upon earth. We may there-



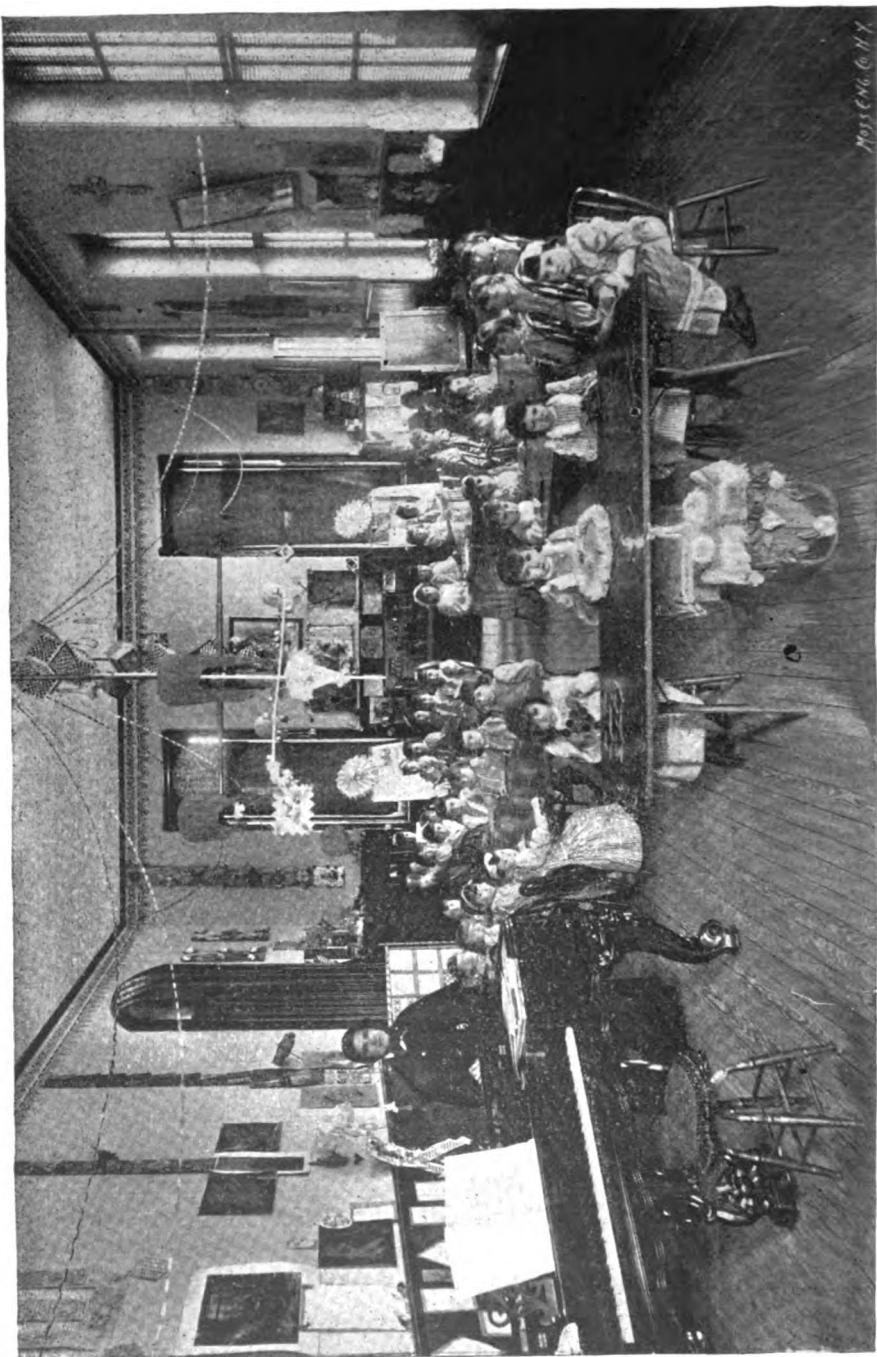
Moss & Co. N.Y.

fore rely with almost implicit assurance upon the following details selected from the correspondence of *The New York Tablet*:

‘ THE HOLY FATHER AND THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC
PROTECTORY.

“ What a tender beauty there is in the relations which subsist between our imprisoned and despoiled Holy Father and the members of his flock, even to the humblest of its poor little ones! Cardinal Prefect Barnabo has presented to His Holiness, the Pope, on behalf of 500 orphans of the Catholic Protectory of New York, a handsome gift. The little ones have remitted 514 francs in gold from their savings for the personal benefit of the Holy Father. The remittance is accompanied by a touchingly simple note, wherein the children request the President of their institution to convey, in his own writing, their tribute of homage to the Holy Father. In reply, the Pope expressed himself deeply grateful for the gift of the little orphans, and frequently exclaimed, while he read their address, ‘ Poor little things, that they, too, should think of the Pope ! ’ From his own hand a rescript was sent, conveying the apostolic benediction to the orphans of the Catholic Protectory, to their directresses, the Sisters of Charity, to the president and officers of the Protectory, and to all in any way connected with the institution. A few days after receiving the above gift, His Holiness heard the news of the burning of the Catholic Protectory of New York, a translation of the account of which was read to his Holiness by the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda. The Pope wept while he listened, and was forcibly struck by the coincidence of the fire having occurred not long after the letter containing the orphans’ offering was posted in New York. He expressed his joy at the safety of all the children, and praised the heroism of the Sisters of Charity, who so nobly risked their own lives to save the Blessed Sacrament and the helpless in their charge. He also likened their action to the miracle of St. John of God: who risked his life for twelve hours to rescue the sick and dying from a burning hospital. He then, of his own accord, gave the order to send to the Protectory a case containing six small pieces of table furniture, to assist in raising funds for a new building.’

There was some delay in obtaining the insurance on the buildings, and in getting to work at replacing them. But in a few years the present fine structure was ready to shelter the children. Two wings, one on either side of the centre building, enable the Sisters to keep the younger children apart from those who are old enough for industrial training, and who have brought into the Protectory a knowledge of the world without. The wisdom of this separation is at once visible.



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The Girls' Protectory is not within the grounds of the Boys' institution. It is a short walk further in, and on the other side of the road. The path leads through shady grounds, the free green sward of which is sprinkled with the white and gold and pink and blue of nature's wild flowers, while as we near the building the eye is greeted by beds of beauty and fragrance, showing that human mind and hand have freely lent to nature their co-operation.

A fine bronze statue of St. Vincent de Paul guarding a little waif stands within the centre circle, in full view from the front entrance to the building.

Entering, one finds the same homelike air in the appointments that is so instinctively felt in the Boys' Department.

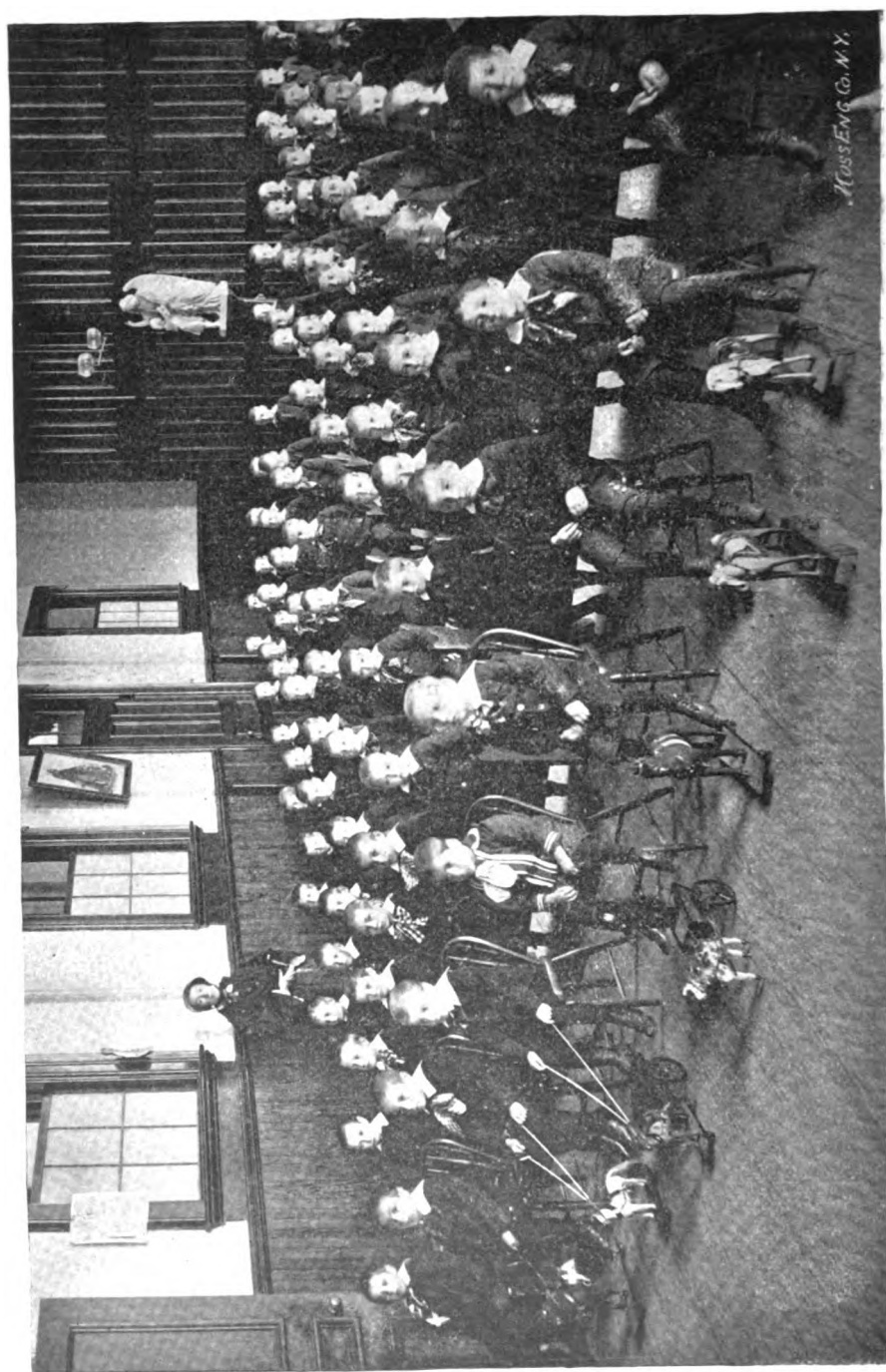
The chapel is very beautiful and spacious. It will seat eight hundred. It speaks well for the mental training of the girls that the Sister Superior's favorite room in the whole building is that commonly known as the assembly room, and that in going the rounds she drew our special attention to the library, occupying one end of this large room. There are upwards of eighteen hundred volumes, to which the children have easy access during free hours.

At present there are in charge of the Sisters fully seven hundred girls. The little boys are also here, their number being about one hundred and fifty.

Convents are proverbially neat, yet it is pleasant to find such an institution receiving from the State Board of Charity outspoken commendation like this:

"Every corner of every closet is kept in perfect order, including store-rooms and meat-rooms in the basement. The clothing is ample, all made by the girls, and the supply of pretty, though simple, dresses and aprons could not fail to surprise any visitor. The girls in the work-rooms and in school are very neatly dressed, their hair plainly put back, and braided or tied with a ribbon. Personal cleanliness and neatness is evidently taught them, and is one of the most important lessons they could learn, and the foundation of self-respect.

"In the dormitories all is in perfect order, and the beds are clean and comfortable; in each of the dormitories three or four Sisters sleep, and in the evening after the girls go up-stairs, until these Sisters go to bed, others are detailed to sit in the dormitories. The study-room of the older girls, the play-room of the younger, the sewing-room, the school-rooms, the kitchen, the refectories, are models of neatness and cheerfulness."



HUSSENG CO. N. Y.

JUNIOR MALE DEPT.

The needle becomes a facile instrument in the hands of the girls in many useful lines. Glove-making, shirt-making, dress-making are all taught. In laundry work they do well. Perhaps in no department of manual training are they more interested than in the cooking department, which is "fitted up with the most modern and approved culinary utensils."

In 1890 the wee ones were installed in that fairyland of our days—a kindergarten. The Sister in charge is a thorough teacher. Perhaps nowhere is the value of early kindergarten training more visible than in such institutions as the Protectory, where not only minds, but fingers must afterwards be trained to activity. A graceful tribute to kindergarten training is given in the "Report of the Committee on the History of Child Saving," in the pages allotted to the Protectory: "Young minds and young hearts are practised in graceful thoughts and words, their bodies in healthy exercise and development, their hands to useful and pleasing works, their eyes to the beauties and combinations of colors, their ears to the harmony of music."

Boys and girls thus educated become better fitted for the subsequent more productive and laborious trades to which they will be applied as they grow older.

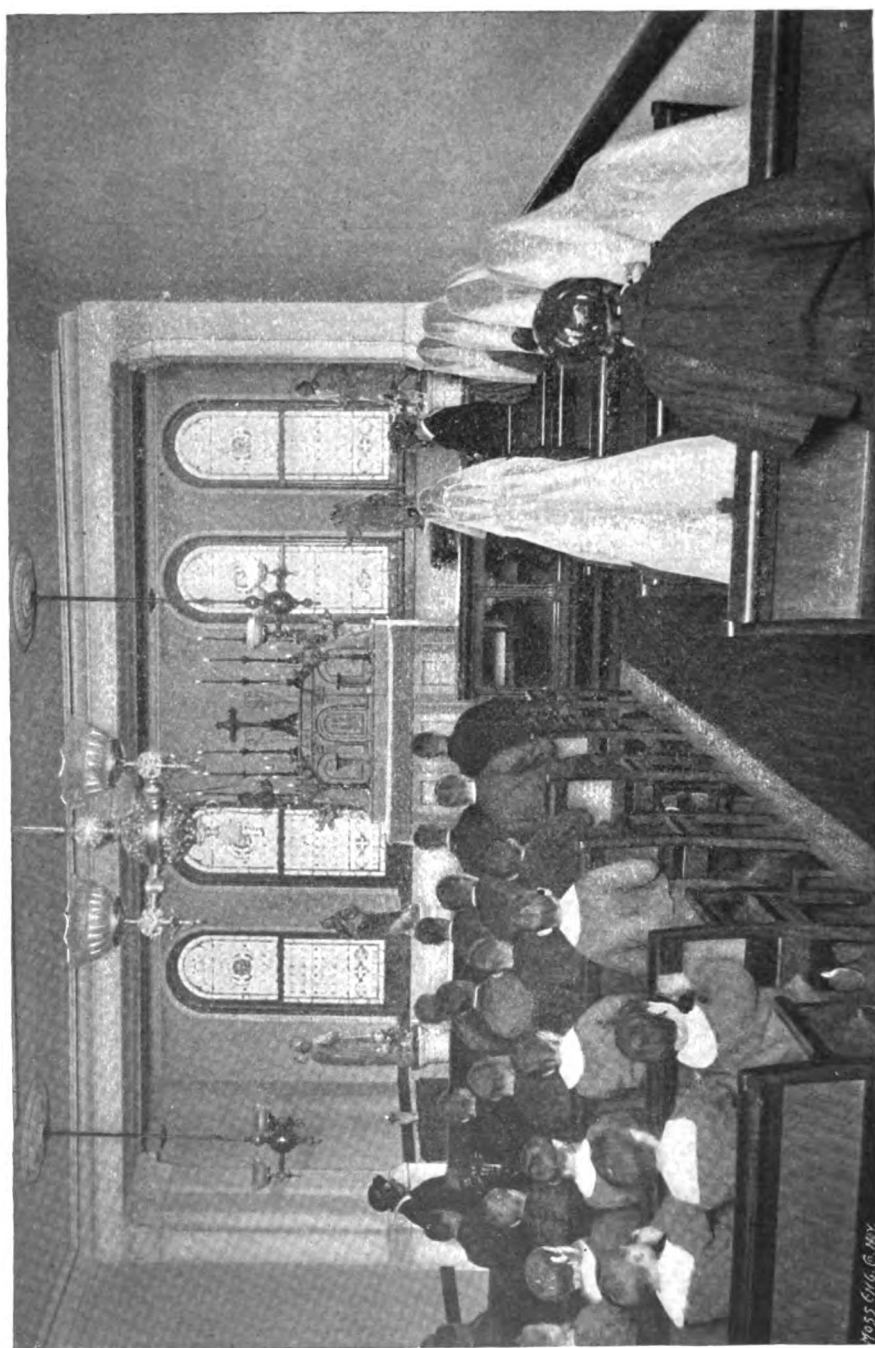
Elsewhere we have noted the death of Sister Domitilla. The *Souvenir* pays a tender tribute to two other superiors called by death from the institution. Of Mother Regina it says:

"On March 28th, 1879, the girls of the Female Department suffered the bereavement of orphanage by the death of the Superioress of that Department, Mother M. Regina, 'that loving and much-beloved mother of orphans,' as she was designated by the President of the Protectory.

"For many years Mother of the Order of Sisters of Charity of Mount St. Vincent, she assumed charge of the Female Department in 1876, and while she presided over it, endeared herself to all around her by her considerate kindness, while commanding the respect and gratitude of the managers by her good judgment and administrative ability."

And of Sister Celestia:

"The Fall of the year 1891 marked the demise of Sister Celestia, head of the Female Department for many years. She was a true mother to those under her charge; for them she labored, prayed, and lived; her kindness drew the hearts of the children to her, and her death evoked so much grief from them that one



CHAPEL, RECEPTION HOUSE.

7055 ENG. C. M. Y.

could readily see the hold which this devoted religious mother had upon the hearts of her children. It was a beautiful and touching tribute to her worth. The many prayers which the children offered for her during her long illness gave her great consolation, and it was a part of her recompense to know that her desire to do good and make others happy, and useful members of society, was appreciated by those under her care."

But if death calls a gifted soul from her post, the great congregation of the Sisters of Charity holds other souls, enriched with the graces of a similar vocation, and under new leadership the work goes ever onward. Those whom death has called to eternal reward, or obedience has assigned to other posts of duty, are ably succeeded by Sister Anita, the present Superioress of the Girls' Department.

To the Catholic Protectory belongs another building, new, "carefully planned with regard to the requirements of the law and the needs of the institution," a House of Reception and Quarantine. It stands in the heart of New York,—415 and 417 Broome St. The basement of 415 serves the purpose of salesroom for goods manufactured at the Home. On the first floor the meetings of the Executive Committee and the Board are held. The children's Reception departments are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

In conclusion we can but say that the inmates of the Girls' Protectory, after their course of training, cannot but go forth into the world conscious that they, like the boys, have fared well: that the best which God put in them has been developed for their welfare, and for God's greater glory.

O WHITEST Flower! O ever-blessed Mary!
To what high purpose wert thou tributary!
How wert thou chosen for the stainless birth,
Mother of God! chaste Lily of the earth!
Lead us to Jesus, Mother! for us part
The veils that hang before the Sacred Heart.

—*Father Faber.*

THE GOLD PLAGUE.

GEN. HUGH EWING.

CHAPTER VI.

"While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

THE little mining camp, "Pitch-in," hidden away in a deep gorge of the Sierra Nevada mountains, was thrown into a state of great excitement by a ruthless murder.

On the schooner that had brought the Sunbury party from Mazatlan to San Francisco, was a passenger named Conrad Mack. He was tall, well built, handsome, and exceedingly good-humored and popular. He had parted with our friends at Sacramento, and, after failing at the mines at different points, had drifted to "Pitch-in," and opened a gambling tent. He was delighted to find that his Sunbury *companions de voyage* had preceded him, and were at work in a gulch near by. Here Mack was favored by fortune, and was rapidly accumulating money. One evening, a miner, angered at losing, accused him of cheating, before a tent full of people. Mack smilingly replied that if he repeated the insult, he would be under the disagreeable necessity of shooting him. The man thereupon arose from the table and left the tent, and no more thought was given to him. An hour later, as Mack sat facing the open doorway, he re-appeared, carrying a double-barrel shot gun, raised it instantly, took deliberate aim, and emptied the contents of both barrels in Mack's breast, who sprang convulsively into the air, and fell dead.

He fled, but was pursued by those within, who had witnessed the deed. He had nearly gotten out of the light of the camp fires, and had attained comparative safety, when a ball from the pistol of one of his pursuers brought him to the ground. He was wounded in the leg,—not seriously—and limped back to the street, in front of the tent, supported by two men. Mack's chair, wet with blood, was brought out, on which he was compelled to be seated; some one in the crowd drew a knife from its sheath, ripped open his pantaloons, and examined the wound. A doctor stepped up, and arrested the flow of blood with a bandage.

Nearly the entire population of the little camp of Pitch-in were soon in the crowd that circled about the prisoner, who sat with a dazed expression on his face. A bench was brought out from the tent, on which six men, named by some one who assumed the authority, took their seats as jurymen. A young man offered himself as prosecutor, pressed the crowd back to make room, and turning to the prisoner, enquired if he wanted counsel to defend him. He looked at the faces before him, but, without speaking, raised his arm, and pointed to Redway, near whom he had worked, and with whom he had a slight acquaintance. Redway turned pale, and hesitated.

"Go," said Aubry, who stood by his side: "he is a dying man."

"I will do what I can for you," responded Redway, stepping into the circle, and approaching the prisoner, "though you have slain my friend."

But few persons who were in the tent at the time, actually witnessed the shooting; some had their backs to the door, and some their eyes on their cards, and the smoke obscured the person of the assassin. These few were called, and stepping one at a time into the circle, faced the jury, and gave their testimony. No witnesses were called for the defense, but when the time came for Redway to make his address, he put in the plea of insanity.

"The motive," he said, "was inadequate; the publicity and certainty of arrest too great for a sane man to face."

"Still," called out a voice from the crowd, "he pretty nigh got away."

"That is so," echoed several others, with a laugh.

"Take some other tack, Redway," called out another: "you will hardly git him off on that."

"I wish you would keep quiet, and let me alone," he replied, looking at the crowd with an angry expression.

"It is mighty good in you," responded a voice, "to try to git the man off that killed your friend, but its no go."

"Shut up, all of you," interposed the prosecutor, in a loud voice, "and let the defense be heard. The man is as good as dead, already, but he has got his rights. Don't kick a dead man. Go on, Redway."

"I think," said Redway, resuming, "that, in view of his proba-

ble insanity, gentlemen of the jury, you ought to send him down to Stockton, and turn him over to the Sheriff, and let him have a trial by the law. You will all feel the better for it when the excitement dies away, that you have pursued a legal course, and given him time to prepare for death, if die he must. You may depend upon it, you will never regret it if you are merciful to this poor man."

"Talk enough!" called a hoarse voice.

"Too much!"

"Time is up," said a third; "bring a rope, somebody!"

"A rope can be got," responded the prosecutor, with dignity, "after the verdict is rendered; before that, it is out of order. Go on, Redway."

"In the name of the accused, who, as an American citizen, has a right to expect it," he continued; "in my own name, as a citizen of Pitch-in; in the name of the law: I demand that the prisoner be taken down to Stockton and handed over to the Sheriff. I have nothing more to say."

The prisoner looked around, hopefully, as the firm demand of his counsel fell on his ear. The crowd intermingled, discussing the little speech of Redway in terms of disapproval, and awaiting the verdict. The jury put their heads together, and spoke in whispers.

"Guilty, of course," suggested the foreman.

"Yes," from all.

"Death?"

"Yes, certainly; what else?"

"How soon?"

"Say twenty minutes," answered one.

"O pshaw!" exclaimed another, give the fellow a chance to say his prayers: I say, an hour."

"Isn't that rather long?" suggested the foreman, persuasively. "The crowd will not like being kept waiting a whole hour; it is very unusual."

"Split the difference," said the twenty minute man. "I am willing to compromise on a half hour; call it a half."

"Very well," responded the foreman, "I think that reasonable; if no one objects, we will fix it at a half. If he wants to pray,

which I don't think he does, he can get through handsomely in that time."

"If he doesn't, it's his own lookout," said the compromiser. He didn't give Mack much time to pray."

"Roped?" suggested the foreman.

"No," dissented a juryman; "shot with his own gun, the same as Mack was."

"Sittin' in Mack's cheer," suggested another; "tied fast."

"At Mack's table," said a third, "facing the door."

"I move," said the twenty minute man, "that he be carried in, and put where Mack was sittin'; that one man be appinted to hold the watch, and give him twenty,—no, thirty minutes; and another man be appinted to walk up to the door, when the word is given, with his own gun, double-loaded, and blaze away."

"And I move," said another, "that after the shooten, he be took to the ravine above town, and throwed in fur the crows: no sich man is fit fur nothin' else; them's my sentiments."

This was agreed to by all, the crowd was called to order, and the foreman announced the verdict.

In the meantime Redway and Aubry were in conversation with the doomed man, urging him to repent, especially of his last crime; to use the precious time left him to prepare for judgment in the world to come.

"Maybe they will send me to Stockton," he said, looking hopefully in their faces.

"Do not delude yourself," replied Aubry; "you will surely die to-night;" and he suggested to him, in a whisper, words to use in expressing to his Creator his sorrow and repentance. The man bowed down his head, and prayed, or seemed to pray. Presently, on the announcement of the verdict, several men came and bound him to the chair, carried him into the tent, and placed him in position. He sat at the table of his victim, facing the door; the dried blood, in a manner, sealing him to the seat.

The crowd without stood in groups, talking; some were assembled about the door, looking in, Redway of the number. A solitary candle, burning low on the table before him, lighted up the pale face of the bound man, all else was in shadow. The time was rapidly passing; Redway became agitated. Suddenly, moved by

an impulse, he stepped quickly in, drawing his beads from his pocket, bent over the table, and held the attached crucifix before the doomed man's eyes.

"Pray," he said, in a low tone, "and save your poor soul. He died to save it." The man looked on the image earnestly.

"Pray to Him," insisted Redway.

The features of the man moved, he looked up into the anxious face of Redway, and partook of his agitation.

"Take it in your hand," said Redway, offering it to him.

He reached out his right hand, took the crucifix, held it down on a level with the table, bent his head, and gazed on it in meditation. Presently a tear ran slowly down his face.

"Come out," shouted a man who stood at the door with a watch in his hand; "unless you want to be shot: time's up!"

Redway hastily retired; the crowd parted, and a man with a gun in his hand walked up to the door. As he raised it, and took aim, Redway cast over his shoulder a glance into the tent; the candle had burned down to the socket, and was sending up the last expiring flash; the condemned man had assumed an erect position, and was holding the crucifix to his lips. In a second, the report came, the tent filled with smoke, and the crowd broke up.

The Sunbury party had separated, soon after reaching the mines; two had taken to the right, and two to the left. Von Tilly had remained in San Francisco; he said, in the mines, his education would avail him nothing; he would be reduced to the ranks, on a level with the herd, where the question would be one of bone and sinew. Redway had loaned nearly, if not quite, all the money he had gained at Durango. As soon as it had become known that he had had a windfall, the day following the event, he began to be importuned for small sums, by one and another, on this plea, and on that; and at Mazatlan, a real necessity arose with several, who, short of passage money, were earnest in their appeals, and could not be denied. So the money that came quickly, went quickly; and in its place, in the pocketbook of Redway, were filed away some promissory notes of men whom he would never meet again, or meeting, would be much more likely to ask a fresh loan than to proffer payment of the old. Von Tilly had

urged Redway and his friend Aubry to stay in the city, but their funds were nearly exhausted, and they hurried to the nearest mines. They drifted from one river to another, finding everywhere the good claims already taken up, until they reached the camp of Pitch-in, where the awful tragedy found them, working in a dry gulch, with moderate success.

At dusk, on the evening following the sad event, Aubry leaving Redway at their camp-fire, went down to the grocery to purchase provisions. He found it full of people engaged in discussing the execution, and took his seat unnoticed, near the door, to await his turn to be served. The first word that reached his ear was an attack on his friend.

"I think," said the speaker, "that Redway ought to be run out of the camp."

"For why?" enquired a listener.

"Because he ought, that's why," returned the first, angrily.

"A man who would do what he done," interposed a third, "ain't fit to live with white men."

"To shake hands with a feller that hed jist shot his friend: it makes my blood bile!"

"He didn't shake hands with him," said a listener.

"He done worst," replied the first speaker; "he done his level best to git him off."

"And then he follered him into the tent," said another, "and hobbobbed weth him, to the last minute; 'twas the meanest thing I ever seen a man do."

"He was a-tryin' fur to git him to pray," replied an apologist.

"How kin a man pray so sudden, after sich a deed? Why, he can't, it stands to reason he can't. He was a-tryin' fur to make a ass of hisself, and a disgrace to Pitch-in; that's what he was a-tryin' fur, and he ought to be kicked out."

Aubry heard no more; he stepped to the counter, made his purchase, and walked out. He felt quite certain trouble was in store for his companion; that some one would pick a quarrel with him before the week was out, and a premeditated quarrel in Pitch-in involved the use of deadly weapons. He could not repeat what he had heard in the grocery as an argument to induce him to leave the vicinity, as he knew Redway would not yield

to threats, would not go out on compulsion; but he determined to get him out of the danger. On reaching the camp-fire, he sat down and lit his pipe; Redway was gazing into the fire in meditation. The recent event had left him depressed and thoughtful. After sitting in silence for a time, Aubry spoke.

"Redway," he said, "I am sick of this gulch; let us go out and prospect for a better."

"We are doing pretty well here," he replied; "better than elsewhere. I don't know where we could go."

"If we cannot improve on this," resumed Aubry, "I for one, will go back to Sunbury. Considering the risks we run, we are not getting enough to pay us. In fact, I will not stand it any longer; I must find a better claim, or I will go home. I propose we pack up in the morning, and cross the mountain."

"I have been thinking I would dislike to go down into Pitch-in," he answered, "after last night; it has upset me completely. I did not close my eyes until daybreak."

"I will go to the claim above," responded Aubry, laying down his pipe, and rising to his feet, "and see if they will buy us out. What do you think we ought to ask?"

"Take anything you can get," he answered. "You might ask a hundred and fifty."

Aubry returned within an hour and announced that he had sold for the sum named, and they set about preparing for their departure in the morning. The simple packing completed, they resumed their seats before the fire, and filled their pipes.

"Suppose we give it up, and go home?" said Aubry.

"I could not show my face in Sunbury," replied his companion, "without having money enough to repay your father; otherwise I would be willing. It is a mere chance if we save enough to do that, but I must try."

"What a humbug the mines are!" responded Aubry. "A few men get rich, a very few, and the crowd make a living on poor food, by hard labor and exposure that requires courage to face. I wish I had never left Sunbury."

"Suppose we go down to San Francisco," rejoined Redway: "may be we can make money there. We might get into some thing or other, and do well."

"If I thought so, I would go in a minute," responded Aubry; "but what could we do, with our small capital?"

"Why, look about, and see; when we get there something will turn up, it always does, if you keep a sharp lookout. Suppose we go."

"If we get nothing to do, we will soon sink what we have in expenses, and not even be able to get back to the mines. It is a risk."

"Von Tilly is there; he might put us in the way of doing something," suggested Redway.

"I would rather rely on Tom Haywood," replied Aubry; "but he may have left the city. Let us sleep over it, and decide when we get up in the morning. At any rate, we will leave Pitch-in at sunrise, and take to the mountains, or go down to the sea."

CHAPTER VII.

SILENCE SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS.

The old sign, that for many years had hung over the store in Fincastle, was replaced by a bright new one, lettered in gold, and bearing the name of Faber & Redway. The wedding had been an event in the annals of the town. Papers in adjoining counties had copied the brilliant description given in the *Fincastle Gazette*. The *Sunbury Post* added an editorial column on the boyhood and youth of the "native Sunburian," giving a little anecdote of his early days that indicated his coming greatness, and eulogizing him to the top of its bent.

The happy party passed a week in Cincinnati, on the wedding trip, and carrying letters of introduction, received some attention and made a number of acquaintances, among them the Rev. Nathan Dole, a man above the medium height, rather slight, with brown hair and eyes, popular, insinuating, and of restless energy. He was especially attentive to Kitty Lawson, and being a middle-aged eligible bachelor, she encouraged him, and he became intimate with the party, and passed the time of their stay in showing them about the city, and soon acquired an influence over Alonzo and his little provincial company. A letter from the home pastor had introduced him, and though reputed a good preacher, he was, at the moment, unattached.

He talked with Alonzo of the immense income a member of the fold was deriving from the packing of pork for the European market, and escorted him to his residence, in the evening, and introduced him. The door was opened by a servant in livery, who took their cards and showed them to the drawing-room. Presently the millionaire entered, and the introduction followed. Alonzo was impressed: the manner of Mr. Plumb was lordly; the house and its appointments exceeded in magnificence the Faber residence, as Fincastle surpassed Sunbury. They were invited into the study of the great man, and a second liveried servant brought in wine and cigars.

"There is a wealthy merchant in our city," he said, addressing Alonzo, "who once did business in your town of Fincastle, of course, in a small way. You knew him, perhaps,—Slade, of the firm of Slade & Slade."

"No : he was before my time," replied Alonzo.

"True ; he has been in the city for years. He has capacity, and would have made money had he remained in Fincastle,—that is, a modest fortune. But men of capacity do not remain in the small towns; they drift, invariably, to the cities, where fortunes are made in a season, in place of a lifetime."

"I wonder," said Dole, "that the firm of Faber & Redway remains in the country, it seems like wasting their time. They are rich for the town, but that is nothing. I dare say they would make more in a month here, than in a year where they are."

"Undoubtedly," responded Plumb, with an air of authority; "often more in a day, often in one deal, begun and completed in a forenoon. I have bought a hundred thousand head of fat hogs in the morning, and before the close of business hours, sold at an advance of half a dollar a head. I tell you this to show you how business is done here. It would take a firm in Fincastle some time to clear fifty thousand dollars ; it is not much, it is true, in itself, but these operations repeated throughout the year, amount up."

This conversation dazed Alonzo ; he imagined he saw before him in person Alladin of the wonderful lamp.

"If you will come on Change in the morning," said Plumb, as they took their leave, "I will introduce you to Slade, your former

townsman. Go through his establishment and compare it with your own in Fincastle ; you will be amazed ; it will show you the difference between doing business in a town and a city."

"Mrs. Plumb," he said to his wife,—a portly person affecting dignity and style—who entered his study later on in the evening, "there are, at the Burnett House, a Mrs. Redway and a relative, on whom I wish you to call in the morning. The lady is on her bridal tour ; they are from the town of Fincastle, which, in conversation with them, you will please to remember you have often heard spoken of as a charming place, with a polished society. Invite them to dinner at six to-morrow, to meet some friends and pass the evening. Have music, and pay court to the bride ; I may want to use the groom, some day ; they are rich. Dole tells me the firm is quoted in the Mercantile Register as "A, No. 1," besides, they worship with us ; it is our duty to show them some attention.

The dinner, the following evening, was a dream of magnificence. Paula and Alonzo occupied seats of honor : Kitty was placed by Dole, who was devoted to her. Liveried servants swarmed in the gorgeous dining-room blazing with lights ; the table was adorned with flowers, from the midst of which arose pyramids of tropical fruits.

Dole arose at a signal from the hostess, at the termination of the feast, returned thanks, and the ladies withdrew. The gentlemen rejoined them in the drawing rooms, grand in proportions and adornments, and the time swiftly passed with music and the hum of conversation. Paula was the star of the evening. The hostess had given the cue, and the company overwhelmed her with attention, with glances of admiration, with eulogistic remarks. The songs she liked were sung ; the pieces she preferred were played. The gentlemen were attentive to Alonzo ; and Dole pushed his suit.

As the party were on the eve of leaving the city, Dole presented a subscription paper for raising funds to equip and send out three missionaries to the Soudan, in Central Africa, represented as being a fruitful field, ready for the harvest. Glancing at the list of names, Alonzo saw that no one had put down less than fifty dollars, and, seeing no way of avoiding it, he charitably handed

over the like amount. It was painful to him; he disliked to part with money, and entertained the uncharitable suspicion that Dole might, in a fit of abstraction of mind, apply the fund to a charity nearer home than the Soudan. He even hinted at this after the gentleman had made his adieu.

"This Soudan subscription," he said to the ladies, "reminds me of the missionaries to the Feejee Islands, whom Kitty thought were men of straw."

"You shock me," responded Paula, with indignation. "How can you entertain a suspicion of Mr. Dole, an intimate friend of the Plumbs, a distinguished minister of religion! To compare him to a wandering lecturer, not even in the ministry, it is too bad!"

"Oh, I did not mean that," he replied, abashed.

"Then why did you say it?"

Kitty said nothing, but cast a look of indignation on the culprit.

The widow in Sunbury had heard of the defection of her son, before the publication in the paper. Father Dominic, who came to Fincastle one Sunday in the month, learned it from his flock; and, finding it impossible to secure an interview with Alonzo, who skilfully avoided him, wrote him an affectionate and touching letter, which was never answered. Once he caught him on the street, but he hurried away, pleading a pressing appointment.

To the Father's endeavors to console her, the widow said little; she bore her trial in silence.

"I wish," she said at last, "Alonzo had died before he went to Fincastle. I wish I had died before I sent him there. I wish John would come home." Then she relapsed into silence.

She wrote to her son, at first, but his answers rent her heart: answers that explained without explaining; that treated his action as temporary; as necessary to his happiness, to his business, to his success in life; as merely a worldly matter, that one day would come right. She dropped the correspondence, and gave him up.

"I would rather not," she said to Father Dominic when he called, "hear his name mentioned again. I say the Rosary morning and night, and offer it up that heavy temporal misfortune may fall upon him; it is my only hope."

"The Church teaches," replied the Father, rising to take his leave, "that suffering is the secret of life. If your prayer is an-

swered, he will come home to you; he will live again. Prosperity to many of us means spiritual death."

She wrote to her son in California, asking him to come home, not mentioning Alonzo, assured he would hear of him through the letters written to his companion, Aubry; but he refrained from speaking on the subject beyond a reference to the marriage. To an invitation to the wedding she had made no response.

Paula thought if she could see the old lady, she could bring her to recognize, and acquiesce in, the situation; she felt quite confident she could talk her into a good humor. In compliance with her request, Alonzo wrote his mother that they would drive over to Sunbury, on a certain Wednesday morning, and pass the day with her. No response was received, but on the morning, early, they set out, and by ten o'clock entered the main street of the village, crossed the square, turned down the South street, and drew up at the door of the cottage. On their descending from the carriage, the driver, as directed, turned about and drove to the hotel, and they entered the yard and knocked at the door. Receiving no response, Alonzo tried the latch and found the door was locked.

"Perhaps she is in the garden," he said, turning pale.

"Then let us go back and hunt her up," replied Paula with determination. "Your mother could not have expected us so early." But an exploration of the garden and an unanswered knock at the porch door, with the appearance of the windows and the ominous silence that prevailed, soon convinced them that the cottage was unoccupied. Alonzo was deeply mortified,—Paula indignant. They passed into the street, and silently and slowly walked up to the square, and entered the hotel. A spoken malediction from his mother could not have stung him as this voiceless reception at his old home. The silent renunciation it conveyed was more eloquent than words: the impression made by the blow on his heart was never effaced; from time to time, throughout his life, the wound opened and bled, and he pitied himself as though it were some other than himself, known to him in the dim past, who was suffering, the old Alonzo.

The widow, early that morning, had given her house-maid and man of all work a day's leave of absence, locked the doors, and driven out to the Aubry farm, taking with her a recent letter from

California. This was read and discussed, as was the last letter from young Aubry, in which he gave a graphic account of the murder and execution at Pitch-in. The widow wept with joy on hearing of the part played by her son in the consolation of the unhappy criminal in the few minutes that preceded his death.

"If I could only induce him to come home," she said. "I long for him; he is all that I have left."

"Frank writes that he will not come until he has saved enough money to repay me," responded Aubry; "but he need not mind that; let the money go."

"I will repay you to-morrow," replied the widow, brightening up.

"I will not take it from you; nothing is due me if he brings back nothing. Write him, and say so, and tell him to come home."

They were sitting on the porch fronting the roadway. A passer-by, coming out from the village, called out:

"Mrs. Redway, your son and his wife are at the hotel in Sunbury; they came in about ten o'clock;" and as no response was made, he rode on. The widow did not raise her eyes from her knitting, and was silent. Nothing was said by the Aubrys, who at once divined the situation, and the incident passed.

When the discomfited couple returned to Fincastle, and were ascending the steps of the Faber mansion, Paula turned to her husband, and said in a tone of command:

"Alonzo, do me the favor never to mention your mother's name in my presence again." To her father and Kitty, who met her in the hallway, she remarked, as she passed up the stairway to her room:

"The old lady could not have received Alonzo's letter; she was not at home."

Kitty was not deceived by this, though the father was. She knew that they had been in some way repelled; she read it in the face of Paula.

Mr. Dole, who had written to the Fincastle pastor, offering his services at an approaching protracted meeting, came up, on invitation, and preached throughout the term with great unction. His name soon became a household word in the habitations of his sect; he became a popular idol. He had been so attentive to the bridal party in the city that the Fabers insisted upon his mak-

ing his home with them during his stay. The fifty-dollar subscription still rankled in the breast of Alonzo, but Dole assured him, incidentally, and apropos to some object under discussion, that the affairs of the three missionaries were going on swimmingly, and that an ample sum had already been raised to equip them for going forth to the Soudan.

In the meantime the relations between Dole and Kitty became quite intimate. He escorted her to and from the nightly meetings, and urged her to come forward and be prayed for, and become a probationer; but the mature young lady demurred.

"I would so like," he said, one evening, as they sat alone in the library, "to see you in the fold."

"Why?"

"For your own sweet sake, and for the example you would set to others."

"My example would influence nobody; not a soul."

"O yes," he said, "it would."

"Whom?"

"Well," he replied, after a pause, "there is the mother of our dear Alonzo; your entry would influence her. Think what a triumph it would be to induce her to follow the example of her noble son; to take her by the hand, and lead her out of darkness into light."

"I am afraid you know but little of the mother of Alonzo. Do you remember what the poet says about certain spirits taking 'a longer and a stronger pull, and a pull all together,' as they say at sea?"

"I cannot say that I do," he replied, a little puzzled.

"Well, even they, in my opinion, could not move Mrs. Redway."

"Is she so exceedingly benighted?"

"As to benighted, I will not say," she replied. "You see, Mr. Dole,—but this is in confidence, strict confidence, you understand?"

"Oh, surely!" he replied, quickly pricking up his ears.

"Well, then;—but you must never breathe it to a soul!—I saw plainly that Alonzo had a great struggle in giving up his belief, that is, in pretending to give it up, and it made me wonder what there was in it that held him back. I talked with Mr. Utter

about it; he laughed at the idea of Alonzo coming out of darkness, as you express it. He said it was a business move, and no belief was involved in it; that if he believed in anything before his conversion, he believed in it yet; but it was his opinion that he never believed in anything; that few men nowadays really did have faith in anything they could not weigh or measure with a yardstick."

"What a frightful sentiment!" interrupted Dole, with a sigh.

"I thought it rather strong," she resumed;" but Mr. Utter is a very close observer, and very candid with me. But that is neither here nor there; what I was coming to was this: I determined to find out what it was that Alonzo had to struggle so hard to give up, and Mr. Utter borrowed several books of a Catholic acquaintance of his, and I read them surreptitiously, but very carefully, and saw plainly what had held Alonzo back, and came to the conclusion that the Devil was not so black as he was painted."

"You alarm me, Miss Catherine!"

"Well, read them and you will say the same thing."

"But it is tempting Providence to read the writings of the Jesuits."

"These books were written by Dominicans."

"Nearly as bad, if not quite," he replied.

"Then drop them, Mr. Dole; you have no right to attack their belief unless you study it; there is no philosophy in fighting windmills."

"My dear Miss Catherine," he replied, "you quite take me aback; if it is your serious opinion, however, that I ought to read the books to which you allude, and you will lend them to me, I will do so. Of course, we are not infallible, and may, in our zeal, have been led into misrepresentation. I am far, I assure you, from desiring to say aught untrue of any body of Christians."

"That is right," she assented, "and I honor you for it."

"Will you permit me to return to the subject from which we have wandered,—I mean, the all-absorbing question with me,—your spiritual advancement?"

"I will wait for that," she replied, "until the spirit moves me."

"May I approach, then," he said, in a trembling voice, after a silence between them of some minutes, "a nearer and a dearer

subject? May I ask you to share my fortunes,—to become my wife?”

She paused a while, evidently taken by surprise at the suddenness of the proposal; she blushed, and hesitated, then she rose and said:

“Our acquaintance has been too brief. I do not feel it right, at present, to say yes; I do not wish to say no. Let us remain friends, and think it over.”

(To be continued.)



IN JUNE.

REV. W. D. KELLY.

IN June, when glow the roses red,
And crimson lilacs burst apart,
Our love warms to that love which bled
Through love of us, O Sacred Heart.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

JOHN H. O'NEILL.

I.

IT would be impossible to exaggerate the magnitude of a question—that of education—upon which, in a measure, hang the temporal welfare and eternal destiny of the human race, and vain for me to attempt to add lustre to a theme which has so often been adorned by the learning and eloquence of the ablest intellects of the world.

Inasmuch, however, as we are apt to forget the most important truths, unless frequently repeated, and to lose interest in the discharge of even the most sacred duties of life unless we are stimulated to action by occasional reminders, the agitation of this question by unpretentious men may not be wholly out of the way, nor unproductive of some practical good. I therefore lend my feeble efforts, such as they are, and at the request of those whose solicitations I could not well refuse, to this great cause—too happy if I shall be able to utter any thought worthy of remembrance, and to kindle in others enthusiasm to act wisely in an enterprise so fraught with the dearest hopes and destinies of the present and of future generations.

But why am I invited to discourse on Catholic education, and not on the subject of education generally? The answer is obvious. It is simply because there is a wide difference between Catholic education and the various systems of non-Catholic education, and because I am called upon to address a Catholic audience for a Catholic object.

In addressing myself to the subject before me it will be necessary, however, to speak of the general scope of education, with its various systems, pretensions, and tendencies, in order that the distinction alluded to may be made plain to the common understanding, by the contrast, and our duty as Catholics so clearly indicated that we may not as parents dare to shrink from the inevitable responsibilities it imposes.

It is a subject which, for its proper solution, invokes to its aid the profoundest principles of philosophy, and the warning and

instructive lessons of human history. The science of thought is known only to a few, but its influence descends to the humblest intellect in the walks of life. A very small quantity of yeast leavens the whole loaf, and a very minute particle of poison vitiates the blood of the entire system. Even so are the penetrancy and diffusibility of thought. There is nothing in all the range of nature more prolific than an idea, and a thought once uttered carries its influence throughout all the subsequent ages and generations of the race.

"'Tis said that every earthly sound
Goes trembling through the voiceless spheres,
Bearing its endless echoes round
The pathway of eternal years."

The thinkers of the world are its governors, either in their own day, or long after their ashes have been scattered by the winds. It is thus that the masses of mankind, even without knowing it, are ruled by the great leaders of thought. Hence the responsibility of thinkers, and the influence of philosophy for good or evil. Hence rudimental instruction—that common education to which alone the great majority of mankind can ever hope to attain—is based on philosophy, and is sound or vicious in the same ratio that the philosophy on which it is founded is healthful or poisonous in its sources. Hence the Catholic child, educated in Catholic schools, and well grounded in the lessons of its Catechism, is better educated than the proud and self-sufficient philosopher who periodically essays to shake the faith of the world by his utterances from the chair of a Faraday. After twenty-five centuries of philosophy, and more than eighteen hundred years of Christian civilization, we find philanthropic and thoughtful men, in the wane of the nineteenth century, investigating and struggling to solve the ever recurring problems of human society! Has human philosophy, then, been in vain, and the religion of Christ but the voice of hopeless agony and despair?

As late as the 2d of July, 1878, the cablegrams from Europe informed us that, on that day, the Pan-Anglican Synod opened in Lambeth palace, in the city of London. The Synod was presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who upon taking

the chair is reported to have said, among other things, that "the condition of society was in some respects alarming. The most subversive ideas were promulgated, and had their advocates in influential organs of public opinion. The rights of property and the sacred institution of marriage were assailed, and rampant infidelity was preached by the press, as well as by philosophers. The Church should buckle on her armor and prepare for a combat against these foes, and as one of the best aids in the conflict, the prelates should seek to be in unity with each other in bonds of the spirit." He urged that "the question of maintaining faith against infidelity be the principal subject of the thoughts of the delegates." His Grace is reported to have further said, in the same address, that "although the Synod" (over which he presided) "could not assume to exercise any legislative authority, or to define a dogma, or to prescribe a rule, or even to denounce an error, its assembling might not be without most wholesome results for the Anglican Church throughout the world."

And it is thus, then, that this youthful David of the new dispensation sallies forth, weaponless and defenceless—with an empty sling—to meet the panoplied Goliath of "rampant infidelity!" Can ideas subversive of authority be overthrown by unauthoritative utterances? Is it by the approach of kindred mists, or by the penetrating rays of the sun, that the fogs of the valley are dissipated? Will "influential organs of public opinion" and "philosophers," who assail "the rights of property and the sacred institution of marriage," listen to the voice of a Synod which proclaims its own utter helplessness and lack of authority to legislate, to dogmatize, to lay down a rule, or even to denounce an error?

Under the influence of such allocutions as this, is it any wonder if the wrung heart of the Christian should cry out from the depths of its anguish? Are there, then, no weapons in the armory of philosophy, no authority in the divinity of religion, to beat back the tide of "subversive ideas," and "rampant infidelity," on which the civilized world is fast drifting into the polished paganism of ancient days? If there be any hope for humanity in either, let us grasp it, and cling to it with devotion.

Let us first endeavor to find out the starting point of true phil-

osophy, and search out those inexpugnable first principles of human reason, upon which we can safely rely as on a foundation that will not slip from under us. Then, let us take up and somewhat examine the history of our race, and see whether we may not discover by the light of this "philosophy teaching by example," the source of "all our woes," and the present unsatisfactory social condition of man. If we find that pagan civilization with all its boasted enlightenment, and infidelity with all its arrogance of science, have in turn, or conjointly, not only frequently overthrown governments, which in many instances ought to have perished as they did, but also by attacking all authority, often wrecked society on fields of blood and fire, submerging it in cataclysms of corruption and vice ; and, if coming down to our own times, we scrutinize the spirit of the present age, and find that paganism in philosophy and indifferentism in religion are producing their legitimate and logical fruits in sensualism, immorality, and that widespread disorder which threatens the very existence of society in our own day, may we not justly conclude that a return to the fundamental principles of a true philosophy, and a religion based on faith, with the beautiful and pure morality which their blended influence produces, would be the sovereign remedy for the evils of society ? And may we not from the same premises conclude, that of all, and above all, the questions of social science that vex and stir to their depths the minds of the present age, that education is the first, the most exigent and the most imperious in its claims ?

In order to speak intelligibly on the subject of education, it is requisite that one should understand the origin, the nature, and the end of the thing to be educated. And to be understood, it is necessary that one should premise a few observations on these topics. It may be remarked that nothing is susceptible of education that is not susceptible of improvement, and that nothing which is perfect stands in need of either. Whatever, then, by its own instincts and the laws of its nature, pursues with undeviating and unerring certainty the end of its creation, is outside of the jurisdiction of education. If we look out upon the vast realm of creation, we find man, standing at the apex of Nature's broad pyramid, the superior and the lord of all beneath him, and

yet the only being in the whole wide world that needs education, and the only one capable of receiving it. For everything is perfect in the degree with which it tends to the accomplishment of the end of its existence. Every created object came from the hand of the Creator perfect in its kind. But this perfection is relative, and is manifested in the wonderful, exquisite, and harmonious laws by which every created thing, except rebellious man, is conducted to the fulfilment of the end for which it was created. On all sides of us design and harmony are visible. Unity and variety are everywhere written in the great volume of Nature's revelations. All the changes and modifications of Nature are carried on by the silent operations of her manifold and complicated laws, in unison with the designs of the great Architect.

Witness the admirable combination and balance of forces in the revolution of the heavenly bodies; the regularity with which the days and nights and seasons follow each other; the chemical laws by which elementary substances combine and separate; the beautiful systems of crystallization, and the wonderful phenomena of light, heat, and electricity.

Passing from the inorganic world to the living but insentient vegetable kingdom, behold how each plant, with its own peculiar instinct, adapts itself to surrounding circumstances, draws its proper sustenance from the soil and air, and assimilates it in such a manner as, from year to year, to clothe itself with the same rich garniture—even to the nicety of every fibre in the leaf, and every delicate tint in the flower—producing the same fruit and propagating its own species from generation to generation. The individual flower may fade almost as soon as it blows, and the plant itself may wither and die, but the kinds, the species are indestructible, enduring realities. The majestic oak, under which his barbarian ancestors performed the Druidical rites long ages ago, still adorns the magnificent lawns of the English baron of to-day. The same peach tree that, in the days of Darius, diffused the fragrance of its blossoms in the air, and dropped its fruit in the valleys of Persia, still flourishes in the orchards, and lays its luxury on the tables of the American farmer.

In the animal kingdom also no less marvellous are the curiosities of orders, of genera, and of species, endowed with life, sensibility,

and voluntary motion, and manifesting instincts sometimes amounting to a wonderful sagacity almost akin to reason itself, and always directing them precisely to whatever is necessary for the preservation of the individual and the continuance of the species.

It is evident that education is foreign to everything we find in the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal kingdom, until we arrive at man, the masterpiece of creative wisdom. All below him seems to be in perfect and spontaneous harmony. Here we find the relative perfection in creation springing from obedience to the laws of nature, prescribed for everything in its order, and conducting it to its appointed end. In such creatures there can be no improvement, no progress, and, consequently, no education. Their laws are fixed, invariable; and they are not subject to the operations of reason under the election of free will. Man, on the other hand, is subject to the laws of reason and free will, in addition to being bound by the laws which govern creatures of a lower grade. These laws are immutable and eternal as their Author. The spark *will* fly from the percussion of flint and steel. The kidney-bean *will* climb the pole in one direction, while the honey-suckle twines round it in the opposite, and all the art of man cannot induce them to reverse their respective courses. The beaver in building its dam and constructing its houses; the birds in migrating and building their nests; the ant in erecting its palaces and laying out its streets and highways in the sand-hill—all exercise an admirable skill, and follow the guidance of curious instincts, unmarked by any change through the rolling ages of the world; while the honey-bee displays the same mathematical skill, and no other, in the masonry of its cell now, as when the Mantuan bard sang the government, exploits, and political economy of this wonderful insect, two thousand years ago. And how could it be otherwise? In all these instances, where we find no rational being to advance in intellectual progress, and where instinct alone is unerring perfection, there could not, nor can be, any place for education or improvement. Man may, by cultivation, by suppeditation of extraneous and favorable conditions of development, improve the physical condition, beauty, and size of beings among the lower orders of creation, and even tame

the ferocity of wild animals by domestication, or teach the more imitative of them to perform tricks, but never can change their manners, instincts, and propensities, or teach them the art of improving their own condition. Hence, I affirm, that education, in its true sense, is predicable only of a rational being.

It is evident, then, that, in order to solve the problem of education, it becomes necessary that we should first know who this rational being—this lord of creation, called man—is, his nature, the end of his existence, and the laws prescribed for the government of his conduct; for, to the fulfilment of those laws, and the accomplishment of that end, by the restoration of fallen man to his original perfection, should be directed all the efforts of education. It were vain to speculate on what might have been the condition and course of the human race, had not sin and death entered into the world. It is sufficient that we know the fact, that unregenerate man is no longer in the state of primeval innocence and harmony with God. We know that he has passed from the garden beneath the sword of the Cherubim into the outer world of labor, of sorrow, and of conflict, with an intellect darkened by the fall, and a heart prone to evil. We must take him as we find him, a fallen being! The endowment of reason implies his capacity for education, and the history of his fall enforces its necessity with inexorable logic. But we must be guarded against the absolutism of human reason. Reason, as a faculty of the human mind is necessarily limited and discursive, and arrives at its conclusions by the process of ratiocination. We must advance step by step from premises to conclusions, from effect to cause, and from cause to effect, and by comparison and combination of judgments, arrive at the truth, in many instances after laborious efforts of intellect. Man's reason, therefore, or rather man's power of reasoning, is not absolute, but very limited. Absolute reason can exist only in the Godhead; for absolute reason is God Himself—the Trinity—the Supreme Syllogism in Unity—the beginning and the end of all logic.

We take it from reason, as well as from revelation, that man, like every other creature, came perfect in his kind from the hands of the Creator, and therefore in possession of great knowledge, enlightenment, and clearness of perception. The doctrine that

man was originally created in a state of complete ignorance, and that, by slow degrees through long ages of struggle against the adverse elements and opposing forces of nature, he emerged from primeval ignorance into a state of knowledge and enlightenment, by the process of development and expansion, is hardly less absurd than that of those so-called philosophers who pretend, on the theory of development, to find his origin in protoplasm, or assign to the majestic and God-like man of to-day for his original ancestors the oyster and the ape of millions of ages ago. It were easy to imagine, if history did not prove the fact, that by enslavement of the intellect to the passions, by indulgence in sensualism and long courses of corruption, vice and crime, man may descend from even a high state of civilization to the darkest ignorance and barbarism. But that he should rise from a state of complete ignorance and barbarism, without extraneous aid, to the region of enlightenment, is not only improbable, but impossible. It is unphilosophical. We cannot look for an effect without a cause; we cannot by development get out of anything that which is not in it; we cannot hope, if I may be allowed the use of a vulgarism, to squeeze blood out of a turnip. The fact is, that the original knowledge of mankind has never wholly departed from the race, and in every age there has been comparative enlightenment somewhere in the world. The providence of God has never permitted the torch of human knowledge to be entirely extinguished.

In the example of nations emerging from barbarism to civilization, which history presents to us, it is very evident that tradition had preserved among them some remnants of ancient knowledge, and even some of the truths of primeval revelation, though distorted and obscured by multitudinous error, and that these remnants of truth and knowledge, together with the labors of the missionaries of literature and learning from some more favored region, were the true causes of their advancement and civilization. It would be going to the extreme verge of folly to seek for the principle or germ of knowledge and civilization in their opposites, ignorance and barbarism. The former cannot be developed from the latter because they are not in them, either in actuality or possibility. "Figs do not grow upon thistles." The human race was created in Adam—a perfect man, physically, in-

tellectually, and morally—the commissioned lord of creation, and in the attributes of his soul the living image of the Creator. He fell, and Nature throughout all her mighty frame felt the shock, and withered under the curse of offended Deity. To say nothing of holier influences, the highest and noblest achievements of intellect and philosophy on this earth have been, and ever will be to the end of time, exhibited in the great progressive struggle of man, not to reach a plane he never occupied before, but to re-ascend to the summit from which he fell.

It would be impossible within the limits of a lecture, and if possible, unnecessary to the object in view, to give an outline of all or any of the prevailing systems of modern philosophy. For the matter in hand, I shall only attempt to group a few of the tenets of those schools which are either avowedly atheistic and infidel, or the doctrines of which in their last analysis logically resolve themselves into atheism or infidelity, and set them in contrast with some of the fundamental principles of what I hold to be sound philosophy, that we may the better follow their historical development, respectively, in the various phases of human society. Indeed, I may venture to assert, as a general proposition, that there is nowhere to be found to-day, outside of the Catholic schools, even among sincere and devout Christian believers, a philosophy able to cope with the “rampant infidelity” of the modern press, and of those so-called priests of nature—the Scientists. No philosophy that does not build on God can do it. For no philosophy that does not *start* from God, can grasp the universal truths, give scope and freedom to the intellect, and at the same time, confine the physical sciences to their proper order, and subject them, not to ecclesiastical authority, but to the fundamental and necessary laws of reason itself.

It is apparent to every reading and reflecting man, as well as to the Anglican bishop, that infidelity in one form or another, is the bane of the age in which we live, and the well-spring of all our social evils. It is not a natural growth. It is an artificial production. And, though its prevalence is general, its origin in modern times, as it was in ancient, is to be found in the conceit of philosophers, and not in the common sense of the people.

The key-note of what passes for philosophy in our day is

sharply sounded in the terse language of Mr. Ingersoll, the boldest and most blasphemous atheist of this, or any age, where he says: "There is an irrepressible conflict between religion and science, and they cannot peaceably occupy the same brain nor the same world."

It would be a task even to enumerate the schools and systems of philosophy which have been started in the world since the effervescence of the human intellect in the sixteenth century. New doctrines have sprung up at every turn, or the old ones of the pagan schools of the Academy and the Lyceum, of Epicurus and the Porch, been reproduced under new and attractive forms. The quarrels of the school-men of the middle ages have been revived, and their battles fought over again, until the realism of Champaux and the nominalism of Roscelin have re-appeared in the transcendentalism of Kant and the materialism of Locke. On the one hand we have seen pure supernaturalism denying nature, and on the other pure naturalism asserting that only nature has any real existence. And, as philosophy is interwoven with the rational theology of every people and of every age, we find the non-Catholic world divided into two classes—exclusive supernaturalists and exclusive naturalists—seeking to establish an antagonism between nature and God, and between science and faith.

In this conflict between Jansenism on the one side, and the materialists and naturalists on the other, no matter to which side victory may incline, true philosophy, which recognizes both nature and God, and reconciles them, suffers all the same at the hands of these uncompromising belligerents.

If the former triumph, religion must become at best but a mere matter of opinion, inasmuch as it is all subjective—each man making his own God according with his own consciousness, for the time being, and changing him with the changing phases of his mind—; and if the latter become victorious, nature worship and infidelity must necessarily follow. But the former can never, from its own standpoint, achieve a victory over the latter, because it is impossible for us to get *rid* of nature. Nature *will* assert itself, and a system of pure supernaturalism will never be able to cope with the sensual philosophy and infidelity of the age. Calvinism with the Bible and Jansenistic philosophy, as against

these naturalists who deny the Bible and the supernatural, will be as powerless as the Anglican Church, which does not *dare* to "denounce an error." A system of philosophical religion or religious philosophy which denies Nature, and denies the concurrence of nature with grace in the scheme of regeneration, and holds to the utter depravity and inability of the human race, cannot successfully maintain itself, for any length of time, in a field from which reason and common sense have not been altogether banished. It cuts its own throat! It knocks every support from under its own feet. It denies Nature. But if there be no Nature, there can be no reason, no authority, no tradition among men. It can call none of these to its aid, for it denies them all. Left without the shadow of support, it must fail with the progress of enlightenment. The later phases of New England philosophy show how rapidly supernaturalism is losing ground, and how marvellous are becoming the conquests of materialism and infidelity among the Puritans. But the infidel investigators of Nature deny revelation, the Christian religion, the existence of a personal God and everything supernatural; and, with a pride of intellect and self-sufficiency which destroy reason itself, they boastingly plant themselves upon science and philosophy as the impregnable bulwarks of their position. The best interests of the human race and the maintenance of the social fabric demand the overthrow, not of their sciences, but of the unphilosophical theories and mischievous conjectures they pretend to found upon the real facts which their researches have yielded. All their arguments to antagonize religion and science should be shown to be sophistical and baseless. It will not do to meet them with the denial of the claims of philosophy and science to a respectful consideration. This would be the abnegation of reason. They must be met upon their own chosen field of battle—the field of reason—and with their own weapons, as were met and overthrown the gentile philosophers of the pagan world by the Apostles and the early Fathers of the Church. Their false philosophy must be met by true philosophy. Their facts, when based on sufficient evidence, must not be denied, but admitted, while their unwarrantable theories and sophistical reasonings must be opposed by the primary and essential principles of all knowledge and of all logic.

It is true their defenses are weak and assailable on all sides; but, where is the philosophy, outside of the Catholic schools, bold enough and strong enough to successfully charge their works, manned, as they are, by the very *giants* of modern thought? What leading non-Catholic Christian—divine or layman—in Europe or America—will dare, or can successfully deliver battle to these pretended philosophers, these real physicists, these stalwart leaders of infidelity and atheism? How many non-Catholic Christians will venture to hold the inductive systems of Bacon, misapplied, the Cartesian philosophy, the positivism of Comte, and the subjectivism of Kant and the Scottish Schools, responsible for the infidelity of the times, the anarchy of intellect, and the disorders of society? Do not nine-tenths of these Christians hold the identical doctrines of one or another of these systems of philosophy? I do not charge with infidelity, mark me, all these philosophers, nor all those who hold to their doctrines in our day. Many of them have been, and are sincere believers. It would be not only uncharitable, but grossly unjust to accuse of infidelity, such men as Locke, Des Cartes, Sir William Hamilton, and many who follow them as guides in philosophy. I give them credit for a sincere belief in God and Christianity. But it may be safely asserted, at the same time, that their philosophical doctrines are *logically* chargeable with the infidelity and atheism, and with the destructive disturbances and convulsions of society in modern times. What may be said in favor of such men is, that their common sense and their instincts of religion are in strange opposition, and superior to their philosophical tenets.

SURELY, we go none the less straight, none the less securely, to the Son, because we beseech His Mother to take us by the hand, and to accompany us, and to put in a motherly word for her poor children.—*Cardinal Vaughan*.

It is most reasonable to suppose that we shall find Jesus the more quickly and the more certainly if we approach Him by the very path which He Himself trod in coming to us—no other than the path of His Blessed Mother.—*Cardinal Vaughan*.



A GIFT FOR THE SACRED HEART.

THEY knelt near a fragrant altar,
 Each clasping a chaplet white,
 The wee, wee children of Mary,
 Young faces aglow with love-light.

"We're come to you, Christ's dear Mother,"
 On the feast of His Sacred Heart,
 To ask you to finish our offering
 When we shall have done our part.

"Our mothers on earth always finish
 The work that our little hands do,
 And they fix all the bad looking places—
 That's the reason we come now to you.

"'Cause this is an offering for Jesus,
 And you are His Mother, and know
 Just how it should be when 'tis finished—
 We never could make it quite so."

* * * * *

How fondly they said the *Our Fathers*,
 The *Hail Marys* and *Glorias*! When
 The Rosary chaplet was ended
 They tenderly pleaded again:

"Dear Mother of Jesus! please finish
 Our offering—our best we have done,
 But your hands can make it more lovely
 For the Sacred Heart of your Son!"



MOTHER OF GOD.

1st Sop.

2d Sop.

1. Moth - er of God!... with glad, ex-ul-tant lay, ... And ten-der A - ves
2. Moth - er of God!... how beau-ti-fal thou art!... How near and dear to
3. Moth - er of God!... how oft - en hath my soul... By thy sweet pow'r been

Alto or Bass.

our love vows we pay... Pow'r-ful thou art,.... im-mac - u-late and fair,...
Je-sus' sa - cred Heart! I'm near-est Him... when deep est hid in thee,..
freed from sin's con - trol;.. Oh, let my heart... its grate-ful hom-age pay,...

Moth - er of God!.. who can with thee com-pare?.. Moth - er of God!.. who
Heart of my Queen, in thy depths shelter me!... Heart of my Queen, in
Now, here on earth, in realms of Heav'n for aye!... Now, here on earth, in

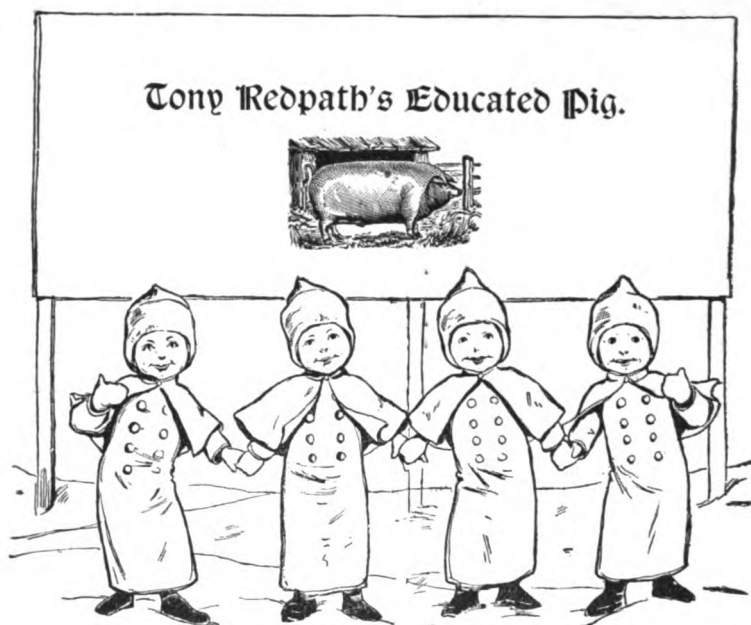
rit - ar - do. *f* CHORUS.

can with thee com-pare?.. Moth - er of God! On thy chap - let we pray;..
thy depths shel-ter me!...
realms of Heav'n for aye!...

Heav - en and earth at thy feet A - ves lay;... Je - sus hath crown'd thee.

rit - ar - do.

Queen art thou for aye! Je - sus hath crown'd thee, A - ve, A - ve!



EDWIN ANGELOE.

TONY AND THE PIG APPEAR BEFORE A LARGE AND DELIGHTED AUDIENCE IN BEDFORD, AND GAIN A NEW FRIEND.—AN ENEMY ARISES IN A TROUBLESOME WOMAN, WHO THREATENS INJURY.

THE second town in which Tony and Barney were to appear was Bedford.

The Young Men's Association of the Annunciation parish was to give an entertainment in the little theatre adjoining the church.

A great many tickets had been sold, and they looked forward to a very large attendance.

A week in advance, Tony caused to be placed outside the amusement hall, another sign or picture of a pig, which he had procured in exchange for the one displayed at St. Philip's fair.

As a pig has no personality, Tony felt there was no dishonesty in having Barney's name lettered on the sign. Pigs are so much alike, he considered, no one could see, nor care about the difference between one animal and another.

"So there's to be an educated pig at the entertainment, eh?"

people remarked, when they read the announcements and saw the prominent picture of Barney. "I never heard of an educated pig. I'm dying with curiosity to know what he is like. Judging from his picture, he looks as if he can't do anything but eat and grow fat."

"A *pig* with an education!" exclaimed a serious old lady. "Dear me! I had to go through life without one."

"There ain't no such thing as a edgercated pig," declared Temperance Page, an anti-Catholic lady, who was a great nuisance in the town on account of her preaching against its government, and things in general. "I have a good notion to go and sit among them Catholics and see for myself about this pig. If I find the people is being imposed upon I'll write an article and send it to editor of *The Weekly Hawk*. I *may* find it necessary to rise in the audience and speak my mind. But that will depend."

When the night of the entertainment came, Miss Page generously allowed herself to mix among the others, who were crowding at the entrance to purchase tickets.

"It pains me to think they will benefit from my twenty-five cents," she repeated, her face a mixture of bitter and sour expression. "But there ain't no way of gittin' in free."

After a while, Miss Page was enabled to gain admission by forcing her way ahead of those before her.

She stalked in amongst the audience, and boldly requested one of the ushers to put her up front.

"The seats are all full up there, madam."

"I'll find one, sir, for myself," said the lady, sharply, and then went up the aisle, holding her skirt tightly, as though she were moving in the midst of contagion.

Every seat was taken, as the usher had said; but Miss Page managed to squeeze herself into a place on a bench containing eight, very much to the annoyance, in particular, of a large, fat man, who scowled at her, and then looked miserable for the rest of the evening.

The hall was crowded even to standing room, and every one, with the exception of Miss Page—and the poor fat man,—looked happy.

The entertainment began, and went on most successfully.

There came a pause, during which the audience watched and waited with deep interest. The Educated Pig was about to appear.

Tony and Barney were greeted with a loud and hearty round of applause when they came on the stage. Even the fat man began to look comfortable, and seemed to forget that Miss Page was next to him.

Tony began with the same introductory speech he had used at St. Philip's.

His hearers, like the Woodburgh people, soon understood about Barney, and took the situation in the proper liberal spirit that Tony expected.

A sneer of bitter contempt wreathed the lips of Temperance Page, while, in direct contrast, a remarkable broad smile lighted up the fat man's face, and he clapped his hands so loudly that Miss Page began to fear for her nerves.

Part of Barney's performance was the same as the one enacted at Woodburgh, while the rest was more suited to the circumstances peculiar to his present surroundings, such as the affairs of the parish and the people of the town.

Barney amused the spectators immensely. They applauded everything he did.

Temperance Page was vexed in the extreme. She would have liked to rise in the audience and denounce Tony and Barney as a couple of frauds, but she realized that the boy's honest explanation prevented any such action.

Boiling inwardly with wrath, she determined to show her disgust to all present by leaving the hall.

She got up from her seat, regardless of the interruption she was causing Tony and the audience, in fact, delighting in it, and hustled herself through the aisle, murmuring aloud her caustic opinion of the whole affair, jostling right and left, those who were standing, and ended up, to her grief, by having her skirt caught on the end of a bench, from which protruded an unfriendly nail, which gave her garment a big three-cornered tear.

She had spent her money in seeking cause to annoy and disturb others, both in private and in public, but had met with only disappointment and trouble for her pains.

After the performance was well over, Tony learned that some one wished to see him on a matter of importance.

"The gentleman wishes to know if he may come back here behind the scenes and see you," said the usher.

"Certainly."

It proved to be the fat man.

"My name," said he, "is Hermann Miller. I like you and your pig so well that I want to see if I can get you to bring him to my house on my son Frederick's birthday. We are to have a large gathering of friends then, and I'm positive the pig will get a hearty welcome from them all."

"Very well, sir," said Tony, pleased with the idea. "I shall be glad to take him there."

"What are your terms?"

Tony named them.

"I am satisfied. Perhaps I shall give you double that amount."

Later on Tony learned that Hermann Miller was the wealthiest man in Bedford. According to rumor, he had made a large fortune in buttons.

Meantime Tony heard of a poor widow who, with her four children, was in the worst poverty that could be imagined.

He quickly arranged for her to have a benefit at the Annunciation hall, which had been kindly offered by the church pastor.

Barney drew a large number of people, although not his usual gathering, and the poor woman rejoiced at the snug sum realized for herself and little ones.

Her gratitude to Tony was touching, and she patted the pig with warm affection.

When Temperance Page heard that Tony and his comrade were to appear at the Miller mansion, she was filled with her usual disgust, and with envy.

"Miller!" she reflected. "The creature who objected to my sitting on the bench. Now he sees fit to invite a pig into his household. How demoralizing!"

The spinster was so worked up that she labored on a lengthy, indignant, badly-spelled letter, which she sent to *The Weekly Hawk*.

It was thrown into the waste-basket.

Then Miss Page became enraged and felt at war with the whole town.

The next day, which was the publication day of *The Hawk*, she saw that the paper had devoted a whole column to Tony and the pig.

It spoke of Tony's modest, unassuming nature, and referred to his kindness to the destitute widow. It also told of his coming appearance at the house of Hermann Miller, who was looked upon as a man of great importance in Bedford.

When the account met Tony's eye, it caused him no vanity whatever.

Of course, he was highly pleased. He was glad, particularly because it advertised himself and the pig, which was a very good thing from a business point of view.

At home his mother and the rest of the family were happy and thankful.

"Not only am I making lots of money, mother, but I'm gaining countless friends. Mr. Miller likes me immensely."

"Friends are very necessary, Tony," said Mrs. Redpath. "We have known very few until now. Although I have never met your friends, it seems as if I know them. I trust you will be able to keep them all, Tony," added Mrs. Redpath, sadly. "I'm afraid poor father is going to be an invalid for life. Our whole support depends now on you and Barney."

"And with the help of our Lady, we shall be able to earn all the money we need, and more too," said Tony.

Temperance Page's bitterness grew worse with each day. She cherished a special hatred toward Tony and the pig, and made open remark that the boy and his animal would hear from her yet to their sorrow.

"Not only has he robbed me of my quarter, and brought about the ruin of my black alpaca, that I've had these eight years, but he's caused me to be a target of ridicule for *The Weekly Hawk* editor, and other folks. If it wasn't for him and his beast, I'd not have been forced to expose myself to their remarks. He thinks he's going to appear with his pig at the Miller mansion. But he shall not. I am going to have revenge."

What plot was forming in this miserable woman's mind to wreck the fortunes of an innocent, good-hearted boy?

(To be continued.)



BABY IN PAPA'S EYES.

DAINTY little Eva,
Perched on papa's knee,
With her blue eyes gazing
Oh, how earnestly!
Upward into papa's;
Wonder what they see?

Eva is real quiet—
Never was before,
Only when in dreamland,—
"Papa, keep the door
Of your eyes wide open!"—
Ah, the spell is o'er.

" How-do-do, dear baby,
How-do-do, dear, speak!
Say: 'I's well, I t'ank you;'—
I was sick last week;
Say: 'I's drefful sorry,'—
Le's play hide-and-seek!"

To and fro she tumbles,
Calling merrily:
" *Keep eye-doors open, papa;
Mamma, come and see
The dear little baby
Looking out at me!*"

" Mamma, I see baby
Ight in your eyes, too;
Eva 'll keep doors open—
Look in her eyes, do;
Does 'ou see a baby
Looking out at 'ou?"

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.
2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.
3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.
4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.
5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



LETTERS FROM THE SOLDIERS OF THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

THERE are so many letters that Aquinas cannot hold any of them back, and can have but a few words to say to the little ones, for they will certainly need every bit of space for themselves. Just a few words Aquinas will say: All the young soldiers must read the poem on the first page of the "Children of the Rosary," for there is a real good lesson taught there. If you all do just what the little ones in the poem are doing, everything that you do for God will be well done and very pleasing to His Sacred Heart. We are all children of our Blessed Heavenly Mother, and we can never be too big nor too old to go to her with all our works, and ask her to fix all the bad looking places.

And now with your beads in your hands you must think often about the Sacred Heart this month. You can find that dear Heart in every mystery of the Rosary. But Aquinas is talking too much. You all want the letters.

511 Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR AQUINAS:—Please send, to the above address, twenty-five Rosary Cards for my companions and myself to punch.

Respectfully,
FRANK BYRNE.

DEAR AQUINAS:—We, the boys of the Immaculate Conception School, and Soldiers of the Angelic Warfare, are pleased to be able help you in the good work of spreading Catholic literature and procuring reading for the poor who are otherwise unable to obtain it.

We shall endeavor to send you twenty-five subscriptions before the first of May. Some of the copies we wish to have sent to the inmates of the Cook County Poor House, for whom the members of the Catholic Aid Society are anxious to secure good reading.

Now that we are enrolled as Soldiers of the Angelic Warfare, we feel a special interest in all that may concern our department.

Begging a remembrance in your prayers, we remain,

Yours fraternally,

BOYS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SCHOOL.

Twenty-three of the promised cards are filled! Some of the young soldiers have chosen poor people in their own homes, some religious in charitable institutions, some the inmates of the Cook County Poor House, and all of these go at once on the mailing list. For an entire year the poor will receive the magazine of our Lady's Beads, fresh and free.

Here is the boys' letter.

DEAR AQUINAS:—We wish you every blessing in your good work, and we hope you will not think us selfish in asking one copy for our own room. We love the devotion of the Holy Rosary, and we recite it daily in our room. So good-bye, Dear Aquinas. Please let us know if you received our subscriptions and names all right, and oblige

Your Western Friends,

BOYS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SCHOOL, Chicago.

DEAR AQUINAS:—At last I have my "Rosary Card" filled, and I enclose the amount obtained. I am happy at being able to help you in your work of charity.

I am a member of the Angelic Warfare, and hope to be able to fill the conditions of saying the fifteen Hail Marys daily.

I am eleven years of age, and my name is Francis O'Brien. I am in the fifth grade, and my teacher's name is Sr. M. Bernadette, O. S. D.

Yours fraternally,

FRANCIS O'BRIEN.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I have succeeded in filling one "Rosary Card;" I thought it best to forward the amount at once, so the poor person will receive the May copy.

I have three brothers and one sister, their names are: Raymond, Paul, Charles, and Regina.

I hope I will always remain a true friend of our dear Aquinas and THE ROSARY.

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

DEAR AQUINAS:—If it were vacation, I should endeavor to send you more than one subscription for THE ROSARY magazine, but I must be satisfied with one now, as I am in the seventh grade, and require extra time for study.

I am twelve years of age, and of the fortunate candidates for First Communion.

I found it quite easy to fill my card, and was very much pleased to fill it and thus perform a little act of charity.

Your devoted friend,

JOHN BRENNAN.

DEAR AQUINAS:—My name is Maurice Cooney; I am twelve years of age, and a fifth-grade pupil in the Immaculate Conception School. I am also in the First Holy Communion class.

A few days ago I succeeded in filling the Rosary Card by a canvass among my friends.

I wish I had more time, and I would try to fill another.

Yours in the Sacred Heart,

MAURICE COONEY.

DEAR AQUINAS:—Our teacher having read something to us about the Angelic Warfare, we concluded, one and all, to go to work at once, and write you a letter asking admission into that beautiful little society.

We are about sixteen in number, and are already Rosarians.

If you send us a few Rosary Cards we will do what we can to fill them, and will also try to get as many subscribers as we can.

Yours very respectfully,

IDA LOICHOT AND ELLEN O'MALIA.

For the orphans.

DEAR AQUINAS:—Oh, how delighted we were to receive your affectionate letter and to learn that you will admit us into the Angelic Warfare! We have been praying so hard for that intention.

Dear Aquinas, we have been having examinations for the last few days, and feel sure that there have been a great many battles fought in our school room, though none of us are soldiers yet.

How many have been tempted to look on their neighbor's paper, or ask to be prompted, or strive in some way to tell their companions, and still resisted! Even if we have not been called to the battlefield yet, still we have been drilling for the good fight ever since we wrote to you last.

We thank you very much for your kind promise to have our intentions prayed for. We distributed a few of the cards among the boys, and have ourselves tried very hard, and succeeded, too, in filling one, so as to be able to get the May issue.

Dear Aquinas, we hope to be brave and faithful soldiers, and promise not to fail to pray for our general, and associate warriors. We remain,

Most respectfully yours,

THE GIRLS OF VILLA MARIA.

DEAR FRIEND AQUINAS:—I was much pleased to hear about the Rosary cards.

I am only a little girl, an orphan, and have not yet made my First Holy Communion; but I think I will make it this coming summer, please God.

I am a Rosarian, and belong to the Apostleship of Prayer, but I would like to become a member of the Angelic Warfare too. I am beginning to fight my faults before I am a soldier at all. I will tell you my worst fault, it is to get angry. One day a little girl said to me, "You are so bold," and I felt like getting angry, but I did not, because I thought it would displease God.

If I become a member I will have all my companions praying for me while I am praying for them, and I know that you will pray for us too.

I am not a very good writer, but I will do the best I can. Will you kindly answer my letter, dear friend Aquinas? And believe me your little friend,

CATHERINE MALONEY.

DEAR FRIEND AQUINAS:—I learned by THE ROSARY that you are a true friend of children. I would like to become a friend of yours also.

I am very glad to tell you that it was through me that the girls of this place came to know about the Angelic Warfare, also the Rosary cards.

I suppose you wonder how this can be. Well, my papa and mamma sent me THE ROSARY magazine, where we read all about this.

In a little while we will celebrate the month of our dear Lady, and I am going to try and have as many good works, prayers, and everything else to present in her honor as I can.

As you are so busy, I will make my letter short, and remain,

Your loving child,

MARIE CONNOR.

DEAR FRIEND AQUINAS:—I am going to try to be a little soldier in the Angelic Warfare, and I write to tell you a battle I fought: I was tempted to read some books, during school time, which were not my studies; but I resisted, and put the book where I could not see it.

It will soon be the month of our Blessed Lady, and I am going to make a dress for her out of my prayers, mortifications, and good works, etc., and I am going to trim it with diamonds, beads, and everything nice, out of my hours of silence and acts of self-conquest. I think the Blessed Virgin has the most beautiful month in the whole year.

We have a little altar in our school, and we are going to have it nicely decorated. Myself and another little girl have a little flower garden in our play-yard, and we raise flowers in it to give to the Blessed Virgin.

I made my first Holy Communion two years ago and was confirmed the same year.

Trusting you will be pleased with my first letter, and thanking you for your kindness to us, I close, and remain,

Yours affectionately,

CARRIE G. COLLASOWITZ,

Child of Mary.

DEAR FRIEND AQUINAS:—As I heard so much about the Angelic Warfare, I thought I would write to ask you if I may be enrolled in this society. I will try to be a real good girl. I was very glad to hear that you were so kind to send us those cards, and I thank you very much for them.

I think you would like to get a letter from your little cadet.

LENA JOHNSON.

Four children in one family have filled cards, and the magazine goes to three poor families and to a Protestant hospital for use of Catholic patients.

A young girl fills a card and sends the magazine to a poor widow with five little children. Another fills seven cards and sends the magazine to the Poor of St. Vincent de Paul and the sick of the *Sursum Corda* Confraternity of St Gabriel. Others name institutions, or prisoners or patients in them, and so the warfare against bad literature goes on. We are crowding it out,—are we not, boys and girls? Be tireless in the good fight; do your part in the fight, and God will do His in awarding the victory; and sometimes, please pray for

AQUINAS.

Notes for the Children.

Boys and girls, here is a letter that you will gladly greet, especially those among you who have artistic talent, or are in drawing classes at school. Aquinas gives it to you just as it stands.

MY DEAR AQUINAS:

The praiseworthy illustration of Tony Redpath and the Educated Pig, drawn by the Catholic Protector boy, has suggested to me the idea of offering a prize. To the boy or girl, not over seventeen, who submits the best drawing of my hero and his pig, I shall give five dollars in gold.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN ANGELOE.

Aquinas does not think any comment necessary, except this, that the drawing must be original—that is, *drawn by the boy or girl*. You must not submit any other person's work, and you must not copy the work of another.

Aquinas wants the Rosarians to take care of *all their old postage stamps*. There are good missionaries who need them; though worth nothing to you, *they can turn them into money*, and thus help their good works in foreign lands. Gather all the stamps you can; do not destroy the rough edges of the stamps; cut the paper from around them, or leave them for a few moments in cold water, when the stamp can easily be taken off the paper. Aquinas has not space here to tell you all you ought to know about gathering, preparing, and sending stamps. But can you not all write to Rev. P. M. Barral, D.D., P. O. Box B., Hammon-ton, N. J., and ask for some leaflets about old stamps? *Be sure and put a two-cent stamp in your letter to him*,—one that has never been used; the good father has so many to write to, that everybody should really save him any expense in sending a reply.

The answers to puzzles in the April ROSARY are as follows:

1. A well-known Catholic author in prose and verse—MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

2. A well-known author of Catholic fiction—ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

3. A successful writer of children's stories—MARION J. BRUNOWE.

4. A favorite Catholic poet—ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

The prize is awarded to Florence Loretto Wray for earliest and best written answer to the four questions about Catholic authors. Much care has been exercised in the matter; the time required for the magazine to reach each State was estimated, and the hour upon which the letter was mailed to us, according to the date and hour stamped upon the envelope, was noted, and the prize is awarded accordingly.

Souvenirs are awarded Maggie J. S. Quinn and Marie McDermott, for speed and accuracy.

Honorable mention for correct answers received later, is accorded the following: Cecilia Steinkamp, Regina McGuire, Marie A. D. Leonard, Mary L. Smith, Agnes McCormick, Louise Lorichot, Teresa A. Kernan, Patrick Keenan, Charles McCafferty, Eleanor M. Doyle, Annie Little, Annie Fitz Henry, and one other, who did not sign any name to the letter. Others who replied and are not here mentioned gave one or more of the names incorrectly, or failed to answer one or more of the questions.

Among new publications, in form of booklets, we have from Joseph Schaefer, New York City, "A Novena in Honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel." It is true that it is a little "old" for children; still, wearing the scapular, they may wish to have the Novena. Our "children of a larger growth" will find it instructive and devotional. The feast of Mt. Carmel falls in July, so its appearance is timely. Price, 10 cents per copy; \$5.00 per 100.

Another booklet, sent by Mr. Schaefer, many readers may want—it is only four cents a copy, \$2.00 per 100 copies—it is in honor of St. Anthony of Padua, and may be used as a Novena to this saint so dear to every heart.

With Other Young Folks.

In the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* there is a very interesting Young Folks' Department, conducted by the Rev. Editor of the journal. Here we come in touch with the little girls and boys of many far-off nations. Sometimes the children write letters; sometimes the Editor gives entertaining facts about the children. Prizes are offered for letters; a little Zulu girl does her best at writing in English; her "composition" appears in the issue at hand.

We are glad to see that "Aunt Helen" has again taken charge of the "letter-box" of the *Young Catholic Messenger*, Dayton, Ohio. So long as "fathers" or "mothers" have not ventured to conduct children's departments, we cannot afford to have "aunts" and "uncles" dispense themselves from regular attendance upon the young readers of our various journals. Welcome back, "Aunt Helen," to the columns of the little journal that is always gladly greeted by THE ROSARY!

The department entitled "Our Young People," in the *Providence Visitor*, Providence, R. I., in the issue at hand, is entirely devoted to puzzles. They appear to be specially prepared, and are of a nature to afford instruction as well as amusement. All such things serve one good purpose: they drive little folks to the dictionary and to all kinds of books of reference that otherwise would seldom be opened by young fingers.

A new paper comes to us,—*The New Cathedral Chimes*, from the Cathedral parish, Covington, Ky., established in the interest of the Cathedral now building, and of the entire diocese. The first question that arises in Aquinas' mind at sight of a new journal, is, "what does it hold for the children?" In this little sheet there is one of those stories that are poems in prose, entitled "Courage Born of Song," by Cora U. N., who, we learn in an editorial notice, is earnest in good works which brighten lives that are passed in gloomy places.

The Little Crusader comes to us from A. M. Murphy, 726 West Huron St., Chicago. This is one of the messengers that go forth to child hearts weekly, filled with carefully selected stories and poems descriptive of girl and boy life. It is now in its thirteenth volume.

M. C. H. has a pretty poem entitled "First Communion," in the May issue of *The Working Boy*, Boston; Henry Coyle, a plaintive little sketch, "Only a Baby's Shoe." A good selection is "Punctuality."

Aquinas wishes that every young girl could read "The Girl who Goes a-Visiting," by Ruth Ashmore, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for May. There are many things in it that young girls should know.

In the issue at hand of the *New World*, Chicago, a very pretty story is concluded in the "Young Folks" department, "Chicken-Foot Alley and Rose-mary Terrace," by Margaret Linden. We presume this is an article specially contributed to the department, as no other publication is credited for it. It is really a touching story, and very true to life. There are many "little Mamies" in this great, beautiful world, who, like this little one, must say, when asked if she liked to play: "I expect I would like it, but I don't play; there isn't time." Be good to all such children, dear Rosarians. Brighten their lives if you can.

Nothing could be prettier than the *St. Nicholas* for May. Child-life is quaintly and truly set forth in story, verse, and illustrations.

The Quadruped series, in this installment, treats of fur-bearing animals. "The Brownies," in whom everybody must just now be interested, to be in style, have reached the Empire State, and are studying American history along the banks of the Hudson.

The St. Nicholas, published by the Century Company, New York, gives proof of the rare powers of discernment possessed by its gifted Editor, Mary Mapes Dodge.

We have received the Fourth Annual Report of The St. Joseph's Day Nursery, 473 W. 57th St., New York.

The work of day nurseries is among the very best of our charitable works. It is one that truly "helps those who strive to help themselves." Poor mothers, compelled to work out, and willing to do so, are thus sure their little ones will be cared for and instructed. Where many throw their little ones on the charity of institutions, these others strive to keep a home for their children. Help "day nurseries" whenever you can, boys and girls; grow up interested in all such good works.

THE STORY OF A CHILD OF MARY.

HELEN GRACE SMITH.

THERE was a story told to me once, a dear little story, and you who love the Blessed Virgin, and love to read about her, and to sing her praises, will be glad to hear it I know, if I can only tell it well. But I am afraid I have not the art of telling stories very well. I am like a little boy who once said to me: "I saw it all, Sister, and it's all beautiful in my head, but I can't say it to you."

Some people can tell you about a sunset sky, or a sunny summer day, till you can really see the bank of golden clouds piled in the West, and the tender glow reaching way up into the blue above you; and you can hear the birds singing, and feel the warm, sweet air.

This is a beautiful gift, for these people can send sunshine and summer-time to hearts that have never known such bright things. If I had this gift, I would like to spread devotion with it, and to tell you stories of God's love and goodness, till you could feel their truth and sweetness, and they would make music in your soul. But I will do the very best I can, and the simple facts that I will tell you simply may perhaps accomplish more for you than I have even hoped.

There was once a young girl who had just finished her education at a Convent, and who had come home to her parents very timid, and very uncertain about the great world of which the nuns had told her.

Almost ever since she could remember, she had been in the Convent, and the ocean separated her from her parents, so that she only knew them through letters and little gifts that came to her regularly, and were looked for with delight. But the time to leave the nuns, and go with her unknown parents to a foreign home had always seemed so far off, that she thought it would never come; and, when at last it came, the little fair-haired American girl left her friends in the French Convent with a sad heart. Though she had been taught to love her parents, and to look forward to the time when her real life-work would com-

mence in the world, she was heart-sick at leaving all she had known and loved most dearly.

Home-sickness is so hard for a young heart to bear. Wise people say: "Oh! they soon get over it, and, forming new ties, are as happy as ever," but I think it leaves its impress on the young lives; and the sorrows of youth are often as deep as those of age.

Poor little children! lifting their tearful eyes to their mother's faces, for the last look, the last caress; and then, turning to strangers for comfort and help. It is very hard, and it seemed still harder to the girl grown out of her childhood in the sheltering Convent, to leave it for an unknown home in an unknown country. The halls where she had walked so often, the room where she had studied, the dormitory, where her little white-curtained bed stood in the corner, the garden and play-ground, and dearest of all, the chapel, where she had knelt in the golden mornings, or the silent evenings to say her simple prayers,—all these she must leave.

She was a "Child of Mary," and before she left her Convent, she went for the last time to the chapel to make one more promise, and say one more prayer for a speedy return. She had always loved the Blessed Virgin very dearly, and loved to say the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, and she promised that no matter what should come to her, she would say it each day.

The novel experience of travelling, and the arrival at a home where everything was beautiful and luxurious, did not make her forget the "Little Office." Always, as the glad days drew to their close, she knelt and recited the sweet hymns of praise, and, at these times, her mind went back to her Convent home, and she begged with intense earnestness that she might return to spend all her life among the religious.

Meantime, it was her mother's delight to dress her in prettier gowns than she had ever thought of wearing; to arrange her shining hair in many becoming ways, and her father took her about with him, and exhibited her as a wonderful treasure. People admired her sweet voice, her foreign accent and bearing, but they could not quite understand her shy manner, and the half sad look in her eyes. People would not have wondered,

girls would not so much have envied, could they have seen her, after the dinners and balls, kneeling alone and in tears at her bed-side. She was home-sick, the poor girl! home-sick as any little child might be, taken from its mother's arms.

But she had a guiding star, and she faithfully followed its light.

She had been taught so well her duty to her parents, that she did not let them see even the slightest shadow on her face, and she showed no unwillingness in obeying their slightest behest.

"She has but one fault," they said: "the nuns have made her too grave, too quiet; but that will wear off in time."

They did not quite know their child, nor did they know as they watched her dancing feet, or listened to her voice's music, that her heart was far away in her childhood's home, and in spirit she was dancing through the rose-planted walks of the Convent garden, or singing her best in the dimly-lighted chapel for God alone to hear.

Though she had so many times recited the Little Office, she had never learned to say it without her book, and the Sodality Manual lay on the table in her room, with her rosary and prayer book, where she could always find it in the evenings, when she managed, either by dressing quickly, or taking some time from her sleep, to practise her dear special devotion.

It was the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The narrow streets, the roofs of the houses were white with snow, and at the window stood the young girl in her gay ball dress, looking out on the whiteness, and the silent stars.

She was not thinking of the city asleep before her, nor of the brilliant ball-room she had lately left, nor of her silken gown, or the pearls in her hair. She had forgotten that it was bed-time, that the fire was dying on the hearth. She had forgotten all the long year that had passed since the last eve of this same Feast day, when she had knelt in the Convent chapel to give her life, and her heart's best devotion to our Lady's service.

She seemed to see the sweet pictured face of the Mother, the light burning before it, and the breath of lilies and azalias filled the air around her.

The room had become cold, and this reminded her of the late hour, so she turned wearily to the task of taking off her finery.

She had not said her office that day; there had been no time; so, tired though she was, she looked for the book, and prepared to read it before she slept.

The little book was not in its place on the table. She searched every corner of her room, but could not find it. What should she do? The household was quiet for the night. She could not wake any one to make inquiries, and alas! she tried to remember the words of the prayers, but it was a fruitless task, and for the first time since she made her promise, on the very vigil of the great Feast, she had to sleep without having sung the praises of the Immaculate.

Her heart was very sore, and she prayed fervently that she might return to her Convent.

She slept, and in her sleep an angel came, one of God's angels, and his gleaming wings filled all her room with light. He did not speak, but stood beside her bed, and held before her wondering eyes a book of gold, in which was written the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin.

The angel turned the pages that she might read, and her heart was filled with happiness as the beautiful words fell from her lips.

The book was closed, the angel presence gone, and she woke from her dream, but the words of the prayers were impressed on her mind, and she never forgot them.

Do you not think our Lady must have been pleased with the child who had sung her praises so faithfully, that she should have sent an angel to teach her the prayers? I think so, and I think besides that the girl's heart must have rejoiced from that time.

God was very good to her, for when the Feast of the Immaculate Conception came again she had returned to her dear Convent never to leave it any more.

Her parents saw that she was not for them, and though it all but broke their hearts, they gave her to their God, a free offering, and His blessing descended upon them invoked by the prayers of their child.



To Rosarians, this month, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord,

should strongly appeal. The final grace of our dearest Lady's Beads, the great purpose of our pleading and meditation, the crowning of her work in our behalf, is the imitation of Jesus Christ, her beloved Son. To learn this essential lesson of the Christian life is our duty; to teach it as no other can, after the Master Himself, is the precious privilege and power of our heavenly Queen. In her school we should study; and in the varying mysteries that tell of the joys and sorrows and glory of our Redeemer, she will lovingly unfold to us the treasures of the Sacred Heart beating for us with one hope and prayer and love, in all the events of His blessed life. Under her gracious guidance and devoted care, the, true child of the Beads becomes the true child of the Sacred Heart; the true lover of Mary becomes the true lover of Jesus, and the beauty of our following the Mother is crowned in the joy and assurance that we are following the Son. And this is the Christian life!

The Pope recently addressed an Encyclical to the Bishops of Poland, on the duties of Christian citizens. This letter has received unbounded praise for its breadth of view and depth of legislative wisdom. The evils which it condemned have not disappeared, and the Pope has again raised his Apostolic voice against the corruptions which pervade society. Modern thought is centred upon an important question, and solutions almost innumerable are proposed to ameliorate the conditions or mitigate the ills of the suffering community. The complicated problem is yet unsolved, because the source from which the evil springs is overlooked. Leo XIII. adopts the only

true solution. He points out the germ that has expanded to such proportions, and suggests the remedy. The intercommunion of the human race and the relations of man to his fellows depend on moral principles. The primary end of man, as constituted by the Author of his being, is supernatural, and to it all secondary purposes must be subordinate. This doctrine premised, the Pope explains that it pertains to the Church, "the pillar and ground of truth," which shall not fail forever, to lead the Christian people to their destined end. "Her benefits, manifold and most salutary, have contributed, in a wonderful way, to the prosperity of domestic and civil society, and the attaining of immortal happiness." The Pope answers the calumnies which are raised against the Church, in her intercourse with civil society. "She teaches nothing that is opposed to the rightful authority of princes or derogatory to the lawful progress of their subjects." He goes on to discuss the constituent parts of society. He treats of the duties of the family and the sanctity of Christian marriage. The children are not only to be instructed in their duties as members of civil society, but also and especially, in those which belong to that higher society established by Jesus Christ,—the Church. The Holy Father also points out the dangers to which the youth of our age are exposed, from the dissemination of immoral literature, and the tendencies of modern science. He next speaks of the education and training of the Clergy, who are to be the "salt of the earth, and the light of the world," and much valuable instruction is given by the illustrious Pontiff for the formation of a Christian Clergy. Finally, he exhorts all to be faithful in their observances as Christian citizens, and as devout Catholics. The Encyclical is full of wisdom, and will remain as a monument to the greatness of Leo XIII. —*Roman Correspondence.*

The nearness of the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus will remind our readers of the central thought of all true devotion to our Blessed Mother, and of the Rosary grace in its fulness—that it is through Mary Jesus has come to us, and through

her must we go to Him. "All for her" should be our watchword, that all may be more worthily done for Him, when offered by her hands in our poor name.

There is no place, perhaps, where the month of May is celebrated with such solemnity as in Rome. Devotion to Mary goes on regularly throughout the entire year. Every day, in some church of the city, there are special devotions in her honor. The various shrines where the Mother of God has blessed her devout clients with some special favor, are exposed from time to time, that the people may satisfy their devotion; but May, being the month of Mary, is consecrated to her in a fuller way. Confraternities are erected in the different churches for carrying out the May devotions, and no pains are spared to render the celebrations worthy of the Queen of Heaven. The crowds of faithful that frequent the churches, attest the interest which is manifested in the pious instructions given by the Clergy. At the end of the month there is a general communion, and nearly all the faithful, headed by the members of the confraternity, take part in this happy offering in honor of the Queen of May.—*Roman Correspondence.*

The work of propagating the Perpetual Rosary goes on with increasing success. The convent of the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary, West Hoboken, N. J., is the headquarters of the Director, Father Saintourens, who is acting under special commission from the Most Reverend Master General, and with the blessing and encouragement of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and of other American Prelates. We gladly give place to the following circular issued by the Director:

"All the pious faithful who love and honor the Mother of God; all the true servants of the Blessed Virgin; all Christians who have a special devotion to the Queen of Heaven, will rejoice to hear the good news we announce to them. An admirable work, having for its object greater honor and devotion to our Blessed Mother, which has been spreading in Europe, under the influence and encouragement of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., with remarkable success, has been established in America. Two years ago, the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary founded a monastery at West Hoboken, New Jersey, in order to propagate the Perpetual Rosary in this country. This convent is the centre of the Perpetual Rosary in America.

"Dominican Fathers had propagated and organized, a few years previously, this beautiful devotion throughout America. Many dioceses of the United States accepted this Guard of Honor of the Blessed Virgin. Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, British Columbia, and Vancouver Island have followed this movement. Even the Indians in the Rocky Mountains, make an hour of guard every month. The West Indies are not behind in this devotion. Havana, Jamaica, Hayti, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, etc., possess, now, magnificent Sections. In ten years, fifty-four Archbishops and Bishops of North America have approved and blessed this beautiful devotion.

"The members number to-day more than one hundred and twenty thousand, but the Dominican Fathers, too much occupied by their missions and the labors of their holy ministry, are not able to attend to the various details connected with this great work. Hence the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary have been established to assist and help them in their holy undertaking. To the Dominican Fathers is assigned the faculty of erecting canonically the Confraternity of the Rosary and directing the Perpetual Rosary. But if the mission of the Dominican Sisters be more humble, it is not less important. To them belong the thousand and one details of administration, without which the work would not be a success: such as the supervision of diplomas for members, explanatory notices, lists of indulgences, monthly tickets, the classification of members by Divisions and Sections.

"The mission of the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary has a twofold object. Not only do they propagate the beautiful Guard of Honor in the various dioceses by their correspondence, but they recite the Rosary without interruption, and thus they instruct the associates by example. Day and night, at every hour, two Sisters are appointed in turn to recite the Rosary, and thus their prayer is perpetual. Moreover, the choir-sisters recite the canonical office, in the same manner as the Dominican Fathers, whilst the lay-sisters keep the hour of guard. Now let us suppose that certain hours are not kept in some parishes; those hours are always kept at West Hoboken. The Guard of Honor of Mary in the cloister completes the Guard of Honor of Mary in the world; and thus both become, as it were, a golden chain uniting earth to Heaven, a chain in which

not a link is missing. This foundation, which was started with four Sisters, two years ago, under the protection of the Archbishop of New York and the authorization of the Bishop of Newark, numbers, to-day, twenty-eight Sisters, who are waiting for good opportunities to make new foundations in other dioceses.

"To inculcate and spread devotion to the Mother of God by the Perpetual Rosary is the aim of their life. But before undertaking new conquests, they desired once more to receive the benediction of our Holy Father, who had blessed them so many times, and therefore they sent to Rome the following request:

MOST HOLY FATHER:—

"Prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary very humbly ask your blessing. It was through your word that, twelve years ago, we determined to organize and propagate in Europe the great work of honoring the Mother of God by the recital of the Perpetual Rosary. Many times since, Your Holiness has blessed our labor and given us many proofs of your approval. At present, our purpose is to conquer and enroll all the faithful of America in the Guard of Honor of Mary, our Blessed Mother. Thus the fulfilment of your desire expressed again in the encyclical letter of 1891: 'Recite the Rosary without interruption for the needs of the Catholic Church,' will be realized. It seems to us that if we are fortified by the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, our work will be more successful. Archbishops and Bishops who, as yet, do not know of our work, will open their dioceses to us; the parish-priests will help us in our efforts, and thousands will be induced to inscribe their names and become members. Then with your blessing, the beautiful Guard of Honor of our Blessed Mother will become once more a source of grace and benediction in the Catholic Church.' The request was presented to His Holiness by Most Rev. Father Cicognani, Procurator General of the Dominican Order, and in return we received the following answer: "Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has heard with the greatest satisfaction of the organization and propagation of the Perpetual Rosary in America, and sends you and your Dominican Sisters and all the faithful members of the Perpetual Rosary, the Apostolic Benediction."

The effects of civil education in Rome are beginning to appear in all their hor-

rid deformity. It is not sufficient that the miscreants insult the Vicar of Jesus Christ, but Christ Himself must be insulted by His creatures, who are victims of the iniquitous instruction and schemes of freemasonry. In a certain hospice in Rome, where boys are brought up and educated according to the ideas of modern Italy, a horrible sacrilege was recently committed. The boys received instruction for complying with their Easter duties, but, shocking to relate, some of the boys who approached the holy table, deliberately spat the Blessed Sacrament on the ground. It is well for Catholics, throughout the world, to know the wickedness that is rampant in the centre of Christianity, that they may thereby learn the dangers that attend the separation of religion from the programme of secular instruction.—*Roman Correspondence.*

The programme of the third session of the Catholic Summer School has been published in the Catholic weeklies and in other journals so extensively that the points may be easily known. **THE ROSARY**, in common with all the lovers of Catholic truth, appeals to its readers to remember the opportunities of this school. We urge all who can so arrange, to be present at this coming session.

With deep sorrow we record the death of Reverend Mother Francis Raphael, O.P., better known as Augusta Theodosia Drane, under which family name this distinguished daughter of St. Dominic published several works that will be of enduring fame. The author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," the "History of St. Catherine of Siena," and the "History of St. Dominic," besides other valuable works in prose and poetry, established a reputation for ripe scholarship, mature judgment, deep research, historical acumen, all enriched by a most vigorous yet graceful style, that make sure her place in the front rank of the great writers of her generation. She was moreover a true servant of God in the strict fulfilment of the religious obligations whose yoke she had borne for more than forty years. Her happy death took place on April 29th. She had passed the line of three score and ten, and we may feel assured that she was ready for the summons. **THE ROSARY** is under many obligations to Mother Drane, whose memory we shall ever hold in loving benediction. There is, too, a sense of heavy loss, for friendship's sake,

which comes home to us with even a keener appreciation of its precious value, now that the bright light of Mother Drane's spirit has passed to her heavenly home. We trust that we shall soon be able to pay more fitting tribute to her memory.

Monsignor Sallua, O.P., Archbishop of Chalcedon, and Commissary of the Holy Office, has asked the Pope to ratify all the confraternities of the Holy Rosary, not canonically erected, in order that the faithful enrolled in them might not be deprived of the indulgences. The Pope has granted the request, so that all the members of these confraternities will, in future, enjoy the same privileges and gain the same indulgences as members of those canonically erected.—*Roman Correspondence*.

On Wednesday, July 18th, a band of pilgrims will leave New York for Rome and Lourdes. This pious tour is arranged under the auspices of the Sisters of the Monastery of the Precious Blood, Brooklyn. Their Chaplain, Very Rev. Father Porcile, S. P. M., who is also director for the Archconfraternity of Lourdes, in the diocese of Brooklyn, will accompany the pilgrims. His presence will be of great advantage in many ways. A handsome votive banner will be carried to Rome to receive the Holy Father's blessing. It will be left at Lourdes, in the Grotto church, together with the intentions and petitions of those who will contribute towards defraying the expenses of the banner. A second pilgrimage, intended especially for invalids, and with a shorter itinerary, will leave about August 1st. We recommend these tours to our friends contemplating such a trip. Full information, circulars, etc., can be obtained by addressing Rev. Mother Gertrude, Monastery of the Precious Blood, 212 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. As choice of accommodations depends on time of application, we advise an early arrangement.

The Pope has granted a toties quoties indulgence to all those who, having confessed and communicated, will visit a church or public oratory of the Carmelite Order, on the feast of our Lady of Carmel. The time for gaining the indulgence will begin with first Vespers on the 15th of July, and end on the evening of the 16th.

—*Roman Correspondence*.

In connection with this announcement in favor of the clients of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, THE ROSARY is pleased, once

more, to call our readers' attention to the sprightly magazine, *The Carmelite Review*, that labors to promote special devotion to our Blessed Mother, Queen of the Brown Scapular. *The Review* is published by the Carmelite Fathers, Falls View, Ontario, Canada. They will gladly send sample copies to intending subscribers.

For the benefit of new subscribers we announce our readiness to answer in THE ROSARY all questions pertaining to the Beads, the indulgences of the Rosary, the Confraternity of the Rosary, the Living Rosary, or the Perpetual Rosary. In this connection we call attention to the page headed "How to Become a Rosarian." It covers many points.

The efforts of the Pope to propagate devotion to the Holy Family have received a generous response in the eternal city. A pious association has been formed, and numbers of the faithful are enrolled every day. The Cardinal Vicar of Rome has obtained a decree from the Congregation of Rites confirming his wish that the feast of the Holy Family shall be celebrated in Rome with great solemnity.—*Roman Correspondence*.

THE ROSARY stands firmly on the principles enunciated by Pius IX. and Leo XIII., declaring the necessity of Christian education. The first installment of a posthumous essay on this subject is published in the present number. We ask a careful reading, for it deals with the question in a thorough and vigorous manner. This paper was prepared as a lecture, but it was not delivered. It is the work of the late John H. O'Neill, a distinguished Western lawyer. Judge O'Neill was born in Frederick, Md., April 20th, 1819. He graduated at Georgetown College, D. C., in 1841, and was admitted to the bar of Frederick Co. in 1843. Removing to Ohio, he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1846. He served three terms in the Ohio legislature, and was appointed United States attorney for the southern district of Ohio by Franklin Pierce, in 1856, and was afterwards judge of the Circuit Court. He removed to Dubuque, Iowa, in 1859, and was for years a judge in that city. In 1868 he was an elector at large on the Iowa democratic ticket. In 1869 he removed to the city of St. Louis, where he practised law. He went to Chicago in 1884, and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme

Court in May of that year. He died December 5th, 1890.

We earnestly commend to our readers the cause of the sick in hospitals, prisoners in jails, the poor in general, for whom much can be done in the way of good reading. From the beginning of our magazine free copies have been sent to various institutions, but we have not been able to do, in this, as much as we desired. The plan adopted by AQUINAS we heartily approve, and we trust that many adult readers will help the children in filling THE ROSARY cards for the poor. To our friends who do not intend to have their copies of THE ROSARY bound, we would suggest that they send the numbers, when read, to some hospital or prison. We dispose of many copies, as well as of our exchanges, in this way, and we shall cheerfully send, as far as our means will permit, to Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, or other charitable organizations, that will judiciously distribute such numbers.

We call special attention to the plea of Professor Egan in behalf of endowments for our Catholic colleges. It is a strong paper, but it is timely, and THE ROSARY cordially seconds its earnest suggestions. We shall be pleased to open our columns to a subscription list in the direction pointed by Professor Egan. The summer torpor has not yet settled on the people, and the near closing of our college doors should be a stimulating reminder to Catholics on this head. THE ROSARY enters upon this crusade with hope, if not without misgivings. We shall be pleased to hear from our friends.

Among the Cardinals created at the Consistory in May, we were happy to see the name of Monsignor Mauri, Archbishop of Ferrara, a son of St. Dominic.

The exhibition of the New York Catholic schools, which opened in the Grand Central Palace, New York, on May 14, is an event that will be memorable in the history of Catholic education in this country. Sixty-one parochial schools, three colleges, sixteen academies, the Protectors, and many asylums and special educational institutions were represented. In the words of the managers of this exhibition, its purpose was "by ocular demonstration to lead the general public—and some of our own people, too—to an adequate appreciation of the amount and quality of work done by the numerous Catholic

schools and other educational institutions of this diocese, and to convince them of the competency and efficiency of these institutions as civilizing factors and most desirable agencies for the advancement of our country's best interests through the education of the young." And further, this exhibition should "fill the souls of our people with pride and satisfaction, in view of the great sacrifices made by them for the sake of Catholic education, and awaken in the minds of our fellow citizens, appreciation, and, we hope, a feeling of justice and fair play." *The Sun*, in a long editorial, on April 30, devoted to this exhibition, paid a tribute to the devotion of the Church in New York in behalf of education, "which all fair-minded and reasonable Protestants must render." Speaking of the Catholic colleges, the testimony of *The Sun* deserves repetition: "The colleges are distinguished particularly for the thoroughness of their classical education, in which respect they rank with the very best in the Union; and unquestionably they are performing a service of great value for the public, independently of their religious bias." And of the parochial schools *The Sun* speaks even more earnestly:

"Its parochial schools give a moral and religious training which is needful, and which, else, would not be provided for youth who without it would be likely to grow up with theories and impulses prejudicial to the social order. The Roman Catholic Church of New York is one of the city's powerful conservative forces, and no good citizen, whether he be Protestant, Jew, or infidel, ought to desire to see its influence weakened. It is arrayed against the pestiferous agitation which seeks to disrupt society and demolish all its safeguards. So long, certainly, as it carries on its work of educating the young at its own cost, no one has any ground of complaint against its system of parochial schools; and the practical proofs of the usefulness of that training which the coming exhibition will afford should bring satisfaction to the whole people.

"This is a time when society needs to encourage and assist every earnest and intelligent effort to provide an antidote for the poison its enemies are striving to inject into its veins."

THE ROSARY is happy for the opportunity of presenting to its readers these points. The Catholic weekly papers and the secular press of New York, give the details of the exhibition. Our need

for early press-work debars us from saying more than this word of rejoicing, for success of the great cause which is fostered by Archbishop Corrigan, Monsignor Farley, and the Clergy in general of the Diocese of New York, together with a generous and faithful laity.

Under the direction of Rev. J. B. Cathonay, O. P., of the Province of Lyons, France, the house of studies for that province was formally opened on May 10, at Sherman Park, N. Y. Soon, we shall give to our readers the details of this latest offshoot of the Dominican family in the United States.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1st Question: *Can Rosarians who cannot visit a Dominican church, being in an institution, as an orphan asylum, college, etc., gain the same indulgences by visiting the chapel of the Institution?*

Answer. Yes.

2d Question: *Can Rosarians gain any indulgences for saying odd decades, or even one-third part of the Rosary, having already said the whole Rosary?*

Answer. Yes, provided they say, at least, a full decade each time.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received *THE MEANS OF GRACE*, adapted from the German by the late Reverend Doctor Richard Brennan. As the publishers announce, "this book is intended primarily for Catholic families." We are pleased to say that the purpose has been happily achieved. In simplicity of style, fulness of detail, thoroughness of treatment, the work is excellent. Many well executed illustrations add artistic finish and merit to the volume, while its paper and presswork are handsomely accented by the binding. On the whole, "*THE MEANS OF GRACE*," as a practical compendium of moral theology for the people, should have a wide field and many readers.

The issue, by Reverend Doctor Stang, of Providence, of an excellent children's prayer book, of which mention is made in another place, calls to our mind the previous labors in the field of letters, of this scholarly priest. His *LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER*, compiled from reliable sources, is a work of much merit. Pustet & Co., the publishers, have recently brought out a new edition of this volume, and *THE ROSARY* is pleased for the opportunity of presenting it to our readers, who may wish a true estimate of the unhappy reformer.

THE ANNUAL RECORD OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF ST. GABRIEL, for 1894, is a bright little messenger, having the form and some of the merit of a small magazine. The inspiring motto of this society "*Sursum Corda*" is fittingly adopted. The members labor, especially for invalids and converts, in the spread

of good reading, and by such correspondence as will bring cheer to the bedside of the sick. We are glad for the success thus far won, and we trust that the good work will go steadily and growingly on. Rosarians wishing further particulars may address the Secretary of the *Confraternity of St. Gabriel*, 3,814 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

From the Cathedral Library of New York, we have received the first section of its newly-compiled catalogue. This substantial volume of 130 pages embraces the list of works on biography, memoirs, and letters; encyclopædias and kindred works; juvenile literature; and history and geography. The catalogue is prefaced by an interesting account of the library, written by the Director, Rev. Joseph H. McMahon. The Catholics of New York should feel proud of the library; they should also encourage it in a generous way.

We have received a copy of the new edition of "*Satan in Society—A Plea for Social Purity*." This work, published by the widow of the author, the late Dr. Nicholas M. Cook, of Chicago, has been before the public for several years, during which many commendatory testimonials have been given in its favor. The high purpose of this writer is clear. He pleads with energy, and that he speaks strongly because of pressing need, no intelligent man, conversant with the world, will deny. The justice of some of his conclusions may be questioned; it may be doubted whether, in certain phases of the evil he discusses, facts are

as glaring as he believes them to be. Nevertheless it is a valuable book, containing much sound teaching, the study of which, while it may not result in detailed faithfulness to its highest precepts, will exercise a salutary influence on the *thinking* men and women who read it. It is not a book for the young, but we do commend it to fathers and mothers. Mrs. Laura Cook, who acts as her own publisher, will receive orders sent directly to her, and the work can be bought at any prominent bookstore.

Though compiled for children, "The Little Garden of the Soul" is just the thing for anyone who desires to have for daily devotion and prayers at Mass, a book small and light enough to be conveniently carried about in the pocket. The type is good, the binding durable and pretty, the contents varied. "The Little Garden of the Soul" is compiled by Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D., Providence, published by E. Cumiskey, Philadelphia, and bears the imprimatur of the prelates of both sees.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received "A Brief Chronological Account of the Catholic Educational Institutions of the Archdiocese of New York." This compilation by Rev. M. J. Considine, Inspector of Parochial schools, is a record of splendid work simply told, by dint of facts and figures.

The literature of the A. P. A. is growing. THE NEW KNOW-NOTHINGISM, a reply to the calumnies of the A. P. A. is among the latest and the best of these publications. This brochure, written by Rev. R. M. Ryan, and published by the Columbus Press, in good form, covers the ground. Its reading ought to convert an honest A. P. A., if such a specimen of the brood be a possibility. It is full of facts which Catholics can read with profit.

The May number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* should have many readers apart from its usual subscribers—the clergy. It contains five articles on the Catholic Press, four of which are of general interest, Father Arthur B. O'Neill's contribution being specially directed to priests. Conde B. Pallen writes on the Independence of the Catholic Press. Mr. Pallen's style is philosophical, and his conclusions have a solid value because of the judicial temperament of his mind and the thoroughness with which he treats a subject. Father John Talbot Smith is pungent and vigorous in his discussion of "Partisan Politics in

the Catholic Press." He writes with strength, and his sharpest utterances are none too severe. Professor Maurice Francis Egan always makes a sparkling page. His style is never dull. He strikes home for "The Need of the Catholic Press," and speaks unhesitatingly of the financial side, which is the particularly weak side of the Catholic Press in this country. At some future time we may have occasion to speak further on this point. In the meantime we applaud the Professor's vigorous words. The fifth article, apparently by the editor, treats of episcopal authority and the Catholic Press. We read it with much satisfaction, and we trust that its just and reasonable, its truly Catholic ring, will be heard in the chambers of those so-called Catholic papers whose methods the *American Ecclesiastical Review* so emphatically rebukes.

McClure's Magazine for May contains several excellent articles on General Grant, the most valuable of which is the opening paper by General Porter, who knew Grant well. He points out the salient points in the great commander's character—truth, courage, modesty, generosity, and loyalty,—an admirable lesson for the young. It is a pleasure to read and commend this article. Sixteen portraits of Grant enrich the various articles in the same number of *McClure's*. "A Study of the Life and Habits of Captive Wild Beasts" ought to be of special interest to the young. A second installment is promised for the June number.

The *April-July American Catholic Quarterly Review* has the usual array of good articles, but the majority of readers will find special interest in Dr. Parson's "The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes;" "Irish Saints in Italy," by Ellen M. Clerke; and Father Hogan's tribute to "Marshal McMahon, the Soldier and the Man."

A writer in the May *Atlantic Monthly* discusses "The Ethical Problem of the Public Schools." He regrets the "unscientific methods which merely tax the memory, stunt rather than develop the reasoning faculty, and usually make the child unhappy, and sometimes, morbid." He deplores the "free element" as it is termed, with its "pauperizing tendencies;" but he seems unconscious of the wrong inflicted on the poor (who cannot avail themselves of high school privileges) in taxing them for the benefit of the favored few who are able to pay for the

"extras" that were not contemplated in the original scheme of common schools, and who should be compelled to pay for intellectual luxuries. His remark as to morality is painful: "The testimony of one teacher, which has been repeated by many, is to the effect that the large majority of the children in the public schools know, theoretically, as much about the forms of impurity at twelve and fourteen as they ever will." Other references are as serious. With a calmness akin to blindness, he says "the business of the schools is to establish morality, that it cannot be overthrown by evil circumstances in after life." How clear and precise he is on this point when he writes, with the same dreary vagueness: "It is difficult to say how this is to be accomplished, but certainly the most effective method will be along the line of the general improvement of the system." "Punctuality," "order," "discipline," "school boards and teachers,"—these are the elements on which he relies for developing morality, for making good citizens. He banishes God and religion so completely, as supernatural elements and essential, in the true education of the child, that the reading of his labored article is a sadness as well as a pain.

In the same number of this periodical there is a running comment on "The Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII.," that, despite the errors from which the non-Catholic writer seems unable or unwilling to free himself, is interesting as a tribute to the scholarship and apostolic zeal of the Sovereign Pontiff. We quote one sentence from this review: "As models of felicitous style, of smoothness, and serenity of diction, the Encyclicals are beyond criticism."

In the *North American Review*, for May, George Parsons Lathrop treats the A. P. A. question in a temperate, but vigorous and telling statement. The answer of Bishop Doane sustains this gentleman's reputation for verbosity and feebleness, though we frankly admit a considerable reduction of the bitterness that is so closely identified with many of his public utterances when the Church is in question.

In the same number there is an article by Ouida, on "The New Woman." It is biting, trenchant, sweeping, terrific. The "women's rights" women ought to study it diligently.

Coupled with the appearance in the *International Journal of Ethics*, of Mgr.

Satolli's article on "Italy and the Papacy," which has attracted much attention, it is interesting to receive the announcement by the Editor of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, that the July number of his *Review* will contain a paper by the Apostolic Delegate, on "The True Solution of the Italian Question."

A feature of *The Sacred Heart Review* (Cambridge, Mass.) that commends it to the busy reader not able to compass the round of magazine literature, is the judicious resume and criticism of the leading periodicals that *The Review* presents each week. We applaud the editor for warning off the plagiarists who steal from this department and make it their own. There is too much piracy by the literary(?) buccaneers.

"Under the Library Lamp" is the general heading adopted by A. J. Faust for a series of papers in *The Church News*, of Washington, D. C. They are a strong feature of this journal which, in other features, is also deserving of praise. In the issue of April 28, Mr. Faust exposes one source of the A. P. A. disease—the work of Mr. Hayes' Secretary of the Navy, R. W. Thompson issued a few years ago under the title of "The Papacy and the Civil Power." Mr. Faust lays bare much to the discredit of Mr. Thompson, and in summing up, well says, "The religion which planted the symbol of man's hope on our western shores, centuries before the American Republic was called into existence, will teach the doctrine of human liberty when the Thompsons, the anarchists, and the A. P. A's have rotted into everlasting oblivion."

In an article of less than three pages Champion Bissell, writing in *Lippincott's* for May, on "Fitzjames O'Brien and His Time," gives some personal reminiscences of this unhappy but gifted Irishman, with incidental recollections of the formative period of magazine literature in this country, that make interesting, though sad reading.

The Century for May is up to its usual high standard. The French artist, Dagnan-Bouveret, is introduced, in company with some of his best work. A change in the translation of one of the titles would be an improvement, a necessary one from the Catholic point of view. "Consecrated Bread" should be named "Blessed Bread," the scene represented by the artist being an entirely different ceremony from the Mass, which alone deserves the name of "consecrated." The

custom of distributing blessed bread does not obtain in this country.

Brander Matthews is very entertaining in a beautifully illustrated paper on "Bookbindings of the Past." He awards the palm of victory to the French, above all the other nations. Richard Malcolm Johnston has one of his short stories, and James Jeffrey Roche pays poetic tribute to the memory of the Kearsarge.

Il Rosario Memorie Domenicane, in its second April issue, gives an interesting account of the erection of the Confraternity of the Rosary, on the feast of the Purification, in the church of St. Addobatta, which is situated in the little republic of San Marion.

In *The Forum* for May, that doughty bigot, Madison C. Peters, who has been so frequently lashed for his malicious attacks on truth, airs some more of his bigotry, on the question of taxing Church property. The old platitudes are revived; facts are thrown to the winds; and while appearing to reproach Protestant denominations as well as the "Romanist," his references to the Church might well be called a vicious snarl. The dignity of a magazine seeking an expression of opinion on any living question is not enhanced by opening its pages to a mountebank like Peters.

The Poor Souls' Advocate is a magazine that has a specially worthy object among devotional periodicals, while it is earnest and efficient in the cause of general good reading. It is published by Father Luebberrmann, Mt. Vernon, Indiana, in the name of an association of priests. The May number has a paper, to which we call attention as specially in THE ROSARY line—"Honor Paid to our Lady Previously to the Reformation." It is by Father Thomas J. Jenkins, well known for his work on parochial schools.

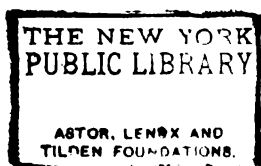
Illustrated Catholic Missions announces that it will soon publish the *Ave Maria* in one hundred and fifty foreign missionary tongues. Already one hundred such versions or translations have been printed; the remaining fifty were promised for the May number of *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, so that the Rosary number of one hundred and fifty *Hail Marys* may be complete. It will be a beautiful tribute of zeal and love for our Lady.

"To Catholics belongs the glory of

printing the first book on this continent. The Spiritual Ladder of St. John was printed in the Dominican University, in the city of Mexico, in 1535, long before that celebrated almanac printed in Cambridge, Mass., which was supposed to have been the first book printed on the first printing-press in America.

For eighty-five years before the landing of the Pilgrims, and one hundred and five years before the issue of their almanac, the Catholic press was in constant operation, and was an important factor in subduing Mexico to Christ, and in bringing thousands of souls in New Mexico and Texas under the banner of the cross. In the Lenox Library in New York will be found several old books printed upon this press. The oldest, bearing date 1543, is the *Doctrina Breve*, and another, dated 1544, is the *Compendia Doctrina*." THE ROSARY finds this extract among other good things in the *Catholic World*, for May.

The New York Herald is publishing Zola's "Lourdes." This is "enterprise," as understood by some of our American journals. We do not anticipate any injurious effects from the wider circulation that this wretched work will thus receive; rather we hope for greater honor to our Blessed Lady, for many, we hope, will be led by the spirit of enquiry to the fuller knowledge of the truth. *La Couronne de Marie* furnishes some statistics which are so eloquent that they need no comment. The Basilica of Lourdes was, during the year 1893, visited by more than a million pilgrims. There were more than one hundred organized pilgrimages from different parts of the world, bringing altogether 165,000 pilgrims. Three of these pilgrimages were composed of men only, and amongst this crowd of pilgrims were to be found three French Cardinals, one Patriarch, fifty Archbishops and Bishops, the General of our Order, and many other distinguished prelates. There were celebrated 35,000 Masses, and 300,000 Communions were received. Ninety-one extraordinary cures were certified to by sixty doctors. The author of the above statistics remarks that if we are unable to count the number of Rosaries and Aves said at the grotto, the Immaculate Virgin has not failed to do so, nor will she fail to make them known on the great reckoning day. And the multitudes still go to Lourdes, and will continue their pious pilgrimages, to the greater glory of God and our Lady of the Rosary.





THE VISITATION.— *After Rougcreau.*



VOL. IV.

JULY, 1894.

No. 3.

THE ROSE OF THE VISITATION.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.



N what lies the mysterious, we might almost say, mystical charm, which lingers around a certain valley-town in New England? Stay there one week and you will feel as if you could never leave it. Be absent one year, ten, a longing for some effect of its sunshine, of its moonlight, of its atmosphere, will be ready to spring up in your heart. You will say to yourself a hundred times: "All this is a mere imagination. What could be more exquisite than these shadows falling around my door, this moonlight flooding the mock-orange bush before the window!" But no sooner do you come within the limits of the valley-town, no sooner does the train leave you on the platform of the small station, overlooking the villages near and far, the winding river, the fertile meadows, the hills with their amethystine atmosphere melting into the summer sky, than you know that the charm is not a mere imagination, but a beautiful verity, as real as it is ideal.

One of the memories which have clung to us, is that of the Sunday afternoon. There has been nothing in the whole day like other days; but the afternoon, the wearing of the day towards evening, has brought a tranquillity into the air which is like the exaltation of a natural idea of peace. The vesper *Magnificat*, the

Ave Maris Stella, have been sung, but before the day sets, we turn even from the quiet of the village to certain byways leading across narrow meadows, coming out across small bridges to the very edge of the broad river, where the natural fall has been strengthened, until the stream above it lies like a mirror, wherein we see reflected the rocky banks, the overhanging hemlock and pine, the feathery brake, even the slender hare-bell nodding from its cleft in the sandstone ledge,—all with so mysterious a beauty that we wonder at the loveliness of the world. Every now and then we have paused to gather some blossom edging the wayside, or peeping from some hiding place on the bank at the end of the bridge over the clear brook. But while all these are recalled faintly, though pleasantly, there is one flower which blooms afresh in the memory whenever we recall these strolls of a Sunday afternoon, and this is, the wild rose; flushing, fragrant, so absolutely perfect in form, in tint, that all the glories of the garden pale before it; the Wilding Rose, to which one of our own poets has attuned his sweetest song:

“Symbol of love divine,
Five-petaled rose!
Sparkling with dewy wine,
On the uncultured sod
Thy beauty glows,
Fresh from the hand of God.”¹

Blooming, as it does, in the last days of June, onward through July, we have one of the most charming treasures of our Lady's Rose-garden for her Feast of the Visitation, a feast which gives us one of the themes for our five Joyful Mysteries of the Most Holy Rosary, and, also, one of the themes dear to those artists, devout towards the Incarnation.

But, before we speak of their conceptions, let us turn to Saint Luke and his gospel, to find in his narrative those immortal canticles which make the Visitation, as a mystery, one of the fountains of sacred song.

What blissful days have passed over that home in Nazareth since the angel, having given his message to Mary, “departed from her!” as we are told. Saint Joseph has heard nothing, seen nothing, has been told nothing; but a joy exceeding all the joy he has

¹ Bernard J. Durward.

known since taking the Daughter of Joachim and Anna to his home, has had possession of his soul. All at once Mary proposes to visit Elizabeth, her cousin; as if, suddenly had been recalled to her that other announcement made to her by the angel: "And behold thy cousin Elizabeth hath conceived a son in her old age, and this is the sixth month with her that was called barren." Nothing must keep her from the side of Elizabeth, with whom we can believe there must have been heretofore a lovely intercourse, while there was still another motive than her love and womanly sympathy for Elizabeth. The Eternal Wisdom who had chosen her for His seat, had revealed to her that He is to perform, even before His own birth or the birth of Elizabeth's offspring, a work of sanctification no less than the sanctification of His own Precursor. With what haste, then, did not Mary prepare for her visit to the hill country, the home of Zachary and Elizabeth! Beautiful haste, even to the eyes of Saint Joseph, although he may not have fully understood; beautiful, and altogether without tumult, because full of charity!

How joyful was the surprise of her aged kinswoman, when the salutation of Mary fell on her ear, and not of Elizabeth only, but of the unborn babe in her womb, leaping for joy! On Elizabeth, too, who had been one of the meek of the earth, came the gift of the Holy Ghost, so that she cried out: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

See how this daughter of Aaron grasps the mystery of the Incarnation: "The Mother of my Lord;" as if the clothing in flesh of this second Person of the Holy Trinity were already revealed to her! Then added her prophecy to that of Gabriel: "Blessed art thou that hast believed, because the words spoken to thee by the Lord will be accomplished."

But what voice, clearer, sweeter, softer yet more triumphant than the song of any skylark, is this which responds to the salutation, the benediction, the prediction of the aged Elizabeth? No other than the voice of Mary in her own glorious canticle, the *Magnificat*; ¹ excluded from no office of the entire year, and which is to go down through the innumerable generations of men yet to

¹ St. Luke. i, 46-55.

be born, as it has come down to us, from the moment it was uttered, to the present.

In Overbeck's great picture, now in Frankfort, called "The Triumph of Religion in Art," we see the Blessed Virgin, in the height of the arch which encloses the design, enthroned on clouds, within a circle of cherubs' heads. In her right hand she holds her pen, in her left the scroll on which she has inscribed her own canticle of triumph. Thus enthroning the Blessed Virgin herself as the patroness of that "poesy, which," in the words of Overbeck, "is the centre of all art as the mystery of the Incarnation is the centre of all religious ideas."

During the whole of this wonderful scene, no mention is made, in the narrative of Saint Luke, either of Zachary, the host, or of Saint Joseph, the guest. We cannot suppose them to have been outside, or in any way indifferent. Zachary, indeed, was dumb, as a rebuke to his slowness of belief in the prediction of the angel; and as to Saint Joseph, no word from the lips of this humble virgin spouse of Mary the Virgin, has come down to us: while in this scene we might say that the destiny of the world, of its souls born and unborn, has been entrusted to two holy women, a matron and a virgin. All that has ever been claimed for woman in our century, pales before this exalted colloquy—taking the form of song, as if in no other way could they express their rapture—between the Mother of the Incarnate Word and the mother of His sanctified precursor.

But all the fountains of song which were to gush forth during this visitation of Mary to Elizabeth, have not yet been opened. No sooner was the Precursor, now born into the world, brought to his father Zachary to receive his name, than, having called for a tablet, on which he wrote: "John is his name," this true son of Aaron, of the course of Abia, not only recovered the gift of speech, but broke forth into that canticle, which like the *Magnificat*, comes into the Sacred Office during the most solemn season, is chanted in full voice during the Tenebræ of Holy Week, and is a part of that magnificent burial service by which bishops and priests are laid in their sepulchre.¹

What a sanctification may we not call this visit of our Lord to

¹ St. Luke, i. 68-79.

the house of Zachary and Elizabeth, while still in the womb of his Virgin Mother: a sanctification, an illumination, not only of the unborn Precursor, but of his holy parents, and with the sanctification and the illumination, what an inspiration! We have but to close our eyes to the sights around us, our ears to the sounds of busy life, to enter upon a plane of human existence, made possible by God for His creatures according to His own divine will, for His own divine ends, which is like a translation to another world. Yet, all the actors in this event of the Visitation, divided into scenes as dramatic as an Æschylus or a Shakespeare could devise, are human beings, were all born, were all to die. They dwelt on this earth, seemingly like their neighbors; and not only the Precursor, but He for whom he "prepared the way, making His paths straight," is as truly human as we who pen or those who will read these lines. These wonders do not lie outside our humanity; they only illustrate God's providence towards it in its creation, above all, in its redemption; and that most touching petition in the preparation for the Holy Sacrifice, daily offered, comes to mind with a pathos which may well bring tears to our eyes: "Grant that by the mystery of this water and wine, we may be made partakers of His divinity, who vouchsafed to become partaker of our humanity, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord."

To deny the Divinity of our Lord is not the only wrong we can do Him, for His humanity has been endeared to Him by untold suffering and humiliation, and He claims it as His own—true Son of Mary as He is true Son of God. Nor is this more plain in His Nativity than in this mystery of the Visitation on which we meditate as we say our Rosary beads.

Let us now turn to those artists who have delighted in depicting the scenes which show forth the Incarnation of the Son of God under its loveliest aspects. Without attempting to give the history of the Visitation in connection with art, although it might be carried back to a very early period, we can speak of Cimabue's Visitation as one full of the most delicate feeling. But still more beautiful, still more tender, is one among the treasured choir books of the Camaldoline monastery of the Angeli, Florence. These books were adorned by the hands of their own monks, and were so much admired by Lorenzo the Magnificent, that when

his son, Leo X., visited Florence and the Camaldoli, he asked to have these books shown to him, enjoying them with the same exquisite taste as his father. The Visitation which we have in mind, was painted by the monk, Don Lorenzo, and to see it is almost to unfit one for admiring any other; so profound is the sentiment expressed by these two holy women, so altogether mystical the beauty of the figures, so noble yet so amiably engaging the heads, above all that of the Blessed Virgin herself, which is celestial in its humility; while the head of the kneeling Elizabeth has an earnestness in its pose and its expression which makes us believe all that St. Luke tells us of her joy on hearing the voice of Mary. We have taken this as the highest type known to us of the Mystery of the Visitation; for not until we come to that by Frederick Overbeck of our own century, do we know of one which comes so near, in any way, to the text of St. Luke. There is in both the same engaging amiability, and even more affectionateness in Overbeck's Virgin than in Don Lorenzo's, as she hastens up the steps, in one hand her staff, the other stretched out towards the aged Elizabeth, who receives, on her knees, hands, and arms extended, her young kinswoman. In this by Overbeck also, we see both Zachary and Joseph, not, however, as in Don Lorenzo's, in conversational greeting. Saint Joseph, leading the gentle animal from which Mary has alighted, is just passing from under the shadow of the arch, and looks with wonder on the scene before him, while Zachary, who seems to have followed Elizabeth to welcome their guests, is standing behind her in the portico, leaning on his crutch, but with a magnificently patriarchal head and air, one hand raised, too, in wonder at the scene which has so moved Saint Joseph. The background and accessories of this design are beautiful in the extreme, while the simplicity in the blending of the natural and supernatural, could only have been caught by one whose whole soul was steeped in the reality of the Incarnation.

Succeeding this picture in the series of "Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels," is the naming of St. John Baptist, as Zachary writes, "John is his name," on a tablet. The curiosity of the handmaidens who look over Zachary's shoulder from behind a pillar, the happy Elizabeth on her couch in an inner room, the

priest of the circumcision waiting patiently, knife in hand, for Zachary's answer to his question, the charming figure of a young mother, and her young son afraid of the knife, resting, point upward, on the knee of the priest; the venerable form of Zachary bending over his tablet as he writes, and, standing, so as to be higher than any others in the group, in her mantle and crowned by her auriolate, the Blessed Virgin bearing in her arms the sanctified child, Precursor of her unborn Son, gives us a composition so complete that we seem to see the subject treated for the first time in all its gracious possibilities.

As we write, the Midsummer feast of the Nativity of St. John Baptist is passing through its octave. The glory of the season is around us. There is no end of bloom, of umbrageous groves, of morning and evening perfumes. But standing, as we do, close to the threshold of the Feast of Mary's Visitation to Elizabeth, our Rosary mystery takes on a fresh significance as the beads drop through our fingers on our Sunday evening's stroll across meadows, and winding rivulets; the broad river's course over its bed giving voice to the solemnity of the Compline hour until the far-off curfew of the village bell, in its sweet minor key, floats over the misty landscape, and we cull still another wilding rose, fresh with the falling dews that impearl its five petals, all aflush with the charity which urged Mary to the hill-country from Nazareth, and name it the Rose of the Visitation.

If we establish a solid devotion to our Blessed Lady, it is only to establish more perfectly devotion to Jesus Christ, and to put forward an easy and secure means for finding Jesus Christ. If devotion to our Lady removed us from Jesus Christ, we should have to reject it as an illusion of the devil; but on the contrary, so far from this being the case, there is nothing which makes devotion to our Lady more necessary for us than that it is the means of finding Jesus Christ perfectly, of loving Him tenderly, and of serving Him faithfully.—*Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, O.P.*

THE ROSARY AND THE SACRED HEART.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PART II.



O SACRED Heart! bowed down in anguish
The bitter chalice Thou dost take;
Oh, may our hearts when doomed to languish
In sorrow, bear it for Thy sake.

REFRAIN.

In Love's own Sacrament Thou art
Still in our midst, dear Sacred Heart!
In Mary's merits clothed away,
Clasping her Beads, we come to pray;
Oh, may our lives forever be
A *Deo Gratias* to Thee!



O Sacred Heart! swift fall the scourges,
 Through wide, deep wounds Thy Blood doth pour;
 Deep in our hearts the sorrow surges,
 Oh, may we wound Thee never more!



O Sacred Heart! men mock and jeer Thee,
 And press the cruel thorn-wreath down;
 Sweet is the rest our hearts find near Thee,
 E'en though they feel Thy thorny crown.



O Sacred Heart! the cross appalls Thee,
Still dost Thou bow the load to take;
O human hearts! till Heaven calls ye,
Bear earthly burdens for His sake.



O Sacred Heart, on Calvary riven!
Redemption's price Thou well hast paid;
Oh, may our hearts find light of Heaven
Through the death wound Thy love hath made!

THE GOLD PLAGUE.

GEN. HUGH EWING.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CONSEQUENCE OF GOOD ACORN AND BEECHNUT CROPS.

THE great forests of oak and beech, in the Valley of the Ohio, were laden with fruit. For two successive seasons, the crops of acorns and beechnuts had been unprecedented, and, in consequence, the woods were swarming with hogs, the animals condemned, with reason, by the Jewish lawgiver. The great roads centering in the city, with all their tributaries, were thronged with droves, on their way to the abattoirs of Cincinnati. The slaughtering and packing season was about to set in. The supply was far in excess of the demand, and the price fell to a very low point.

Plumb, the Prince of Packers, bought sparingly, pickled pork promising to be a drug on the European market. Presently, vague rumors of war crossed the Atlantic, and created a ripple of excitement, and he made some rather heavy purchases for future delivery, keeping, however, within prudent bounds. The price had risen somewhat, but sales were slow, the immense "crop" making the dealers timid, and all were awaiting the outcome of the difficulty abroad. If it ended in war, the price of American pickled pork would be fabulous, and a daring speculator, who bought heavily before the declaration became known, would realize millions. All this was perfectly well known to the trade, but they well knew, also, that ruin would overtake the audacious man, should peace be preserved, or the declaration of war very long delayed. In the meantime, the market was in a feverish condition.

One Sunday evening, as he sat in his library, pretending to read a book of so-called martyrs, a telegram was brought in to Plumb, on a silver waiter. It was from his consignee in New York, an advisor who had never failed him, a keen observer of the drift of events, in whose judgment he placed the most implicit confidence. It was in cipher, and contained but three momentous words:

"War is inevitable."

Plumb trembled with excitement, as he placed the telegram in the table drawer, and turned the key on the precious secret. He paced the floor in agitation. He was tortured with anxiety, least the news might reach the city from some other source, and be known on Change in the morning.

"If I can have a quiet day to-morrow," he muttered, "by night I will have laid the foundation of a brilliant fortune. It must be a secret in New York, known to a select few, or Dixon would not have taken the precaution to telegraph in cipher."

He took up his hat, and left the house, unable to bear the suspense and inaction; the air within stifled him. He mingled with the crowd in the rotunda of the Burnet House, and enquired of the business friends he met, for the news of the day. There was none; no sign of excitement; he returned to his library, calmed and in high spirits.

When the Exchange opened in the morning, he began his purchases, on time for future delivery. As he was taking everything that was offered, a suspicion soon spread that he was acting on secret information, and prices steadily rose. When evening came he had loaded himself with immense obligations, at an average price which was high for the times.

"He has turned out an audacious speculator, after all," said a broker, who was walking away, arm in arm with another, after the close of the day's business. "I had always looked on him as a safe, solid man."

"He has had some secret information, you may depend on it," replied his companion. "He is not a man that ever took any great risk."

"That is where it is," said the first speaker; "men grow presumptuous when they meet with unvarying success, and come to think they are invulnerable, hold their heads too high, strike a stone, and over they go. Cardinal Woolsey was an instance of that; you remember what he said?"

"Can't say that I do," replied his friend; "I don't remember to have ever met him."

"I dare say not. Well, it was to this effect, and well said, though a Roman said it: 'Man,--let me think, how does it run? Yes,

here it is,—‘Man,’—no, he is speaking of man,—I have it now: ‘To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honors thick upon him; the third day comes a frost, a killing frost, and, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root; and then he falls, as I do.’ What do you think of it?”

“Devilish good, I must say! And if Plumb does go down, it will fit his case to a fraction.”

“He will go down, to a surety, in my opinion. He has taken on his shoulders, to-day, a load that would sink a navy. Ahem! Woolsey again; good day; remember what I have told you. I will introduce you to the Cardinal one of these days; I think you will like him.”

No rumor of the war news had reached the Exchange during the day. Plumb thought of it with pleasure, as he walked slowly up Walnut Street, to his house; and yet, with some anxiety. The silence seemed a little ominous to him. He listened anxiously for the evening news boys to cry out,—“War in Europe!”—but they silently offered their papers, as though conscious there was nothing in them.

The morning of this day of heavy purchases, he had looked over the paper in his library, and satisfied himself, that so far, all was right, and the secret safe. When called to breakfast, he had passed into the room, and taken a cup of coffee. He was at the table but a very few minutes, scarcely five, but they were minutes freighted with import to him. As he had entered the breakfast room, the porter saw through the colored glass of the front door, a telegraph boy running up the steps, and, opening before he had time to ring, received and receipted for a despatch, which he carried into the library, and placed, as was customary, when his master was temporarily absent, on his table in front of his chair, under a bronze paper-weight, representing Christian casting off the burden of Sin. He had then resumed his post, and in a few minutes saw his master coming down the hall with a quick step. He had hurried through the library from the breakfast room, without approaching, or casting a glance at his table.

“Send any telegrams that come in my absence,” he had said, as the porter helped him on with his overcoat, and handed him

his hat, "down to me, at the Exchange." This mention of telegrams, immediately on issuing from the library, satisfied the porter that he had seen the one on his table, and he opened the door and bowed him out.

As he approached his door on his return in the evening, he was overtaken by a messenger, who handed him a telegram. His hand trembled, as he tore off the cover; it was from New York, but not in cipher, as was received from him the evening before,—it was in plain American, and ran thus:—

"Did you receive my telegram of this morning? Answer without delay. I am getting anxious." Signed, Dixon.

Plumb turned so white, as he read, that the messenger started back in alarm. He mastered his emotion, however, at once, and, taking a blank from the boy, replied to his correspondent with the single word,—

"No."

Delivering his hat and coat to the porter, he walked into the library, and his eye fell upon the paper weight covering the despatch. Fear of the evil news it might contain, unnerved him; he was afraid to touch it. Summoning the porter, he pointed to the effigy of Christian, and enquired when the despatch beneath it had reached the house.

"I placed it on your table, sir, while you were at breakfast this morning."

"Leave the room," responded his master, pointing to the door.

Then he took his seat, summoned resolution, removed the weight from the despatch, opened, and read it. It was dated very early in the morning, was in cipher, and ran as follows:

"The telegram I sent you last night, was founded on a diabolical fraud, gotten up with infinite skill, and communicated to a select few of us, for our utter destruction. We all would have fallen into the trap on Change to-day, but that, after despatching you, a weak point occurred to me, and following it up, late in the night I caught the drift. You will receive this long before business hours. Thank fortune, no harm can come to any of us; but it was a narrow escape. Full particulars by letter." Signed, Dixon.

Plumb let the paper fall from his trembling hand, and, folding

his arms on the table, bowed down, and rested his forehead, concealing his face from the view of the brazen image of Christian, that stood on the table before him, dropping his burden of sin.

At the opening of Change, on the following morning, pork fell to a point lower than it had ever reached, and rested there. The early papers had given the community the intelligence, that the war cloud in Europe had passed away, and that peace would henceforth flourish like the palm.

Dole, during this crisis in the affairs of his friend, had been in the country, attending a protracted meeting, and knew nothing of what had taken place. On the Monday following the great event on Change, he returned, and meeting an acquaintance on the street, was advised of the state of affairs.

"Dole," he said, shaking him by the hand, "glad to meet you; been out of town?"

"Yes; up the country: what is the news, anything going on?"

"You heard of the fix our friend Plumb has gotten into?"

"No! You startle me; what is the trouble?"

"Much is the trouble. He bought no end of pork for delivery, on Monday last, at high rates, on a rising market, and the next morning, the bottom fell out."

"Do you think it will seriously embarrass him?" enquired Dole, with an anxious face.

"If something, out of the common, does not turn up before his futures fall due, he will be worse than embarrassed;—the fact is, he is in a hole, and great good luck alone can pull him out: sorry for him, indeed, good morning."

Dole hurried to the residence of his friend, and was shown into the parlor, out of breath. He expected to find him in a state of great depression, and had thought over expressions of condolence to meet his case. But he was mistaken: Plumb had rallied, and with a secretary, was hard at work in the library, as calm and cheerful as though he had never been "in a hole," or having been in, had already gotten out. He entered the parlor with a smiling face, and shook his visitor by the hand, with great cordiality.

"I am sorry, my dear friend," said Dole, with a look of surprise, "to hear of your trouble."

"My trouble! To what do you allude?"

"The fall in pork, you know," replied Dole, in confusion.

"Oh, pork goes up to-day, and down to-morrow; nothing so vacillating, my dear friend, as pork. It is in my ability to look into the future of the market that I am building up a fortune. You do not imagine I bought on Monday expecting to sell on Tuesday? It is the timid man, one who is content to make a mere living at the trade, who acts in that short-sighted way."

"Well," replied Dole, with a sigh of relief: "I am exceedingly rejoiced to hear that all is right. I was thoroughly frightened when I came up."

"Tell our pessimistic, nerveless friends, when they croak to you again concerning my great Monday move on the pork chess-board, to wait; tell them they will sing another tune when the deal closes. But I am busy this morning, and must ask you to excuse me. Keep your seat, I will send up word to Mrs. Plumb that you are here; she said at breakfast that she wished to see you."

When he reached the library door, he turned back, resumed his seat, bent over, placing his hand on Dole's knee, and whispered:

"To you, in confidence; I am in treaty with the King of France. I was engaged when you came in, drawing up my ultimatum. Dixon carries it over next week. Do you think I ask too much in fixing the profit at five millions? You would say no, if you knew all. I dare say no more. Good morning," he added in his usual voice, as he rose and left the room, his object accomplished.

Dole was dazzled, and filled with confidence in the future of his friend. Mrs. Plumb entered, and received him with effusion.

"You must come to our grand entertainment, Mr. Dole," she said, "on Monday next; the invitations go out to-morrow. I have invited that lovely couple from Fincastle, and their relative, Miss Lawson, and the old gentleman, but of course he will not come. I have set my heart on having them down; you know, they belong to us, and it is our duty to cultivate intimate relations with our own. It is not for the one day. I would not be so unreasonable as to expect them to take the long journey to attend a single party: no, it will be a week of festivity. On Tuesday, we expect a brilliant company to go down the river with us

to the Island, where we lunch; it will be a grand affair: and on Wednesday night we shall have *Tableaux*, representing scenes in the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon,—strictly religious, you understand. And I have cast dear Paula as the queen, and Alonzo as the king. It will take immensely: Paula with her regal beauty, and Alonzo, who has abandoned his idols, truly a Solomon in youthful wisdom. The costumes are prepared. I have invited them to stay with us; their rooms are ready, and they must come, if I have to go up and bring them down. ’

“They will be delighted to attend, I doubt not,” responded Dole.

“Oh! I don’t know; I feel nervous about it. You see, I have given it out, and our people look for them. It will be more than I can stand, if they fail me; it will throw a dark cloud over the whole week’s entertainment. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, our friends give parties: it is to be, in fact, a week of carnival. What have you on hand, now, Mr. Dole; nothing pressing, I hope?”

“I did have an engagement over in Kentucky, to conduct a revival,” he replied, apologetically.

“Oh, put it off; we want you to help us. Why can not you go up to Fincastle, and bring our dear friends down. If I had not given it out, I would not care so much. Here is a little purse, I worked myself; I wish you to accept it as a present; I will not permit you to pay your own expenses: what remains you may give to the Soudan Missions.”

“That subscription is closed,” he replied.

“Buy a few bibles with it, then, and send them out to the heathen, somewhere. I saw a beautiful gilt backed one at Clarke’s, the other day. It would be a nice present to the king of some island; the very sight of it would predispose him to religion; beauty you know, is so attractive. Why do you not bring the poor heathen over, and put them on the plantations in Kentucky? It seems to me it would be better than sending missionaries to them in their own countries. They are so cruelly given to eating them. The planters would soon put a stop to that, and teach them morality, besides, and would be very glad to get them, I am sure.”

"That, Ma'am, is a very complex question."

"To be sure it is: well, when will you start for Fincastle?"

"I can get off in the morning."

"Very good, and a thousand thanks: and now I will not detain you any longer: I know your time is precious."

When Dole turned the corner, he took out the purse, and counted the contents. As he had suspected, it contained a much larger sum than was necessary to cover the expense of his contemplated expedition. He smiled, as he thought of the gilt back bible, and the island king, and of the transportation of the inhabitants of the Soudan to the plantations of Kentucky, and put the purse back into his pocket, with a sigh of pleasure.

CHAPTER IX.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Dole returned in triumph on Friday evening, bringing with him the Fincastle guests, who were received with tokens of affection at the Plumb Mansion, and shown to handsome apartments. On the way down he could not refrain from dropping some hints as to the vast fortune within the grasp of their city friend, that awakened in the breast of Alonzo a hope that, in some way, he might secure a small interest in the great adventure now on the eve of fruition.

On Sunday evening after tea, the ladies having gone out, the gentlemen were assembled in the library, discussing a lemon punch and cigars, when the subject of the investment was alluded to by Dole, and the host took it up, at first gradually, but as the punch circulated, he grew confidential. He informed Alonzo of his treaty with the king of France; of the mission of Dixon, and of his five million ultimatum. He spoke in a lofty strain, as became one who dealt with kings and millions, and made on the mind of his young friend a profound impression.

"Brother Alonzo," he said, at length, unlocking a drawer, and taking out and holding up a paper; "I will not treat you with a half confidence. I know men, I know you, and know you can be trusted. This despatch that I hold in my hand, is from Dixon, and when I have said that, I have said everything; read it."

"But it is in cipher," said Alonzo, scanning the writing with a puzzled look.

"Here is the key," replied the host, taking from the drawer, and handing him a small book. "Display your ingenuity in translating the message."

"I have it," he said, and in a few moments: in a low, awe-struck tone of voice, he read.—

"War is inevitable."

"Now," said the host, locking up the telegram and book, and carefully depositing the key in his pocket: "you catch the drift."

"Yes, I catch the drift," replied Alonzo, with a pale face.

"You two are the only men, outside of Dixon and myself, in all America, who are in the secret: not a breath, if you please, beyond this library, until the contract is closed, and the money paid over to my banker in Paris."

"Your ultimatum yields a profit of five millions," said Alonzo: "is that clear of all expenses, transportation included?"

"Clear of everything."

"But they might buy so much cheaper here, of others; I am told the price is down."

"Foreign Governments do not deal with pedlars," replied Plumb with dignity; "they have no time to dicker: they buy of great and responsible holders, and are willing to pay high for speed and certainty of delivery. Besides, they know well that the moment their agent appeared in open market, the price would be run up to a fabulous figure. One great point they aim at is secrecy; their purpose would be guessed at by their enemies if it became known that they were buying provisions in unusual quantities."

"Are you alone in this great transaction?" enquired Alonzo.

"Absolutely; I stand alone."

"I wish I had the good fortune to be interested with you, to a very small extent," said Alonzo: "but it is too late now, of course, to think of getting in 'on the ground floor,' as we say in Fin-castle."

"Oh! I don't know; it is never too late to do good: is it, Brother Dole?" he answered, with a laugh.

"Never," replied Dole emphatically.

"Look here, Brother Alonzo," resumed his host: "I would like to encourage you to do business in the city, and will gladly give you a helping hand. I am not one of those who refuse a bite of their apple to a hungry friend and co-religionist. I am ever willing to divide with the Brethren, for it helps on the cause of Zion. You may come in, to a limited extent, on the ground floor; say, to one-twentieth." The face of Alonzo glowed with grateful emotion, and his eyes sparkled.

"And what will a twentieth cost at bottom prices?" he eagerly enquired.

"About forty thousand dollars, more or less."

"It is more money than I can possibly put my hand on," responded Alonzo, with a look of despair.

"My dear young friend," said his host, noticing his disappointment, "who talks of money? Money has gone out of use; credit has shoved it to the wall, and taken its place. Give me your note, say at ninety days, and by that time the affair will be wound up, and we can deduct the amount from your share of the profits."

He took his seat at the table, and rapidly drew up an assignment of a twentieth interest, pressed it on the blotter, and handed it to Alonzo.

"But," he said with surprise, as he read the paper; "the assignment is to Faber and Redway, instead of to me personally."

"It would have the air of a gift, if made to you personally, which I wish to avoid," replied his host. "You need not mention it to your partner, however; the affair is between you and me."

"The amount of the consideration is not given," resumed Redway. "It reads for valuable consideration, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged."

"That is quite sufficient," replied Plumb. "It will take my secretary some time, going over my accounts, to get at the exact cost. The note," he added, tearing a blank from a book at his side, and proceeding to fill it up, "must likewise be left in blank until the Secretary gives us the figure. It is not likely," he said, pausing, "that it will ever leave my drawer until taken out at our settlement, but I may want to place it in bank, as collateral, in moving the crop, and, and as the full firm name is required by their

regulations in all collaterals, I will draw the note as from your firm, and ask you to sign the firm name."

"I have no authority to sign the firm name," he replied, with some trepidation."

"It is a mere matter of form, responded Plumb; "your single name would be useless to me in case I might want to use it."

"It is a serious step for me to take; I would rather not do it," returned Alonzo, firmly.

"It is a serious step in letting you in on the ground floor, my young friend," retorted Plumb, coldly; a very serious and important step, indeed; but as you will," pushing the note from him on the table, and leaning back in his chair; "of course it is nothing to me."

"I am scrry, gentlemen, to see a difference arise between you," interposed Dole, plaintively.

An ominous pause ensued, during which Alonzo struggled with conflicting emotions. He was in a position not unlike the one he occupied on the night he was called on by Utter to decide between Fortune and Sunbury,—between Right and Wrong. He knew well he had no right to sign the firm name, and that he would not dare avow his action to Faber, in case he did. But then, his father-in-law would never hear of it; and, after the fortune was realized, he would doubtless applaud his breach of commercial integrity,—success condoned and glorified all acts. He came to a sudden resolution, he would consult, and share the responsibility with his wife, he would put part of the burden and guilt upon her shoulders.

"Will you allow me a few minutes in which to decide?" he said. "I would like to consult Paula. She knows her father better than I do, and can decide whether it would be likely to displease him."

"Certainly," replied Plumb, with a cold bow. They had heard the ladies return a few minutes before, and Paula had gone to her room. He followed her up, and explained the situation, overlooking, however, the fact, that for the moment, the note was to remain signed in blank. She listened coolly and critically.

"Is there any possible danger of involving my father?"

"None whatever."

"Suppose the sale you speak of fails, what then?"

"Even should it fail, we could sell in the open market at enormous profit.—The war,"—then he checked himself in confusion.

"Oh!" she said: "You were about to let a secret out, I see: but you might as well have gone on. I understand; the hint is enough. But is a war certain?"

"Inevitable: but a profound, commercial secret not to be breathed; it would ruin me with our host, if he suspected I had told you. I want your advice, Paula; what do you say,—shall I sign the firm name, or not?"

"I want you to make your fortune," she replied, after a pause; and I want nothing to occur to disturb our pleasant relations with the Plumbs. The act is wrong, and I am astonished that Mr. Plumb insists on it; I do not understand this."

"He does not insist; he cares nothing about it: he has simply got miffed, and will let the sale to me drop, unless I go down and sign."

"If it was I, I would let him drop it, if he liked; but I do not understand the affair in its details, and must decline to advise you; I will not assume any of the responsibility."

"But you will not say no?"

"I will not say yes, or no: act upon your own judgment and responsibility."

This was not what he had come up for, and he left the room in disappointment and doubt. He walked slowly down the grand stairway, crossed the hall, and entered the library. Plumb had left his desk, and he and Dole were at the punch table, with their half emptied glasses before them, smoking and chatting gaily. The incident of the sale seemed to have passed out of their minds. Alonzo drew up a chair, drank a glass of punch, and lighted a cigar. He sat silent, awaiting an allusion to the signature of the note, still undecided as to what he would do; but none was made. He became uneasy, he felt that a fortune was slipping from his grasp; the matter was evidently of such trivial importance to Plumb, that it had gone out of his mind; he had actually forgotten it. He made a mental calculation, and found that his profits would reach nearly a quarter of a million of dollars. It was too dazzling; the punch he had taken nerved him; he interposed in the conversation.

"I am ready to sign the note," he said.

"The note," repeated Plumb. "Yes, yes; excuse me; it had slipped my mind; step over to the table."

The note was placed before him, and, with a firm hand he affixed the signature of the company, "Faber and Redway." Plumb threw it carelessly into his drawer, folded, and handed him the assignment of his interest, and they returned to the punch and cigars. Presently a servant entered, and summoned Alonzo to his wife; he ascended the stairs, and entered her room.

"I have been thinking over the matter, Alonzo," she said; "and the more I think of it, the less I like it: by no means put my father's name to that note."

"Too late," he replied, "the transaction is closed."

On Monday the carriage was placed at the disposal of the guests, who passed the day in visiting the city, and driving over the hills that looked down upon it. The party that night, was a grand affair, and went beyond their expectations. The Tuesday trip, down the river, did not come off: the steamboat on which they had intended to go, had broken her paddle-wheel. Plumb passed the day and evening, locked up with his secretary, immersed in business, and saw no one. On Wednesday morning he was called to Indiana, by telegraph, and the *Tableaux Vivants* came off deprived of his presence. Paula, in her character of Queen of Sheba, received unbounded applause, and had a veritable triumph; and Alonzo, in the role of a converted King Solomon, was the admiration of the ladies. They were both, in a manner, intoxicated by their social success.

The Thursday and Friday parties came off, given, it was announced by the friends of the house, in their honor, and were brilliant affairs; but the Saturday party had fallen through, and on that morning, the guests took their leave: Paula, though pressed to stay, thought their visit had been sufficiently prolonged. Plumb telegraphed his wife daily; business had carried him over into Kentucky; he would strain every nerve to reach home Friday, but he failed, and did not get back until Saturday, after the departure of his guests. He had occupied himself, during his absence in making strenuous efforts to cancel his futures; and, to a very limited extent, succeeded. He had not expected much, and had not absented himself for that purpose alone.

In his anxiety to reduce his purchases to possession, in the first flush of the breaking out of the war, he had bought on short time; this now sorely troubled him. The market was glutted; there was little or no buying or selling at any price: he could get no relief, worth mentioning, by sales of his stock. He strained every nerve, short of mortgaging his house and Abattoi, to meet his earlier obligations, and when the second installment of debt fell due, he was compelled to resort to this damaging expedient. It was rumored through the city at once, and his credit, already badly shaken, fell to a low point.

On the 31st of October, the day before his last and heaviest payments matured, he called a meeting of the Directors of the bank, in their office parlor, laid before them his assets and collaterals, and, offering them as security, requested authority to draw for a sum so large that they looked at him in wonder.

However, they went over the securities he offered, one by one, and set down the amount they were willing to advance on each. The stock already paid for by him they estimated at half the cost, against his remonstrance, and then took up the note of Faber and Redway.

"This note is for an unusually large amount," said the President, passing it down the table to the Directors: "where is the firm doing business?"

"In Fincastle," answered Plumb.

"What was the consideration?" enquired the President.

"It was in payment for an interest in my late heavy purchases."

"Then they are partners?"

"Not at all; they simply bought in on speculation."

"Can they respond to this large amount?"

"Perfectly; they are amply able."

"Bring me the Register," said the President, turning to the Cashier, who stood behind him, "and let us see what they are rated at."

"Here they are," he said, after opening the pamphlet, and running his eye down the column, and he read aloud:

"Faber and Redway, late Faber; Merchants, Fincastle, Ohio. A. No. 1., an old house; estimated responsibility, one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. Standing high."

"Good paper," said one of the Directors.

"I am not so sure," responded the President. "The Register sometimes over-rates, and the margin to go on is only thirty thousand dollars."

"The house is sound," replied Plumb; "and I need a credit to the full extent of the note; I trust you will allow it, gentlemen."

"I think," replied the President, "you ought to be content with an advance of a hundred and thirty thousand."

"The note is entirely good," replied Plumb, "and I want its full face; the full hundred and forty thousand. I ask a vote of the Directors on my request."

"If you will step into the front office," responded the President, "we will discuss the motion, and I will put it to the vote."

Plumb retired, the matter was discussed, and the vote taken. In ten or fifteen minutes he was recalled, and informed by the President that it was decided to credit him with the full face of the note, one hundred and forty thousand dollars. A few remaining collaterals were then examined and passed on; the Cashier handed Plumb a paper, on which was figured the total of the credit he would have at the bank on the following day. The assets and collaterals, duly assigned, were locked up in the vault of the bank, and the meeting dissolved.

Plumb hurried home; and, shutting himself up in his library, turned the key in the door. He examined a list of the notes due in the morning; they exceeded, in the aggregate, his credit at the bank by many thousands. He had one chance left to save his credit. He had made, during the day, an earnest personal appeal, to a wealthy friend and co-sectarian, to come to his aid, who replied that he would endeavor to secure the amount needed, and would give him an answer during the following forenoon.

He sat in his chair, almost immovable, for many hours, his gaze fixed mechanically on the paper-weight before him on the table, the brazen image of Christian. Wild and impracticable plans for saving his credit ran through his mind in rapid succession, like phantoms in pursuit of each other, until he fell asleep, worn out with anxiety and fatigue.

(To be continued.)

ALL the treasures of mercy are in the hands of Mary.—*St. Peter Damian.*

TRINIDAD.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

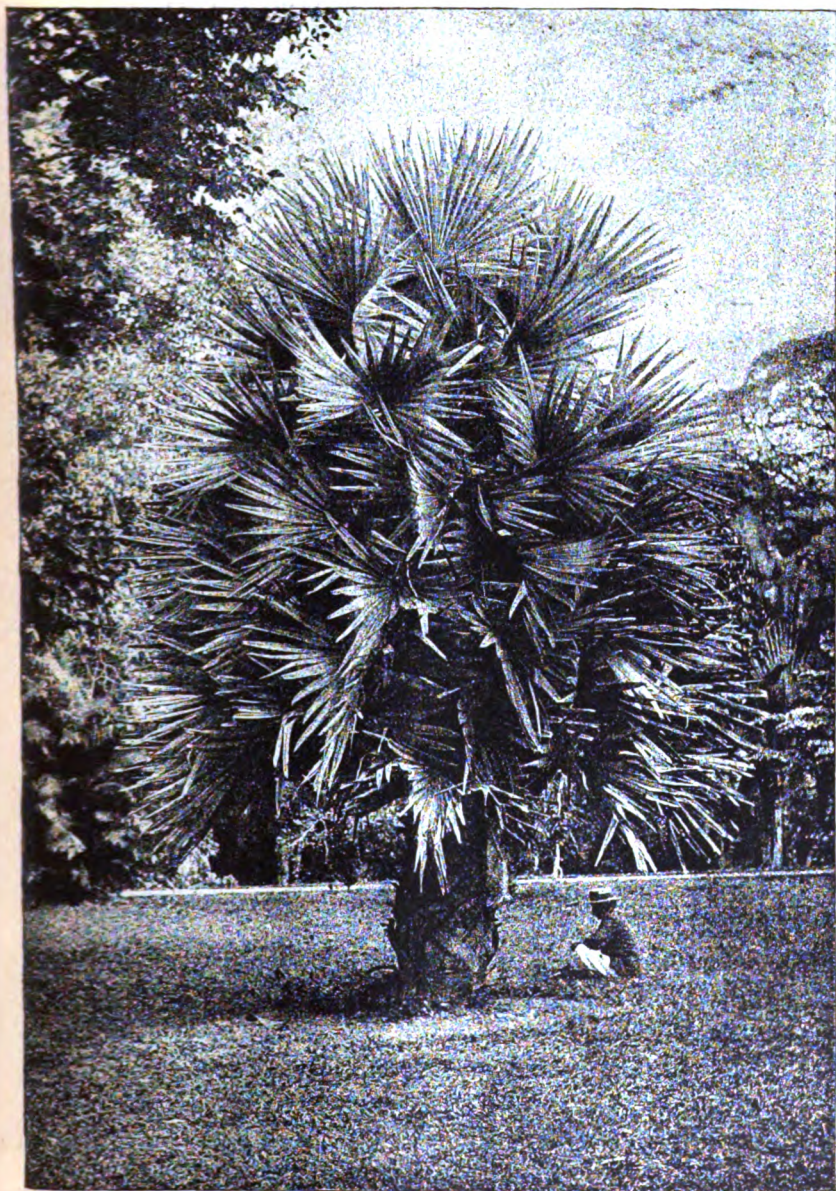


OD is everywhere wonderful in His works: in the smallest plant or insect as in the majestic orbs rolling above our heads; in the desolate northern regions of our planet as well as in the temperate zone so rich in fruits and various productions useful to man; but in the torrid zone, the creation of Almighty God seems to unfold itself more magnificently, and to sing with a fuller voice the grandeurs of its Maker.

I feel unable to convey a just idea of the impression I experienced when for the first time I saw, from the placid waters of the Caribbean sea, that gigantic and gorgeous vegetation, those wonderful and diversified flowers, those bright birds, all bathed in the most dazzling light, living and moving under a clear and spotless sky. I then understood something of the rapture of great Columbus when he discovered the island which he called Trinidad. He named it a paradise, and he thought he had arrived at the foot of Eden.

The lovely island of Trinidad is situated about 10 degrees north of the Equator, between the 61st and 62d degrees, west longitude, in the southern part of the Caribbean sea. It is separated from the Venezuelan coast of South America only by the narrow passages called by Columbus himself, *bocas*, or mouths of the serpent and of the dragon. It is about 55 miles long and 40 miles broad, with an area of 1,790 square miles.

When I landed in Trinidad, four hundred years after the great Genoese navigator, though I met the same vegetation, I found a very different people. Columbus estimated that the island was then peopled by at least 100,000 Indians of different tribes. Now these primitive inhabitants have almost entirely disappeared, either exterminated by the Europeans, or driven to the mainland, or absorbed in other races. However, I saw some pure blooded families of those interesting aborigines in Arima and Siparia, two places where the ancient Capuchin missionaries had gathered their ancestors in a reduction, or mission. The descendants of



THE PALMYRA PALM, TRINIDAD.

this ancient race still speak Spanish, though the island has been under the British government nearly a century. Perhaps 10,000 more or less mixed with Spanish or African blood, exist in the valleys of Maracas, Caura Tumpuna, and elsewhere. They are all Catholics; their language has saved them from Protestantism.

The Port of Spain is the capital of the island. It is a town of about 50,000 inhabitants, the residence of an Archbishop, and of a Governor representing Queen Victoria. Whitaker's almanac says it is one of the finest towns of the West Indies, and I think he is right. It is built on a gently inclined plain at the foot of the beautiful Hills of Laventille, which unfortunately shut out the east winds. In consequence, the site of the capitol is at times excessively hot.

Besides the island of Trinidad the Archbishopric of the Port of Spain includes four other islands, *i. e.*, Granada, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Toliago, with a total population of about 390,000 souls, 190,000 being Catholics. The suffragans are the bishops of Roseau, (Island of Dominica,) of Curacao, of Jamaica, of the British Guiana, and of the Dutch Guiana.

Since 1864 the archiepiscopal See of Port of Spain has been occupied by a Dominican. The first Archbishop of the Dominican family was the saintly Monsignor Louis Gonin, who died in March, 1889, after a pontificate of a quarter of a century. Though born in France he had been educated in the island of Mauritius, where he filled the position of Crown Solicitor. After reading the book of Mr. Auguste Nicolas on Christian Philosophy, he determined to renounce his profession and the world, and to become a religious. In his humility his first intention was to join the Christian Brothers; but a conversation he had with Father Lacordaire made him change his mind, and he entered the Order of St. Dominic. He was prior in England in 1862, when Cardinal Wiseman, acknowledging his merit, suggested him to the Holy Father for the Archbishopric of Port of Spain. His humility shrank from this honor; he offered the strongest resistance. As the Master General, Father Jandel, desirous of keeping him, supported his appeal, the Pope yielded, and nominated Mgr. English. But this prelate died the first year of his pontificate, and then Cardinal Wiseman and the Pope insisted that Father Gonin



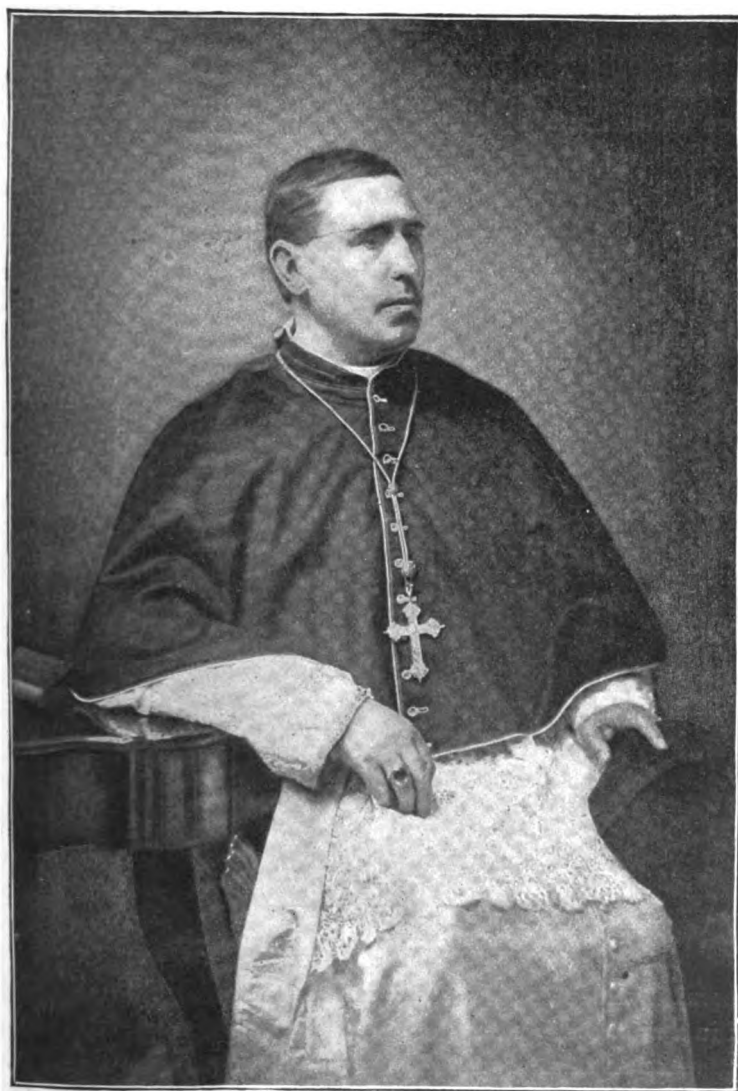
ARCHBISHOP GONIN, WITH DOMINICAN AND SECULAR PRIESTS; A
DOMINICAN LAY BROTHER AND TWO LAYMEN AT FOOT.

should be his successor. This time resistance was of no avail, though Father Gonin made use of a strange means. He sent, they say, his written general confession to Pius IX., trusting in his simplicity that the Pope, after reading his sins, would find him unfit for the post. But after perusing the paper the Pope handed it, smiling, to Father Jandel, saying: "It is all right; let Father Gonin know that I have heard his confession, and that I give him for penance to enter on retreat, and to prepare for his consecration." Father Gonin tried to raise another obstacle. Having been told that the English government expected that the next Archbishop would become previously an English citizen, he answered that he could not consent to such a thing. But he saw that no further resistance was possible when he received this rebuke: "For the good of the Church you should be ready to become a Chinese citizen!"

In the See of the Port of Spain the good Archbishop Gonin remained a true friar; he did not even change the form of his habit; he merely put a cross on it. He left his diocese only twice to make his visit *ad limina*, and to assist at the Vatican Council.

On account of his infirmities, which prevented him from visiting his large diocese, the Holy See gave him as a coadjutor, Bishop O'Carroll, who had been provincial of St. Joseph's province of the Dominican Order in the United States. Bishop O'Carroll died after a few years. Two other coadjutors were appointed,—Bishop King, and Bishop Hyland, both Dominicans; the former of the English Province, the latter of the Irish. A fourth was appointed,—Bishop Flood, of the Irish Province. He survives Archbishop Gonin, having succeeded, in 1889, to the full government of the See. During the intervening years he has labored energetically, and given many proofs of his episcopal zeal.

A great need in the diocese of Port of Spain, as in all the West Indies, was the want of priests. There was no Seminary, and scarcely any hope of finding ecclesiastical vocations. The parishes of the diocese were occupied by priests of all nations, coming from the four winds of heaven. To improve this condition, the Holy See, in appointing a Dominican Archbishop, asked the General of the Order to send with him some religious who could help him; and so, in 1864, a first band of five or six Dominican Fathers landed in Port of Spain. Their coming was the oc-



ARCHBISHOP FLOOD.

casion of much wonder among the creoles, who had never before seen white-robed priests. To-day more than twenty Dominicans labor there; many more lie in the convent cemetery. Their labors have been beneficial, not only in Port of Spain, but in many other missions of the diocese which they have successively occupied. When I called at the island of St. Vincent, there was one of them in sole charge of the three or four thousand Catholics of that island. He was then a venerable old man, who had been Vicar



FATHER GABRIEL O'FARREL, O. P.

General, I was told. He was there alone without a brother-priest, and in a missionary excursion, he had just broken one of his arms. In the Archipelago of the Grenadines I found another solitary Dominican Father in charge of that abandoned and poor portion of the world. In the island of Toliago I met also a Dominican Father, who with a negro lay-brother was building a church. It is also to be noted that in the island of Trinidad they have occupied for years, and occupy still, different missions, and especially all the

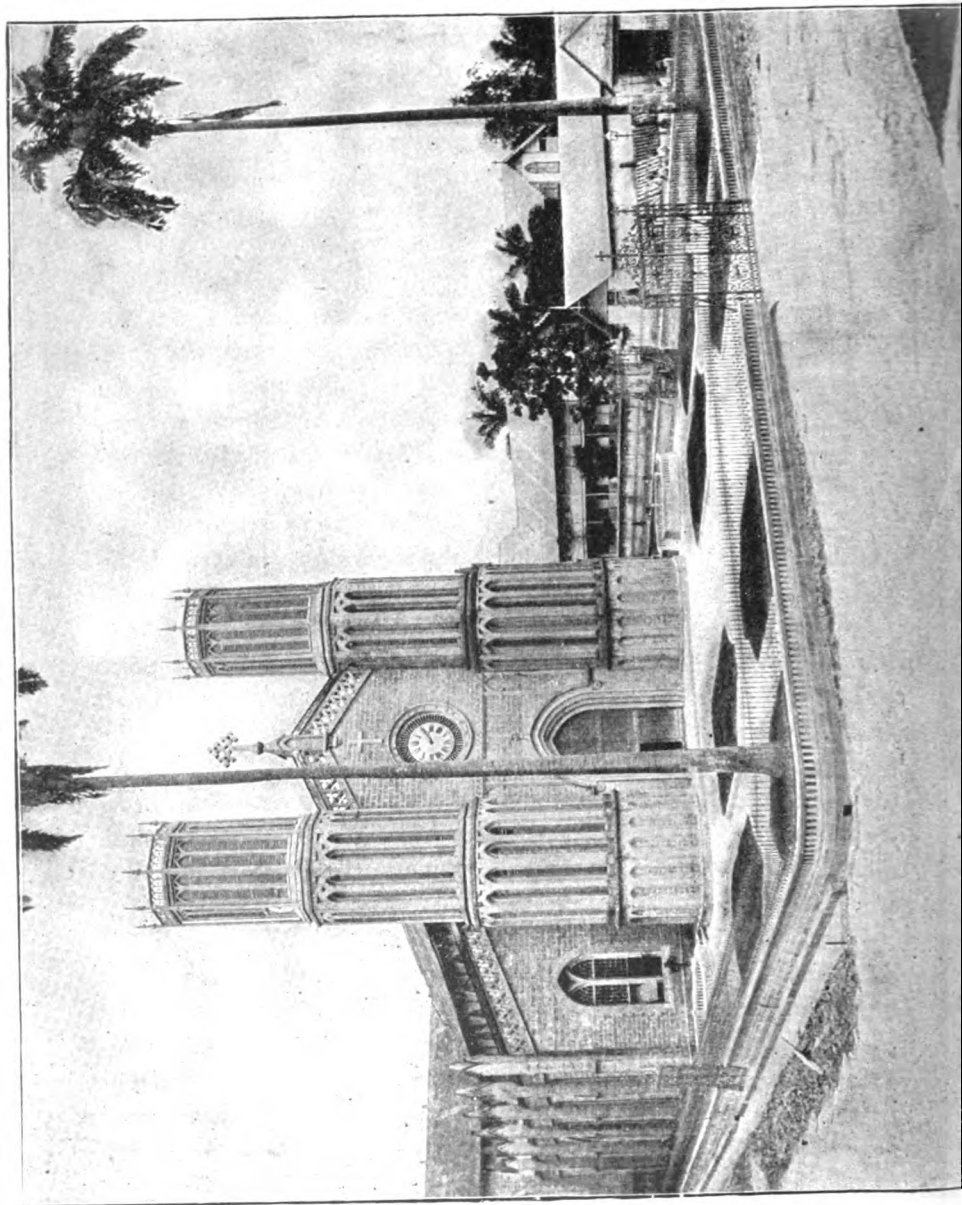
North coast, where they have built churches, presbyteries, and schools, and otherwise helping the priests in giving retreats and missions. At Cartries, capital of the island of St. Lucia, I heard during Lent a Dominican missionary who was making a great impression on the people. In San Fernando, second town of the island of Trinidad, I saw the tomb of a Dominican Father, Père A. Violette, who for more than ten years had labored energetically, establishing schools, and building churches in his extensive mission of the Naparimas; but he finally succumbed under the burden.

During Lent I assisted in Port of Spain in different retreats given to the people by the Dominican Fathers, and I was surprised seeing the crowds that attended, and the piety of those good negroes, mulattos, and people of all nations. In the churches there was not an unoccupied place. At the general Communion it was an edifying spectacle to see so many faithful representing nearly all the races of the earth, piously receiving their God at the same time. On Palm Sunday in the Cathedral alone there were at least six or seven hundred men going to Communion, in a body.

In that Cathedral I was the happy witness of a first Communion, which impressed me greatly. The large centre aisle of the church had been reserved for the first communicants, who were at least three hundred. They were sitting under a beautiful edifice, some twenty feet high, of garlands and flowers erected in the centre aisle, from the Communion table to the main-door. This ornamentation is called a *banquet*. The majority of these children were negroes, but all seemed to be alive to the great action they were doing.

The Cathedral of Port of Spain is a large and handsome edifice of Gothic style. It has been lately improved and finished. It is surrounded by a beautiful wall and railing, encircling grounds nicely paved in cement, or laid in geometrical gardens, with fountains and *jets d'eau*. Opposite, on the South, is the convent of the Dominican Fathers, from which they start every morning for the different churches of the town and the suburbs, where they say Mass and attend to the various wants of their people.

In order to keep this sketch in reasonable limits, I must confine



myself to giving you a dry enumeration of the parishes, churches, convents, and schools by which the Catholic Church manifests her beneficent influence in the island of Trinidad.

According to a book just published by a Dominican missionary of Trinidad,¹ there are 29 missions or parishes in the island, with a Catholic population of over seventy-five thousand souls, out of a total population of over two hundred thousand. About sixty thousand belong to the various denominations of Protestantism, and sixty-five to paganism. These heathens are some thousands of Chinese, and over sixty thousand Hindoos, brought by the English Government from the East Indies to cultivate the fields. They take an engagement of ten years. During the five first years they are indentured to an estate on the island, and when not sick are obliged to work at a very low salary. During the last five years they are free to work where they like. After ten years they have a right to be shipped free to their country, or, if they choose to remain, the Government gives them five pounds or five acres of ground. A good many prefer to settle in the island. Only a few thousands of these Hindoos are Catholics. Being scattered all over the land, indentured on estates which almost all belong to Protestants, it is not easy to evangelize them, the chief obstacle being the scarcity of priests. It is very sad, because the Protestants are making great efforts to proselytize them. Though they generally belong to the lowest castes in India, still they are an intelligent race. Over twenty thousand of them were born on the island. They are small planters, store-keepers, cutters of grass to feed the horses, sellers of milk in the streets; in fact, they are to be met with everywhere. In Belmont, a suburb of Port of Spain, an orphanage has existed for twenty years; there some hundreds of little Hindoos, left orphans, have been educated. A good many of them have married, and have raised Catholic families. This orphanage is in charge of the Dominican nuns of the Congregation of Etrepagny in France. Reverend Father M. Forestier, an old Dominican missionary, now broken

¹ "Trinidad; journal d'un missionnaire Dominicain des Antilles Anglaises" Illustrated, 1 vol. 8° 490 pages. We are glad to recommend this very interesting work to our subscribers who are familiar with French. On the receipt of \$1.20, it will be mailed from this office to any address.



GROUP FROM CALCUTTA, TAKEN IN THE STREETS OF THE PORT OF SPAIN.

1.—Madras Coolies, three sisters, Catholics. 2.—Coolie boy selling milk. 3.—Coolie girl selling milk.

down, has labored with great zeal to establish and maintain this orphanage. He was succeeded a few years ago as chaplain of the institution by Father Simeon Guillet, who has charge at the same time, of a parochial chapel in the rapidly increasing quarter of Belmont.

Besides the Cathedral there are two other parochial churches in charge of the Dominicans, the Sacred Heart, a new and neat church built in the quarter known as Corbeaux town,¹ and the church of our Lady of the Rosary in the centre of the town.

Near this last church is a convent of Dominican nuns of the Second Order. It was established by Venezuelan Sisters, who, exiled from their country by the tyranny of a revolutionary dictator, Guzman Blanco, came to Trinidad twenty years ago. They are few, but full of fervor and good will to carry out the entire observance of their constitutions. Alas, the West Indies is not very fertile in vocations for contemplative life; the good Sisters of Port of Spain would be glad to receive some novices from other lands.

Finally, in Port of Spain, amongst the green hills known by the general name of Laventille, there are the chapels in charge of the Dominican Fathers. One of them is a white land-mark, which can be seen from very far; it is our Lady of Laventille, a place of pilgrimage, where the pious Catholics of Port of Spain and of the island love to go to implore the protection of the Mother of God. The foundation-stone was laid in 1886 by the Comte de Bardi, nephew of Comte de Chambord, and by the princess of Braganza, his wife, then on a visit through the West Indies.

Another chapel of pilgrimage, in the town of Port of Spain, is our Lady, the good Shepherdess,² on the hill of Siparia. It was

¹ A feature of Port of Spain, not easily to be met with in any other part of the world, is the number of vultures (*Uruba fœtens*), vulgarly called *Corbeaux*, or crows, by the people. There are hundreds and thousands in the streets. Protected by the law as the scavengers of the town, they are so familiar in this manner that sometimes they scarcely move to allow a person to pass in the streets.

² Our Lady is invoked in Spain under the name of *la Divina Pastora*, or Divine Shepherdess. The devotion was carried to Trinidad by the Catalan missionaries of the seventeenth century, who established one of their missions under this title in Oropuche, on a hill called Siparia, and still a resort of pilgrimage, after which the chapel of Port of Spain was named.

built by the zealous Father M. Francois Ribon, who died in Port of Spain in 1880, and was intended for the Madras Hindoos, who were numerous in the neighborhood. A school was also established there for their children, but since, they have moved, and now more Creoles than Hindoos go to the chapel and to the school.

The Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost have a flourishing college in Port of Spain for preparatory education; they have also two parishes, one west of Port of Spain, and called New-town, and the other in the country, Diego-Martin.

In this last village, in 1871, an awful tragedy happened. The Abbé Jouin, rector of the parish, supposed to have been enticed during the night from his presbytery for the express purpose, was set upon, foully murdered, and mutilated in a shocking manner. The supposed murderer was tried, and such convincing proofs brought against him, that nobody doubted he would be hanged; but the jurymen were for the most part, colored people, and they acquitted their fellow-mullato. The population was in such indignation that they almost stoned them.

A few miles from the church of Diego-Martin there is a charming and romantic spot, the falls of the blue basin. Some streamlets from high up the hill collect and leap by a cascade into the basin below. On a cloudless day the water assumes a decidedly blueish tint; hence its name. Shady nooks, a luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation, tender *lycopodiums* and maiden-hair ferns, rare parasites, a beautiful fall, cool, clear, sparkling water—what more can we desire?

In the valley of Maracas, some ten or twelve miles from Port of Spain, there is another fall, much higher and very abundant during the wet season; this is, like the former place, a favorite picnic resort.

(Conclusion in August.)

FLOWER of Carmel ! flowering vine !
Shed thy gifts on us who are thine.
Virginal Mother ! star of the sea !
Glory of Heaven ! we cry to thee.

THE SECOND JOYFUL MYSTERY.

MARY IRWIN.

OH, JOYFUL morn,—was ever morn so fair?
 But Saint Elizabeth comes forth to greet
 One fairer than Aurora, far more sweet,
 With glorious eyes of light and sun-bright hair,
 Of majesty above Greek goddess' rare,
 Who cometh with a step, so light, so fleet,
 That flowers spring up again beneath her feet,
 And richer sweetness yield the wooing air.
 So all things touched by her more beauteous grow.
 The Matron clasps the Virgin to her breast:
 "Oh, blest art thou, among all women blest!"
 And Mary, in a voice as sweet and low
 As Heaven's softest music, pours forth that
 Sublimest canticle, "Magnificat."

FOR LOVE OF THE FLAG.

A STORY OF THE MAUMEE.

JOHN PATRICK BRENNAN.

(Conclusion.)

KIRBY at length found his tongue, but could only utter the words:

"Richard Manly!"

"Yes, Jim,—Richard Manly, son of Colonel Manly," replied the youth, with a bitter smile; "wonder how father would like to see me in this plight? Look, I carry my death sentence with me," and he pointed to his tattered uniform.

"Richard, what have you done?" asked the boatman, huskily, for he had learned to like the generous and once handsome youth.

"Deserted," answered the soldier, sullenly, "and that on picket duty. If they catch me my life wont be worth a fig."

"You are—you must get home as fast as you can," said Kirby,

decidedly, bending to his oars as he spoke, "and explain everything to your mother. Don't be afraid of the colonel—he crossed over here yesterday—gone to drum up recruits in the southern part of the county. Don't leave the house till you get a chance to cross over into Canada; you'll not be safe anywhere else. Why did you desert?"

"Oh, I couldn't stand the life down there," he answered with a yawn, "I never had any stomach for camp or battlefield. I enlisted because father had made up his mind that I should enlist. That's all. I'm a coward, I suppose."

Kirby was silent. He knew not how to reply to this pitiful, shameful admission.

"I'm *so* sleepy," said the youth, wearily; "haven't had a full night's rest for three weeks. I half wish I hadn't given them the slip. Is my mother well?"

"As far as I know, she is," returned Kirby; "and now that I have had time to think, perhaps you had better stay at my house for a few days. The town is filled with your father's soldiers and raw recruits."

"All right, Jim, you're a good fellow—I won't forget your kindness. Oh, I'm *so* hungry," and the young renegade turned his haggard face towards the boatman.

"You'll have a good warm breakfast in a few minutes," said Kirby, cheerily plying his oars with fresh vigor. "Don't look so down in the mouth; cheer up, man."

But the unfortunate youth did not heed this kindly admonition. Overcome by fatigue and hunger, he sank backwards in the boat, and almost instantly fell into a heavy slumber. As he lay there with upturned face, the old boatman could not but revert to the proud words and haughty bearing of Colonel Manly. There lay the love and pride of his later manhood—a fugitive from the very power he had sworn to uphold.

Under cover of the fog, Kirby and his son carried the soldier to the house, and laid him carefully, even tenderly, upon a pallet in the attic. He seemed feverish and restless, and rousing him from his sleep, the boatman administered a stimulant. Mrs. Kirby appeared in a short time with a bowl of broth for the half famished youth. Leaving Willie to watch at the bedside, Kirby

sought his wife to consult with her as to how they might dispose safely of their unexpected charge.

Early in the afternoon of the same day, Colonel Manly returned by a circuitous route to his camp on the outskirts of Oleon. Among several letters and telegrams awaiting his arrival, he found a message from the mayor of Dalton, a small town lying towards the southern part of the county. It contained a brief description of a young man in federal uniform, who was either a spy, or deserter, and who had been seen by a worthy farmer near Dalton, journeying northward on the Oleon road. The mayor added that he deemed it his duty to acquaint the officer of this fact.

Colonel Manly at once instituted an enquiry concerning the suspicious soldier. None of his subordinate officers had seen the stranger. They doubted if it were probable that a spy would venture so far north, and they did not think that a deserter would show himself in a locality where detection was inevitable. The colonel verbally agreed with them, but in the same breath, ordered various squads to be despatched in different directions to scour the county. He was not the man to pooh-pooh every incident how unimportant soever it seemed to others. This was especially true when the weal and honor of his country were in question, for as he said to himself in his pride, he had already done much, and would do still more for love of the flag.

Towards evening the stragglers from the various squads returned weary and empty-handed to the camp. They had seen nothing; they had heard nothing. The colonel frowned at every repetition of this unwelcome news. Sergeant Dickson, who was one of the first to head the chase, had not yet returned. He had his own theory, and in consequence, he scoured the river banks, questioning all whom he chanced to meet, but without eliciting any positive information. Kirby's humble dwelling escaped his squad, for in obedience to his theory, he led his men northeast along the river. He reasoned that the stranger was a deserter, making his way to the Canadian border, and in this, as the reader knows, he was perfectly correct.

About eight o'clock that evening, he and his squad returned jaded and dispirited to the camp. The only clew he had picked up in his search was that an old fisherman had, on his way down the

river that morning, seen *three* men in Kirby's boat. But the fog was so dense that he could not recognize the third person. The two others, of course, he supposed were Kirby and his son. Dickson, however, did not attach much importance to this information, for Kirby often employed one, or even two men to aid him in his work. But the colonel viewed matters in a different light.

"Sergeant," he said, quietly, as the other finished his story, "call out a dozen fresh men. We'll have an interview with Kirby *to-night*, and if he cannot explain matters to *my* satisfaction, I will light a great torch on the bank of the Maumee."

"All right, sir," replied the sergeant, with significant emphasis.

Harsh words, Colonel Manly, harsh, cruel words! But, then, war is a cruel thing.

Sleep and nourishment had in the course of a single day restored to a certain degree the deserter's wasted strength. It was now far into the evening, and he lay quietly on his bed in the attic. He was not asleep, but watched through the low, open window, the lights and shadows that, like spirits of good and evil, flitted through the forest, or swept across the bosom of the sleeping waters. As each succeeding cloud obscured for a moment, the disc of the moon, and buried the scene in darkness, something not unlike a cloud passed darkly before the eyes of his mind. It was that strange foreboding of evil—that species of second sight, called presentiment, which is nothing more than a fitful effort of the higher powers of the mind—a conviction induced by reasoning so rapid as to be all but intuition. He felt, perhaps we would better say, he knew that danger was near.

As he thus lay watching the shadows, absorbed in gloomy thoughts, the droning sound of voices reached his ears. He started up to listen. The floor of his room was uncarpeted, and the boards did not fit closely together. The sounds came up through the loose floor from the room below, and he caught the words:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

He sank back upon his pillow. The words sounded like a mournful reproach, yet they bore with them a soothing effect.

They spoke of peace, and safety, and love. He continued to listen to the prayers, and as he listened, he strove to remember when it was that he last offered up a prayer to God.

A slight, though sharp noise in the garden, which stretched from beneath his attic window along the river bank, attracted his attention. He again rose in his bed, and peered through the window. The sight that met his eyes struck his heart like a chill. Near a rustic arbor, and partially concealed by its lengthening shadows, stood a compact body of men. They were soldiers, too, for he saw the moonlight glint the brass trappings of their uniforms, and silver their burnished bayonets. As he gazed with bated breath, he saw a tall figure stride out into the moonlight. A low word of command was given, and the squad divided, one line filing to the right, the other to the left. The young deserter's first thought was flight. He knew what this precaution meant—they intended to cut off all chance of escape. But they might have saved themselves the trouble, he added bitterly, for I could not reach the river in time, and if I were to try my fortune on this side of the stream, I should be shot down before I reached the fence. Thus reasoning, he rose from the bed, and awaited the approach of the soldiers.

The tall officer now advanced, seemingly determined to make an investigation in person before ordering his men to close in upon the house. As he approached, Richard Manly moved cautiously towards the door of the attic, which led into a narrow hallway at the head of a still more narrow stairway. The door of the front and best room was partly open, as was the door leading into the sitting-room where the family knelt at their prayers. The youth saw the tall figure gently push through the half open doorway, and then stand fully in the room. The deserter started back in alarm. The tall figure was Colonel Manly! A strange meeting between father and son.

The officer paused a moment irresolute. Then advancing cautiously, he reached the rear door of the apartment, and peered into the adjoining room. There knelt the old boatman, his hands clasping a rosary to his breast. Near him knelt his wife and children, all intent upon their evening prayers. An oil lamp with a brightly colored shade, threw a softened light over the

kneeling group. A curious little clock perched high upon a small pine bracket, ticked in unison with the words of praise, petition, and love, that ascended to our Lady's throne.

"Hail, Mary, full of grace."

The officer drew back at the sound of the childish voice, and his head sank upon his breast. When would that canker cease to gnaw at his heart? He felt it now as never before. His son leaned over the balustrade at the risk of detection, and strove to read his father's face. It seemed as stern, nay, sterner than ever, and as the son drew back again into the shadow, he felt that single handed he could meet with a stouter heart a whole column of Southern soldiery, than face his father at that moment.

He looked again, but the colonel had not moved a muscle. He seemed to forget his mission, and truly, for his thoughts were busy with the past. A vision of other holier days arose before his eyes, and he saw himself once more a boy, kneeling at his mother's side. He was an innocent lad then, and he knew now what a sweet incense before God, is the prayer of an innocent heart. The scene has changed—the mother lies in her grave—the careless father forgets his daily prayers—the son forgets his mother's lessons of piety, and in so doing, forgets God. Oh, how the worm gnaws at his heart. But, hark! the voices in the adjoining room are silent. Colonel Manly comes back to the present—the past is buried once more.

"O God, the giver of peace and lover of charity, vouchsafe to Thy servants true peace and love, that the war being ended, we may with joyful hearts sing Thy praises. Amen."

The childish voice was silent.

"Surely neither spy nor traitor rests under this roof," muttered the officer aloud.

His son heard the words and took a step forward as if to throw himself on his father's mercy, and assure him that he had spoken the truth, for in that brief space his heart lost its cowardice. He would be a man again and face the battle brunt. But before his lips could frame a word, his father had disappeared.

After young Manly had assured himself by a look through the attic window, that the soldiers were on their march back to camp, he sought Kirby who, alarmed at the sound of the Colonel's

voice, stood in silence still holding his rosary in his brawny hand. As Richard entered the room, Kirby looked relieved, and smiled as he said:

"So, it was you who spoke? you have your father's voice."

"No it was not," replied the youth, hurriedly, "but ask no questions—I cannot tell you more. Do not be alarmed; your prayers have saved us all. But I must go; will you take me over the river?"

"To-night? you cannot mean it."

"Yes, to-night. There—ask no questions, my good friend, but be quick if you would do me a kindness which I shall never forget."

Seeing his determination, Kirby made no further reply, although his wife in vain expostulated. A generous supply of meat and bread was quickly prepared, and with many good wishes and prayers for his safety, Manly entered the boat. The moon had vanished behind a dark mass of clouds, and under cover of the darkness, the repentant deserter was landed safely on the opposite shore. He shook Kirby's hand with all the warmth of his impulsive nature, but seemed to hesitate, as though he had more to say than a mere farewell.

"Kirby," he began at length, "I am going back to the flag I deserted. I believe your prayers to-night did me good. Will you tell the children sometimes to—to pray for me?"

"God knows I will," answered the boatman, fervently.

"Good-bye, old friend," and turning abruptly, the young soldier plunged into the forest.

* * * * *

The grass has been growing for thirty years over the graves of the thousands who fell in that fratricidal strife between the North and the South. Men and things have changed since those troubled days. A new generation more united, and as vigorous at least, as the former now fills the land. History and tradition as recorded in books, in monuments, and in the minds of men, alone treasure the memories of that period.

Nor have the little city of Oleon and its inhabitants escaped the changeful hand of thirty years. And so it has fared with the Kirby family. The old boatman and his wife lived to see their

sons and daughters grow to manhood and womanhood, and become the honest pride of their latter years. The eldest, William Kirby, now a prosperous merchant of Oleon, enjoys a more than local reputation for business integrity, and social hospitality. It is a subject of remark among his friends and acquaintances, that when showing his visitors the points of natural and historic interest in and around his all but native city, he never fails to conduct them to the apartments of the Grand Army of the Republic. After viewing the tattered battle-flags and broken swords and muskets, hung like old-time armor on the walls, the visitors at length stand before a large sheet of parchment surrounded by an oaken frame; their guide then relates certain incidents which the parchment has failed to record. His interest in this tablet is best explained by subjoining the words written on its yellowed face:

In memory of Colonel J. D. Manly and his son, Lieutenant R. E. Manly, both of whom fell bravely fighting on the field of Jonesboro, Ga.

Richard Manly bore the colors of his regiment, and was shot down at his father's side. The gallant colonel tore the colors from the hands of his dying son, and pressed forward at the head of his regiment. But the brave always meet the death they covet. He fell in the thickest of the fight.

Colonel Manly was a public spirited man, ever ready to lend a helping hand to the suffering and the needy. He took an active part in local and national politics, and was ever an ardent abolitionist. For years he had been a prominent member of the Presbyterian church of this city, but during his campaign in the South, he returned to the Catholic Church. His son, Lieutenant Richard Manly, had preceded him by several months in taking this step. They now rest in St John's cemetery, on the bank of their native river.

Thus speaks the parchment. The young deserter atoned for his crime, and wiped out his disgrace with his blood. But who will erect a tablet to recount the praise of our Lady, who brought these two souls back to their God?

OH, if Mary were but known, how much happier, how much holier, how much less worldly should we be, and how much more should we be living images of our sole Lord and Saviour, her dearest and most Blessed Son!—*Father Faber.*

THE SORROWS OF MARY.

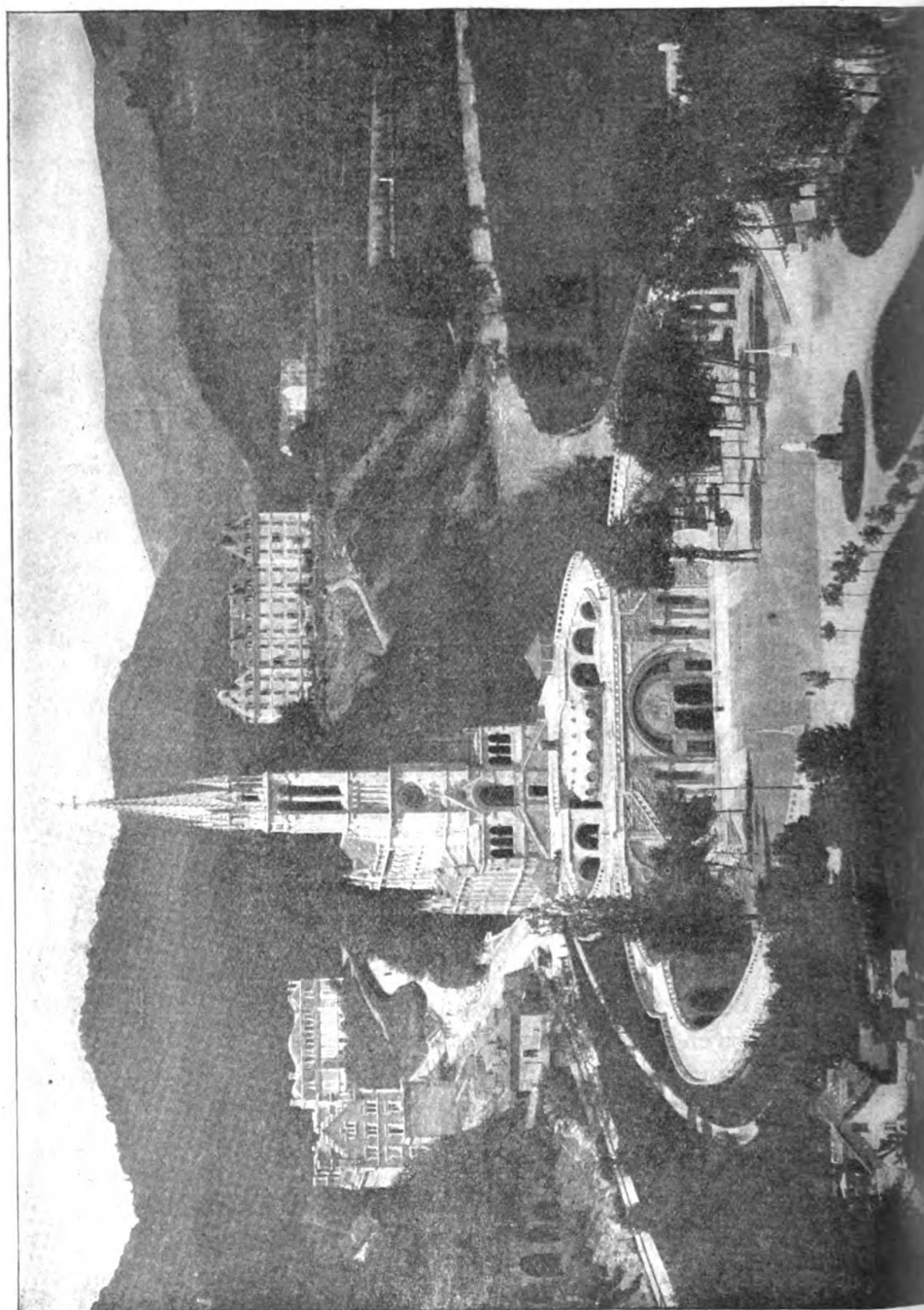
REV. C. H. MCKENNA, O. P.



YOUR readers will pardon us for dwelling for a few moments on Lourdes, the scene of our Mother's wonderful manifestations, in our own time, of her right to the glorious title of Comfortress of the afflicted. Lourdes to-day differs much from the Lourdes of 1873, when we first had the happiness of kneeling in its sacred grotto and of drinking of its miraculous fountain. Then, as now, the magnificent Gothic Basilica crowned the rocks of Massabielle, a spur of the Pyrenees. Then, as now, the Guave poured its turbulent waters through the valley, sweeping near the grotto. But the magnificent temple of the Rosary with its fifteen altars in honor of the fifteen mysteries, was not there; the well-kept boulevard, the splendid drives winding along the mountain side; the many convents for religious, and houses for pilgrims were not there. In a word, the face of Lourdes has changed much in twenty years.

To many of the readers of *THE ROSARY* a brief account of the apparitions of our Blessed Lady to the child Bernadette, may not be uninteresting. Two great objects seemed to have determined these apparitions: one to insist on the practice of the Rosary, as a devotion powerful with God and most pleasing to our Immaculate Mother; the other to open a healing fountain for curing the diseases of the world.

Truly has the Mother of Sorrows proved herself the tender Mother of the suffering and sorrowful. And we here repeat: "It was given to her to drink deeply of the cup of sorrows that she might merit to be the Mother of the afflicted." Would that we could describe the touching scene presented to us on that feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1873! There the blind, with their sightless orbs turned towards the hallowed grotto; here the palsied, the paralyzed, the lifelong crippled, carried by kind friends, to rest beneath the shadow of that overhanging rock; others carried to the baths of the miraculous waters, whilst hundreds were drinking of the waters or carrying draughts in vessels to



their friends who were unable to come from their sick couches. One spirit pervaded all. It was a spirit of ardent love for our Blessed Lady. Everyone had a rosary; everyone was telling the blessed Beads of our glorious Mother. On the evening of that eighth of December a torchlight procession was formed. The whole town seemed to have turned out to take part in it. Never did we witness manifestations of greater faith. Men and women, young and old, clergy and laity, all joined in that wonderful procession. Magnificent voices sang the Rosary Hymn, whilst the refrain:

Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria;

Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria:

was taken up by ten thousand devoted sons and daughters of Mary, many of whom had come thousands of miles to kneel at her beloved shrine of Lourdes. Aye, and many too, on that night, shed tears of joy and gratitude for favors received through their compassionate Mother. Those who had the happiness of being then present will never forget that Rosary Procession, or that manifestation of faith in our Mother.

* * * * *

It was on February eleventh, 1858, that the Blessed Virgin first appeared to Bernadette Soubirous, a peasant girl of Lourdes, a small village nestling at the base of the Pyrenees. The little child went with her young sister and another young companion to gather firewood. They had to cross a branch of the Guave, and, whilst uncovering her feet to wade the stream, Bernadette heard a noise as of a strong wind. Looking at the tree she saw that all was still. Again she stooped, and again the noise startled her. Then she looked towards the face of the frowning rocks before her, when to her amazement she saw a beautiful Lady, dressed in white, girded with a blue sash, standing in a natural niche in the face of the rock. The Lady was without ornaments or any kind of jewelry; a white veil descended from her head to her feet, which were bare and rested on a branch of a wild rose vine. Between her hands passed a milk-white rosary chained with gold. Her lips moved not, but she seemed as if listening to others saying the Rosary in her honor. Bernadette took out her beads and tried to make the sign of the cross, but could not do it, through fright. The Lady encouraged the child by raising the crucifix of

her own beads first to her forehead, afterwards to her breast and shoulders. Bernadette imitated her heavenly teacher, blessed herself, and said her beads.

Returning home, the child told her companions, and afterwards her mother of what she saw. Her mother regarded it as her child's fancy. Again Bernadette saw the vision and was asked by the beautiful Lady to come for fifteen days. Was it in honor of the fifteen mysteries? We know not. The child promised to come. Now the apparitions began to be talked of. The people began to visit the grotto. One woman brought a blessed candle, and lit it: "the first which shone in that wild grotto where so many millions were soon to be ignited." On the following day three hundred persons were present, when the child came. On the day after, several thousand were present, but no one saw the vision, except the child. The faithful believed the child, when they saw her in ecstasy. The learned infidels called it hallucination "catalepsy." The clergy did not go to the grotto through motives of prudence. The civil authorities did all they could to prevent the people from testifying to their faith, and tried to convict Bernadette of falsehood, of trying to deceive the people. The innocent child was shamefully treated by the authorities.

During the fifteen days the vision appeared each day, except two. One day the Lady seemed to look all over the world, and then turned her countenance, full of sorrow, to the kneeling child.

"What do you want? What must I do?" enquired the child.

"Pray for sinners," was the answer.

On February twenty-third, Mary said to her faithful child: "Go to the priests and tell them that I wish them to build me a chapel here."

Bernadette obeyed, but when the pastor of Lourdes heard her commission, he said: "If your Lady wants a chapel, let her give me a sign; your word is not enough. Let her cause the wild rose on which you say she stood to blossom."

On the following day an immense crowd gathered to see whether the rose would blossom; but it remained unchanged.

"The superstition will now end," said the incredulous. But the vision again appeared, and then the child was told to climb

up the steep, rugged ascent towards the niche. This she did on her hands and knees, whilst she heard the word, "penance! penance! penance!" which she repeated after the Lady.

On the next day Mary again appeared to her child, who was followed to the Grotto by a vast multitude. Having conversed with Bernadette, and confided to her a secret not to be revealed to anyone, Mary said:

"Go now, and drink and wash in the fountain, and eat the grass which grows at its side."

No stream of water of any kind was nearer than the Guave, to which the child bent her steps without losing sight of the Lady.

"Do not go there," said the apparition. "I did not say drink of the Guave. Go to the fountain, it is here;" and stretching her hand she pointed to a dry spot at the base of the rock on which she stood, where water was never seen before. The obedient child approached, but saw no water in the Grotto, when at a sign from the Lady of the Apparition, she stooped down before her, and made a little hole in the ground with her hand. The little hole began gradually to fill. The mysterious water came drop by drop, at first mingling with the dust. Bernadette overcoming her repugnance, stooped and drank of the muddy water, and washed in it, and then took of the grass growing beside it, and ate some of it. The vision disappeared. Some of the multitude thought at first that the mind of the child was affected, but soon all saw the miraculous water, and the faithful began to draw from it. The next day the stream was considerable. Two remarkable miracles occurred in Lourdes soon after: one, in behalf of a poor quarryman, whose sight was destroyed by blasting rocks. He received his sight instantly by rubbing his eyes with the yet muddy water. Another was a crippled child. When in its death agony, the mother, full of lively faith had seized it in her arms, and hastening to the Grotto, she plunged it naked into the ice cold water. There she held the little one for a quarter of an hour in the sight of the people. Some said, "the woman is crazy;" others, "she is drowning her child, it is already dead;" others again, "what she is doing is enough to kill any child." But the mother said: "Let me alone; I know what I am doing; the Mother of God will restore my child." Then she took it home apparent-

ly lifeless, and put it to bed; soon the child breathed peacefully. Then, in a little while after, the child arose and walked with perfect ease, something he had never done before. Soon the news of these miracles spread through Lourdes, afterwards through France, and widely through Europe. The priests now had a sign, like the miracles of our Lord; a work was accomplished, not to satisfy curiosity or sign seekers, but a fountain was now open to heal the afflicted of the world. O Glorious Mother! you then saw how those miraculous waters would be carried to every clime, and how everywhere, according to the good pleasure of God, faith would be rewarded. But more, sweet Mother! You saw how the fame of these miracles would everywhere increase devotion to you, and particularly to you, through your wonderful gift of the thirteenth century, your cherished Rosary; and that through these miracles, and your Beads, you would more effectually lead the hearts of the redeemed to the foot of the Cross, to the arms of their Redeemer. For this the fountain of Lourdes, for this your Beads, for this your labor in time to bring us to your Son in a happy eternity.

In giving this brief account of the apparitions of Lourdes, the desire was not to deflect from the selected subject of the articles "The Sorrows of Mary;" but as many of the readers of THE ROSARY may not have read the history of Lourdes by M. Henry Lasserre, we thought it well to place before them the above account of what Mary has done in our own day for the sorrowful and suffering, that our readers may appeal to her in all their necessities, with still greater confidence. But more, we desire some way to show our gratitude to our Lady of Lourdes for favors received, for which we can never sufficiently thank her. On some other occasion, God sparing us, we shall record other examples of the love of our Sorrowful Mother for her suffering children

ALL the treasures of mercy are in the hands of Mary.—*St. Peter Damian.*

ALL the sorrows of the world, were they combined together, could never equal the anguish of Mary—*St. Bernardine of Siena.*

A HERO.*

A DOMINICAN SISTER.

TAKE helmet, sword, and shield, and lay them by;
 Take glory, friendship, love, all happy days:
 The toys ambition sought; the honest praise
 The world bespoke; take Fame's resounding cry:
 The lives he saved, the laurels won, the high
 Unswerving honor that begirt his ways—
 Take all, and bind them round with what Earth says,
 What answer they to God's all-searching WHY?

 But count his Beads, the Masses said, the coin
 For God's sweet sake bestowed, the silent prayer,
 The cross unseen with smile endured, the need
 Of all things set aside for Christ—then join
 Your voice with ours in choral thanks, for where
 Such works abound a hero *is* in deed.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

JOHN H. O'NEILL.

II.

BACON, a man of great intellect, but of gross and sensual instincts, gave to the world, in his *Novum Organum*, a new departure in philosophy. It is true that Aristotle had anticipated him by two thousand years in the observation, investigation, and classification of the facts and phenomena of nature, and the application of the inductive system. But Aristotle never regarded these physical studies as the *Ultima Thule* of man's knowledge. His genius soared beyond nature into the regions of metaphysics, and nobly grasped after the fountainhead of knowledge. Facts and phenomena are not knowledge. There is nothing new in induction, for it has been used by all mankind, from Adam down. The novelty of Bacon's system was not in the method of induction, but in his appeal to men's sensual appetites. He called the

* Suggested by the death of a member of a religious community.—M. D. B.

minds of men away from the consideration of those sublime questions of metaphysics concerning God, the soul, and the origin of the world, which had occupied the thoughts of men from Aristotle to his own day, directed them to the investigation of physical nature alone, and taught them that the chief good of man lies in the gratification of his appetites and passion—that the only philosophy worthy of his attention consists in a knowledge of such things as administer to the animal tastes and cravings of his nature. The novelty of his philosophy was in its tendency to drag immortal man—the rational soul—down to the level of the brute creation, by ignoring the laws of his spiritual and higher nature. It is due to Bacon, however, to say, that he warned his disciples that his system was only applicable to the physical sciences, and not fit for the investigation of metaphysical truths. His warning was of no avail. No author of a philosophical system can foresee all the consequences to which it may lead. His system was more fully developed by the genius of Locke and of Hobbes and carried to the ultimate pitch of materialistic infidelity by the nimble and elastic minds of the French philosophers. Its bloody impress is left forever on the eighteenth century, and its influence lingers widely in our own.

In the same age with Bacon arose another remarkable man, Descartes, the originator of a system of philosophy, which, in the different directions of its development, has produced, perhaps, greater social and political evils than any other system of modern times, and which, in one form or another, is the fashionable philosophy of the world at the present time. He founded his system upon doubt, if we allow that any system may have such a foundation. He began by denying everything but his own consciousness, and his method was to admit nothing which could not be logically deduced from this one psychological fact, after the manner of geometrical demonstration. It is true that he afterwards admitted into his system the element of ontology, when he saw that his exclusive psychology must result in the denial of God. But there was no connecting link between his psychology and ontology, and according to his method of deduction it is utterly impossible from either alone to arrive at the being of God, the existence of nature, or the fact of creation. In his confusion

he appealed to an innate idea to prove the existence of God, and not being able to deduce God from the idea which itself needed proof, he appealed to the veracity of God, whose existence by his own system he was bound to doubt, to prove the objective reality of the idea. It was impossible that such a system should not lead to atheism and infidelity. Following the historical development of this system, we find it cropping out in the peculiar and visionary idealism of Malebranche and the sensism of Condillac; in the spiritualistic eclecticism of Victor Cousin; in Fichte's deification of the soul, and the rationalistic pantheism of Spinoza. The fact is that the Cartesian philosophy, whether advancing from psychology, or ontology, has everywhere culminated in pantheism. Whether a Fichte starts from the psychological, or a Spinoza from the ontological principle, the result is the same, and they both meet on the common ground of pantheism.

The fundamental error of these modern philosophers lies in the attempt to account for and explain nature by itself, and in assuming that the soul is capable of thinking independently and of itself. But nature is not sufficient for itself, and does not contain its own explanation and solution. Everything in nature is a contingent existence, and has its origin and support in Being itself. The sciences are empirical, but the principles of knowledge are *a priori* and real. There can be no thought without a subject, an object, and a concurrence between them. We find this connection only in the intuitive, *a priori* first principles of knowledge—in the necessary. The existence of things is not conditioned on our thinking them, but our thought of them is conditioned on their existence. They are not because we think them, but we think them because they are. While pure mental abstractions are non-entities, the categories are realities. But the leading luminaries of the sciences, or at least the most popular and influential among them, remit to the region of the unknowable and unintelligible all that cannot be tested by the senses, and comprehended by the limited intellect of man. Thus they not only seek by the revelations of nature to contradict the revelations of the Bible, but actually deny reason itself by denying its first principles and fundamental laws. Ever since Bacon, all the sciences have been founded upon purely naturalistic principles. The higher philosophy, metaphysics,

theology—sciences which cannot exist without the aid of the supernatural—are rejected by the savans, as dreamy speculations, idle and flimsy theories, void of all reality. These sublime and master sciences are hooted and derided, as the mere offspring of ignorance and superstition, unworthy of an age of intellectual light and scientific splendor. Their advocates are regarded by some with pity, by others with contempt, and are sometimes even persecuted with a bigotry equalled only by its loud professions of liberality and freedom.

The naturalistic school of Comte, Mill, Spencer *et id genus omne*, excludes all communion or intercourse between God and man, except through the medium of those natural laws impressed by God, and which, with them, bind Him as well as nature, and hold Him imprisoned, as it were, in His own creation, and subject to it. It denies all facts and phenomena not explicable by nature or secondary causes alone. This is to annihilate God and deify nature. This whole philosophy is summed up in Mr. Ingersoll's "irrepressible conflict between religion and science, which cannot peaceably occupy the same brain nor the same world."

The problem is to disprove the pretended antagonism between religion and science by arguments addressed to men, who have no faith, and reject alike the authority of the Bible and of the Church. They cannot be met on the grounds of religion, for they scoff at and deride it. They must be met on philosophical grounds. The weapons of reason alone will reach an enemy who pretends to fight on the field of reason. The philosophy of Calvinism is unequal to the task, for living only in the regions of a pure supernaturalism, and ignoring nature altogether, instead of being able to refute the assertion, it is a living evidence of its apparent truth. The psychologists and subjectivists, not being able to verify any fact or phenomenon whatever, not even their own identity, however strong may be their faith, can never know whether or not there really is any science or religion, which, if they chanced to exist, might possibly come into "irrepressible conflict." The balance of non-Catholic christendom—the materialists—who swear by Buffon, Linnaeus, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and other scientists like these, whatever may be their professions of relig-

ion, are *logically* bound to acquiesce in the skepticism and infidelity of their own masters. The only hope, then, against infidelity, must rest on a sounder and more impregnable philosophy, which can be found only in the Catholic schools—a philosophy which holds that there are certain first principles of knowledge which precede all experience, without which experience or knowledge of any kind is utterly impossible, without which the physical sciences could have no existence, but which are ignored, not only by the scientists themselves, but by the fashionable religionists of the age. These first principles find their philosophical expression in that ideal and scientific formula, “Being creates existences,” and shines forth with additional brightness in that initial sentence of human history, “In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth.” The starting point, then, of all sound philosophy and of all human history, as well as of all revelation, is identical. True philosophy begins and ends with God—the beginning and end of all things; for, while experience is first in the *history* of knowledge, the idea of God is *logically* anterior to all experience, and the foundation and the end of all knowledge.

No Manicheism, no dualism, no antagonism between God and nature can find a place in any true system of philosophy. God is, and nature exists—the necessary and the contingent—the supernatural and the natural. But nature does not suffice for itself, nor contain the *rationale* of its existence within itself. We can only account for its existence by the supernatural, without which it would be impossible, and in which it has its root, its origin, its explication, and its end. We must, as a necessity of thought, recognize the creative act as the *nexus* between God and man, and therefore it is, that only by affirming the fundamental truth of creation can reason explain anything, or satisfy in a measure its tendency and incessant cravings to know and account to itself for phenomena and its own aspiring powers. In order to account for the natural and intelligible, which are constantly before us, it is necessary to admit the supernatural and the super-intelligible. We cannot, it is true, with the limited reason we have, grasp the essence of anything, not even of a blade of grass. But we can know of a certainty, as well by analogy as by revelation, that there *is* essence; that the supernatural, the superin-

telligible, really is. The scientists may seek, as much as they will, to confine the knowledge of man to mere phenomena and the laws of nature, but the hungry instincts of reason spurn the barrier, and refuse to stop short of the first Cause of these phenomena, the Author of these laws.

Catholic education is based on the principles of a sound philosophy. The philosophy prevailing in Catholic schools asserts the supernatural without denying the natural, and exalts without deifying nature. It affirms, not only the existence, but what is too frequently and more widely than is generally supposed, denied or ignored, the creatorship of God. At the same time it asserts the creatureship, the spirituality, and the freedom of man. And these are held to be philosophical truths, aside from and anterior to faith and revelation, and susceptible of proof by human reason alone. The Church teaches that faith presupposes nature, and philosophy asserts that faith is conditioned on reason, and not reason on faith. Man cannot be called upon to believe in revelation until he has first ascertained that there is a being capable of making a revelation, and worthy of belief. Reason goes before faith, and faith comes afterwards, and completes and perfects reason. The Catholic schools alone maintain the dignity of reason, and the Church instead of suppressing, enforces it with the power of dogmatic sanction. In proof of this it is only necessary to recur to the fact, that not long since, there grew up among certain members of the Catholic Church, a school of traditionalists, which sought to degrade reason, and construct science on faith as its foundation; but the philosophers of this school were confronted with the censure of the Church, and compelled to subscribe to these three fundamental truths: That the existence of God, the spirituality of the soul, and the freedom of the will, are provable by human reason alone, without the aid of revelation. Has any other Church ever paid so high a compliment to reason? Have any of the boasted advocates of intellectual freedom, who wax indignant at its slightest apparent restraint, ever so honored it? Can the mind imagine any greater achievements, any grander triumphs of unfettered thought, than these? Can human reason accomplish any loftier exploits? How sinks the proud intellect of the grovelling sensualist before these sublime

and towering flights of God-like reason in the Catholic schools! This is the only sort of philosophy able to vindicate faith against infidelity and reconcile God with nature. The charge that the Church deprives Catholics of intellectual freedom, is false. Catholic thought is truly free and untrammelled, but essentially logical. Catholic reason is free to do anything that human reason can do, but it is not free to violate the very laws of reason itself. Neither does this philosophy ignore the material part of man. Man is composed of body and soul—matter and spirit—united in the most intimate and mysterious manner, and exercising upon each other a most wonderful reciprocal influence. He is neither an angel nor a mere animal, nor a plant; and yet, in his marvellous composition, he partakes of them all. In his material body, like the animal and vegetable, he is subject to dissolution and death, and in his spiritual soul, like the angel, destined to immortal life. By his physical constitution he is subject to a variety of sensations, appetites and passions; by reason he is exalted above the brute creation, and enabled to judge between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, justice and injustice, virtue and vice, good and evil. By the ennobling attribute of free will he is constituted a moral and responsible agent, accountable for his actions under the law of reason, and capable of merit and demerit, of blame and praise, of reward and punishment.

The immortal cravings of the soul of man for unbounded happiness, which no finite good can ever satisfy—his “pleasing thought,” his “fond desire,” his “longing after immortality,” which the poet felt—are themselves unanswerable proofs of his immortality. The universal and irrepressible instincts of the human heart were never implanted there by the Creator to go unsatisfied and disappointed forever. It is clear, then, from his very nature that, in order to respond to all the relations by which he is environed, and finally reach his eternal home with God, who alone can satisfy him, man must live a double life on this earth—a natural life in the order of generation, and a supernatural life in the order of regeneration. It is evident, therefore, that to fit him for this double life in time, as well as for the life to come, a three-fold education,—intellectual, moral, and religious, is necessary.

It is not my province with unanointed lips, to invade the sa-

cred domain of theology; to discuss the points of doctrine upon which the various denominations of Christians are divided; nor to usurp the office of those whose consecrated mission is to minister to the spiritual wants of man, and "point the way to Heaven." I only claim, as an humble layman, on the grounds of reason, common sense, and the teachings of history, to maintain that intellectual and scientific education, divorced from moral and religious instruction, is not in accordance with the nature of man, but is an unsafe and insufficient foundation upon which to rear the superstructure of society and government, and that therefore, upon worldly considerations alone, the religious and moral elements of man ought to be developed *pari passu* with the intellect. The whole man should be cultivated. And I maintain that sound morality can no more exist without religion, than can order be upheld without law. Take away law, and order gives place to anarchy. Take away religion, and morality becomes an empty name. Religion is the law of morality. The moral law lies in the supernatural order, and is, for the most part, of exclusive spiritual cognizance. The civil law can neither prescribe nor enforce it. Indeed, it never pretends to do so, except in those grave and flagrant violations of it, which directly and openly inflict a public injury, and amount to crimes and misdemeanors against society. And yet, it is admitted, private and public morality are essential to the very existence of society. It must be borne in mind that man has been created a social being; that society is one of the necessary conditions of his existence, and that it is impossible for him to live without it. He comes into the world the most helpless and dependent of all living creatures. He enters upon the threshold of life with a wail of helplessness, and the last syllable he utters when leaving it, to sound the depths of the unknown world, is a cry of want. First his physical, then his intellectual, then his moral and religious wants demand the succor of others. When he has begun to use that divine gift of articulate language which man alone possesses, and in the early dawn of reason to distinguish between right and wrong, the responsibility of the parent and the teacher begins, but never ends. And if it be true, that the earliest impressions are the most lasting; that man is in some sense the creature

of education; that society and government are necessary conditions of his existence; that the existence of society and government depend upon the intelligence, virtue, and morality of their constituent members, and that there can be no true virtue and morality without religion, who shall estimate the importance, even in a temporal and worldly point of view, of giving a proper direction to the education of youth—that flood of incipient manhood which surges around us, and upon which the future of society and government must depend ?

Society in its broadest sense embraces four divisions— the individual, the family, the State, and the Church. The central figure of all these, and the foundation of the others, is the individual, and upon his proper training and education depend his own and the well-being and glory of all the others. This fundamental truth should never for one moment be forgotten, that man's superiority over all other creatures in this world consists in his spiritual and immortal part, and that the soul of every individual, no matter of what worldly condition, is the living image of the Creator, and ought to be held in sacred reverence by all men. This sacred and immortal individual was not created for the family, for the State, or for the Church; but all these were instituted and ordained for him. As a creature, in relation to God, he may be said to have no rights, but to rest under obligations only. But, as an individual, in relation to his fellows, he is endowed with certain " natural and inalienable rights," which neither the family, the State, nor the Church can rightfully take away; and, in turn, he owes to each of these certain reciprocal and imperative duties, which he may not, with impunity, under any circumstances, refuse to discharge. It is therefore such an education, as will fit him for the enjoyment with the greatest freedom of these rights, and the fulfilment with the exactest justice of these relations and duties, that constitutes the sovereign necessity of man.

Religious feeling is the most deeply seated and universal sentiment in the human soul. Worship is a fundamental law of finite intelligence. Man, feeling his weakness, spontaneously appeals to a superior being. The soul in the depths of its solitude lists the echo of its origin, and continually yearns and sighs for the everlasting source from which it sprang. Speaking from a

temporal point of view, and in the interests of this life alone, I say that nothing can operate so strongly as religion to bind together and cement the elements of society. This has been attested by the universal consent of mankind. All the nations of the earth have constructed society on the foundation of religion. The prosperity of every nation has been under the reign of religion, morality, and virtue; and every nation that has turned away from God, and become corrupt in morals, has been swept from the earth, or fallen into decadence and stagnation. In addition to this universal sense of mankind, we have the concurrent opinions of the wisest men of all ages, whether heathen, Christian, or infidel, that society can be permanently constructed only on the basis of morality, upheld by religion. This doctrine comes to us from the earliest dawn of history and the farthest Orient; from the flowery land of China; from the Indus and the Ganges; from the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Nile,—strengthened by the united authority and wisdom of Confucius, Buddha, and Zoroaster—immortal founders of oriental civilization. We find it in Greece—the home of ancient learning and philosophy; in Rome—the imperial mistress of the world, and everywhere along the track of history, in the rise and fall of nations and political revolutions, down to our own times. Plato says: “Ignorance of the true God is the greatest pest of all republics; therefore, whoever destroys religion destroys the foundation of all human society.”

Xenophon says: “The most pious cities and nations have always been the most durable and the wisest.” Plutarch declares that “it is easier to build a city in the air than to establish society without a belief in the gods.” Cicero, in his work on the nature of the gods, enlarges upon, and eloquently enforces the reasonings of Plato on this subject. Seneca says: “The first thing is the worship of the gods, and faith in their existence; we are next to acknowledge their majesty and beauty, without which there is no majesty.” De Tocqueville asserts, “The safeguard of morality is religion; and morality is the best security of law, as well as the surest pledge of freedom.” It is remarkable that even those, whose principles and writings have done more than all others to rend the bosom of society and tear away the props of government, have been compelled to acknowledge the principle

for which we contend. Rousseau in his "Social Contract" declared the solution of the problem of government to be, "To find a form of association, which shall defend and protect with all the common strength, the person and property of each associate, and by which each one being united to all, shall nevertheless obey only himself and remain as free as before." On the basis of these absurd and "subversive ideas," by his insinuating eloquence and through the incendiary appeals of his disciples, he invoked the smiling goddess of liberty to put on the stern features of the wrathful avenger; to wield the red lightnings of battle; to trample upon the most sacred precepts of reason; to hurl to the dust the altar and throne, only to sit down, when satiated with the glut of riot and blood, to weep over the ruins she had wrought, and contemplate the despotism of anarchy, irreligion, and license.

And yet, this same Rousseau was compelled in the same work to acknowledge the truth of these words: "That a State was never established without religion as a foundation." Voltaire admitted that "religion is, on all accounts, necessary wherever society exists." Professor Huxley says: "I protest, that if I thought the alternative were a necessary one, I would rather the children of the poor should grow up ignorant of both those mighty arts—reading and writing—than that they should remain ignorant of that knowledge to which these arts are means." Herbert Spencer, admitting the necessity of morality, demonstrates that there is no connection between morality and intellectual cultivation, and his remarks on the subject are so forcible, that I crave your pardon for the length of the quotation. He says: "Are not fraudulent bankrupts educated, and the getters-up of bubble companies, and makers of adulterated goods, and users of false trade-marks, and retailers who have light-weights, and owners of unseaworthy ships, and those who cheat insurance companies, and those who carry on turf chicanery, and the great majority of gamblers? Or, to take a more extreme form of turpitude, is there not among those who have committed murder by poison, within our memories, a considerable number of the educated—a number bearing as large a ratio to the educated classes as does the total number of murderers to the total population? This belief in the moralizing effect of intellect-

ual culture, flatly contradicted by facts, is absurd—*a priori*. What imaginable connection is there between learning that certain clusters of marks on paper stand for certain words, and the getting of a higher sense of duty? * * * How does the knowledge of the multiplication table, or quickness in adding or dividing, so increase the sympathies as to restrain the tendency to trespass upon fellow-creatures? * * * * This irrelation between such causes and such effects is almost as great as that between exercises of the fingers and strengthening the legs. One who should by lessons in Latin hope to gain a knowledge of geometry, or who should expect practice in drawing to be followed by an expressive rendering of a sonata, would be thought fit for an asylum; and yet he would be scarcely more irrational than are those who, by discipline of the intellectual faculties, expect to produce better feelings." The following words of wisdom are from the mouth of Washington: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." Horace Mann says: "To render the cultivation of the intellectual nature beneficial, or even safe, nay, to save it from being baneful, it must be accompanied by moral education." And again: "I have no hope of any human endeavor which is not founded upon eternal law. But for all efforts founded upon that law, I have immortal hope. In this hope I live and strive."

I have thus far endeavored to show, by reasoning from the origin, the nature and end of man, not supported by authority, that morality is an essential ingredient in the proper education of the race, and that morality leans on religion for its support. I have attempted to show that philosophy permeates and influences the whole political life and morals of every people, from the palace to the hovel; that whenever it comes in conflict with religion, it sweeps the latter from its path, and asserts an undivided empire; that the popular morals of a nation or an age will be the reflex of its philosophy, whether that philosophy be in harmony with, or opposed to the prevailing religious sentiments, because reason

being the law of our nature, must and will, as is proper, govern our actions; that true morality can therefore arise only from the concordance of philosophy and religion; that it is vain to preach morality from the pulpit, while you utter the oracles of infidelity from the chair of the professor; that morality is a thing of the heart, and not of the intellect; that it depends upon the will, and not upon the reason; that there is no logical relation between intellectual culture and the moral sentiments, and that morality has its sanctions in religion alone. We may therefore justly conclude that teaching religion in Sunday-schools, for one hour, on fifty-two days in the year, will not be sufficient to counteract in the youthful heart and mind, the negative infidelity necessarily infused into them, for six hours, on two hundred and fifty days in the year, in schools from which God and religion are exiled by common consent. As few parents have the time, and many not the ability, to instruct their children at home in either secular or religious knowledge, it necessarily follows that they should be taught religion and Christian morality, as well as science, in the schools, or grow up in ignorance of God and moral obligation. Catholics do not object to the full, free, and unrestrained development of the intellectual powers, nor to the unlimited pursuit of science, nor are they opposed to the public schools of the country.

They are opposed, however, for the reasons I have endeavored to assign, to endangering the *faith* and *morals* of their children by sending them to such schools, when it is possible to give them a Christian education. These schools, no doubt, well subserve the purposes for which they are intended, and are acceptable to a large majority of people. They may accord with the notions of the atheists, the infidels, and the free-thinkers, and even with the conscientious convictions of those classes of Christian believers, who guided by the light of false philosophy, and untaught by the frightful and melancholy lessons of history, still fondly hug the exploded delusion that morality, which they admit to be a necessary prop of society, may also be the outgrowth of intellectual culture alone. But the Catholic cannot *conscientiously* thus jeopardize the eternal interests of his children, nor the temporal welfare of society.

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

LORETTE.

E. A. LEMAN.

"WHAT is the trouble, Lorette? You look frightened and pale."

"Oh, Sara, I have just fled from the house. Father was going to beat me."

"What was the matter?"

"I refused to buy rum for him at the corner saloon. Sara, when mother died, I promised her I would never touch liquor or aid another in getting it. Father swore terribly to-day when I said 'no,' and called poor, dead mother all sorts of horrible names for having made me give her my word. He seemed crazed with drink, and it was as much as I could do to run through the door in time to escape an empty brandy bottle which he flung after me."

"That was awful!" exclaimed Lorette's friend. "I wonder that your life is safe with such a man."

Both girls had met each other in the vicinity of Sara Woodruff's home. The hour was nearing seven in the evening, and Sara was on her way home from the factory where she was employed.

Sara was sixteen, and the only real friend that pretty, unfortunate Lorette Harker knew. Lorette was two years younger.

"My home is a place of horror to me, Sara. I often wonder what it is really like for one to be truly happy. Every time I enter the house, a feeling of dread runs through me."

Great tears welled up in Lorette's mournful blue eyes, and Sara was moved to the deepest of pity for her.

"Do not grieve, Lorette. If it were in my power, I would invite you to stay with me to-night, rather than have you go back home. Old Mrs. Wilkinson, my boarding mistress, is so crusty and unfriendly, that I cannot take any such liberty."

"I could not go any way, Sara. I must return home; father would be angry if I remained away."

"Have you beads?"

"No, Sara. I wish I had."

"Mine are in my pocket. You may have them."

Sara produced a plain little rosary, which Lorette accepted with much gratitude and pleasure.

"Say the Rosary when you go home, Lorette. It will work wonders for you. When you feel afraid, just catch hold of your beads, and you will be surprised at the result. I must hurry from you now. Mrs. Wilkinson is so precise, that if one is not in time for meals, one must go without. Boarding is not the pleasantest thing in the world. Good-bye."

They separated, and Lorette, with her eyes sadly cast down in thought, took her pitiful way homeward.

She reached the house, a large tenement situated in a squalid street, and climbed the greasy stairs to the apartments occupied by her father and herself.

With trembling hand she opened the door and stepped in. All was still. Luke Harker was absent.

Lorette proceeded to light the lamp.

She expected her father's return every moment. While she waited, she took out her beads and began to tell them. She walked to and fro across the room, for she was too nervous to kneel.

Lorette experienced a sense of satisfaction as her white fingers moved gently along the little balls, and a brave thrill put to flight the fears within her.

She had scarcely finished the *Salve Regina*, when she was startled at the sound of a drunken footfall coming up the stairs.

"It is father! O Blessed Mother, help me!"

A few seconds later the door opened and Luke Harker staggered into the room; his face red and swollen, his eyes heavy and bloodshot.

His appearance was disgusting to tremulous Lorette, and she shrank back with an uncontrollable shudder.

"So you're back, are you?" he said, gruffly. "And your airs with you, I suppose. Don't practise any of your pride on me, girl. I'll not stand it."

"Father, I do not mean to be proud. It is only that I despise drink, and hate to see you under its influence."

Even as Lorette spoke, she feared that he might be displeased at her words and do her violence.

"There was a time," she continued, "when you thought the world of me. I remember hearing you tell poor mother one day that if I died, you would not care to live. That was long ago—before that vile stuff found its way into your heart and poisoned all your love. Father, why do not you reform? It is not too late. Then, too, think of your soul. If you were to die drunk, you would be—damned."

Lorette spoke in so gentle and loving a tone, that for a moment the man's heart was touched.

"It's too late to turn back now," he said, dejectedly. "I'm destined for hell, anyway. I don't possess the rum habit. The rum habit possesses me. If I could shake it off, I'd be a better man, perhaps. But I cannot, so there's no use trying. What is there to eat?" he asked, not caring to pursue the subject.

Lorette set to work preparing him his evening meal.

He ate heartily, considering his condition, and later on went to bed.

During the days that followed, Lorette prayed zealously to the Blessed Queen of the Rosary that her father's demoniac thirst might be taken from him.

Imagine Lorette's delight when he told her he had resolved not to taste liquor for a year.

A month passed. Lorette could scarcely believe her father was the same man. Now he behaved toward her as he had in happy days gone by.

But Lorette's joy suffered a cruel blow before long.

One evening, as she was engaged in household duties, and thinking happily of her father's conversion, she was painfully startled when the door opened, and in came he, as shamefully intoxicated as ever.

Luke Harker's debauch lasted a week.

Lorette's heart turned sick, and she almost lost faith in her to whom she had prayed.

But great gratitude rose in Lorette's heart to our Blessed Lady when she saw the absence of all cruelty from her father's nature.

"It's of no use my trying," said Luke Harker. "I'm a drunkard, and a drunkard I must die."

"Do not give way to despondency, father. It is only Satan trying to discourage you."

"If I were rich, I would employ some skilful doctor to cure me. There are such men as can do it."

"I know of a cure better than any doctor's," said Lorette.

"What is it?" he asked, wonderingly.

"If you would only say a decade of the Ros—"

"Oh, that's superstition. Old women can believe that way, but—"

"It is not superstition, father. If you pray to God's Mother, she will only too gladly help you. Try and see. Please do."

After much persuasion, Lorette succeeded in exacting from him a promise that he would say a Rosary decade every day.

Luke Harker practiced the devotion, and could not but notice its beneficial consequences.

He soon realized that he was growing stronger and stronger in the struggle with his one particular demon. He feared to omit the exercise of prayer for even one day, lest he should in any wise grow weak. He persevered nobly, and, eventually, completely mastered his enemy.

As he had gained his victory through hard work, he appreciated it more than if he had received it but for the asking.

"Lorette," said he one day, "I am going to take a pledge never to touch liquor for the rest of my life. I don't want to take it even moderately, for I feel that I could never use it with discretion. It is best that I leave the terrible stuff entirely alone."

After this Lorette's life with her father seemed like a golden dream.

Less than six months after the signing of his vow, Luke Harker was taken fatally ill. He lingered but a little while, and then passed away.

His death was a calm and holy one, and Lorette, though grieved beyond words at his loss, was happy in the belief that his soul was saved.

Lorette was now left to fight life's battle alone.

She always believed that it was through the same powerful Rosary that she obtained a lucrative position in a large glove emporium, where, in after years, she held an important office.

Though her life was a very religious one, she never entered a convent, but stayed in the world, and became noted for her charming influence in advancing the devotion of the Beads.

With Other Young Folks.

The Orphan's Bouquet is really a paper to win the attention of the young folks, and to hold their interest from week to week. This cheery journal of sixteen pages is issued weekly by the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Mass., at only \$1.25 a year. It is printed by the boys of this Institution. The House of the Angel Guardian is modelled somewhat after the Catholic Protectors, about which many of our young soldiers and Rosarians have no doubt read in *THE ROSARY* for May. Aquinas feels sure that you all looked at the pictures, at least. This Boston Institution is in charge of the Brothers of Charity; the New York one is in charge of the Christian Brothers.

Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, in the issue for June, has an interesting article on Babies. It is not written for children, but about them. The tiny pen-pictures are amusing. They show the many ways babies are handled, and hung up, and laid away, by mothers of various countries and races.

In our May issue, while noticing the *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, we expressed regret that the children's department was no longer specially edited. We were pleased to hear from *The Mirror* that the specially edited department was dropped only because the children were to have, in future, a paper of their own, issued in connection with *The Mirror* which recently bought *The Chimes*. We have read it with much interest, and are glad to see still thriving the pretty children's department, where each little one takes the name of a flower for our Lady's garden.

Le Couteulx Leader is a pretty little journal, of magazine form, issued by the Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Buffalo, N. Y. It has a noble mission, which it effects in a quiet way—that of making known the existence of a work in behalf of God's afflicted ones. One finds very little about the Institution in these pages, full of original or selected poems, stories, and sketches. But the cover pleads elo-

quently if one but studies it, and then looks up the life-story of the great and good servant of God pictured there, for it was a life devoted to those whose lips must be silent, and whose ears are closed to all sounds of earth.

One of the daintiest bound volumes of a juvenile paper we have ever seen, comes to us from G. F. Pflaum, Dayton, Ohio. It is Volume IX. of the *Young Catholic Messenger*. We do not wonder that the young people try earnestly to secure such a book when it is offered for a prize. One finds some of the best of our Catholic writers within the pretty covers of blue-grey and gold. All the illustrations are good,—it is copiously illustrated—while the series of scriptural illustrations in half-tone are really beautiful. It would make a choice gift, or premium.

Dear little Rosarians, remember the poor and the sick children who must suffer so much during the summer. This year we are not able to arrange for a Fresh Air Fund, but we ask all our dear children to do what they can to help the poor mothers who have sick babies and little ones who seldom see the green grass or the fields or the woods, who seldom see even the blue sky, who know not what it is to breathe the pure, fresh air. God help the poor little babies in our big tenement houses!

Among the works that ought to be interesting to our little ones, of which we have learned something from the Editor, we mention *St. Joseph's Infant Home*, Utica, N. Y. While in that city, working for *THE ROSARY*, the Editor heard from Father Lynch, of the good work conducted by some charitable ladies in Utica, for the poor little babies that would otherwise be abandoned. The Editor told Father Lynch that he would ask all his dear little children of *THE ROSARY* to pray for this good work. And if any of them wish to do something more for these poor babies, they can write to the Home, and they will receive tickets and full information.



LETTERS FROM THE YOUNG SOLDIERS.

AQUINAS intended doing all the talking this month, but so many interesting letters came that it is really ungenerous to hold them back, for the little ones certainly tried to do their very best, and deserve to see their letters in the magazine of our Lady's Beads.

But we first give place this month to two of the many grateful letters that we have received from older folk. They will show how much the labors of our soldiers in the cause of good reading are appreciated. The first is from one of the many hospitals under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul; the other is from one of the islands where so many of God's poor are cared for in State institutions.

Some people may question why we unite this work with the Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare. It is because we consider good reading one of the strongest hedges protecting the holy virtue of purity, even as bad reading is an open road upon which this beautiful grace will be injured or lost.

EDITOR "ROSARY MAGAZINE":—"We received your interesting journal last week, and were at a loss to know who was our unknown benefactor. No doubt "Our Lady of the Rosary" will be pleased with the thoughtful act of little Vincent Brennan, and we hope she will bless him with every grace, and that during life he will always remember God's suffering poor.

Gratefully yours,

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

A Dominican Sister has been a generous worker in the cause, filling many cards, one of which secures the magazine for the children of Randall's Island Hospital and Schools.

"AQUINAS," Children's Department of THE ROSARY:—"The subscription kindly sent by Sister Rose to the children of Randall's Island, has been received. I shall see that the magazine be given to the children each month.

With sincere thanks, believe me,

Very truly yours,

M. C. DUNPHY, Supt.

"Many thanks for sending me THE ROSARY. I shall make good use of it," writes the chaplain of city hospital, Blackwell's Island. . . Thanks, earnestly expressed, come from the medical superintendent of an insane asylum, Danvers, Mass., where many of the patients are Catholics, and at times are able to read. But on this subject we have not space for more. The little folks must see their letters in print.

DEAR AQUINAS:—"I would like to become a soldier in the Angelic Warfare. I have a great many little defects, but I will try to overcome them. Please send me a girdle.

Oblige yours truly,

ANNIE M'GRATH.

DEAR AQUINAS:—"Please send me a Rosary Card. I am a little boy only eight years old, but I will try not to ask any body for money, but I will try to earn enough to send to you for THE ROSARY if you will send me a card.

JOHN COFFEY, JR.

DEAR AQUINAS:—My name is * * * *, and I used to be a very bad truant player. I wonder now how I escaped the police last year, as I ran away for three whole months.

I don't really know how I got cured, but I came up to Sister Bernadette's room last September, and played truant a couple of times here, then all at once I stopped. I think it is mostly because we say the Rosary every day up here, and we all belong to the Angelic Warfare, and wear St. Thomas' Girdle.

I just love to go to school now. Sister Mary Liguori teaches me in three studies, and Sister M. Bernadette in the others, and they are both very kind to me.

I have an aunt a Dominican Sister; she will be ashamed to see this about her nephew. I would not like it myself if I was still naughty.

I am eleven years old. I did not fill a Rosary Card alone, but helped some of the other boys. Wishing you all success with your magazine,

I remain, your Western friend,

* * * *

DEAR AQUINAS:—It gives me pleasure to be able to assist you in the good work of spreading Catholic literature.

I have filled the card given to me, and only wish I had more time at my disposal, and I should try to fill another.

I am thirteen years of age, and in the eighth grade. I have been going to the Immaculate Conception School since I was six years of age.

I like school very well, and shall finish my course this year; then I may go to work. There are forty boys in our room.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES RYAN.

DEAR AQUINAS:—We received the girdles and tickets, and are very thankful to you for being so prompt to send them. I will do all I can to fulfil the conditions required, and am sure I will persevere through the intercession of St. Thomas Aquinas.

During the month of our Blessed Mother, at our school we made a grotto of our Lady of Lourdes. Some helped Sister make it, and others gathered the stones. While seeking the materials, myself and two of my companions discovered a little mineral spring, the water of which is really excellent. Though not so clear, we prefer it to our common water. I am sure you would like to have a drink of it. Would you not, Aquinas?

We have thought it would be nice to have the spring near the grotto, but fear we will have to remain content with its present location, which is only one hundred and fifty feet from our school.

O Dear Aquinas! I must tell you about Louise and Carrie: On the feast of the Ascension, one of the little ones found a string, with a cork and hook, all ready for fishing. Carrie got it from one of the little ones, and they asked Sister to go and get some water for one of our sick Sisters. On their way they were trying to see which would dig for the bait, for both were afraid of the worm. Carrie found one at last, and off they went to the pond, almost forgetting their errand to the spring. They dropped their line into the pond, expecting to bring home a nice fish; but while in the act, were beckoned home by our kind Pastor, who, seeing them there alone, wondered what was the matter. Oh, how frightened they were! However, instead of being scolded, as they expected, he promised to take us all fishing some day.

My many companions, and myself, are enjoying the lovely month of Mary, and take much delight in gathering fresh blossoms for her altar. I am a child of Mary, and take much pleasure in reciting her office every Sunday.

My aunt, who is a faithful subscriber of this magazine, would be very much pleased to see my letter in THE ROSARY, and my dear father, too, who will also read it.

Well, good-bye, dear Aquinas, and believe me,

Your grateful young soldier,

NORA GENEVIEVE GRIMES,

Child of Mary.

DEAR FRIEND AQUINAS:—We received your most welcome letter, and we will try and fill all the cards. We also got the girdles and tickets, and thank you very much for them.

My dear mother died four years ago, and ever since her death I have been staying with the Sisters of the Holy Humility of Mary; they are very good to me and all the other orphans. I have not yet made my First Holy Communion, but I think I will make it

this coming summer. I go to school every day and study Catechism, with a good many other branches. We had examinations a good while ago. I got 66% for composition, 67% for grammar, and 95% for arithmetic. Sister said my percentage was very low, and it was just because I am not steady enough; but if I were to be examined on the battles I fought, she wonders what would my percentage be. Just that week I was naughty, so Sister would not allow me to send a letter I had ready. I fought one fine battle anyway. I did not get a bit angry, but I am going to try and be good so Sister will send this one. We all got weighed; I was 75 lbs. Don't you think that is pretty good for a little girl nine years old. Well, dear Aquinas, I will say good-bye, and believe me,

Your little friend,

VILLA MARIA, Lawrence Co., Pa.

BRIDGET O'BOYLE.

DEAR AQUINAS:—Accept our sincere thanks for your kindness in sending us the long wished-for Girdles and Rosary. We have nothing to offer you in return but our poor prayers, which we trust our dear Lady of the Rosary will lay at the feet of her divine Son, in your favor.

We have been trying very hard to conquer our evil inclinations, and we do all in our power to be victorious in the many battles in which we are engaged. We find it very hard to refrain from speaking in school hours, for it seems as though it were always during that time we have the most to say.

Dear Aquinas, in our last letter we stated about our battles during examination; but not being able to tell you our percentage, on account of not having received our papers yet, we do so now, feeling sure that it will interest you and our fellow cadets. Mine was, in Arithmetic, 100%; Grammar, 95%; U. S. History, 98%; Geography, 91%; and Spelling, 95%. Ellen's, in Arithmetic, 100%; Grammar, 95%; U. S. History, 97%; Geography, 97%; Spelling, 95%. What do you think of that?

What a beautiful month May is, and such delightful weather, too! We had devotions to our Blessed Lady every day, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament extra, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Last week the first Friday occurring, we had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion. The next time we will go for you, our dear General, and all our fellow soldiers.

Your most affectionate letter is just received, as we are now writing to you, and oh! how delighted we are to see that our dear General thinks of, and does so much for us.

We are trying to have some more subscribers among our companions, who left the convent lately, and who correspond with us. You may be sure we will do all we can to have them take THE ROSARY magazine, and also to enter the Angelic Warfare. We think we can win them.

Fearing that our letter might tire you, and not find room in the dear magazine, we will bid you good-bye. Hoping to receive one of your highly prized letters soon, we remain,

Your faithful soldiers,

ELLEN O'MALIA AND IDA LOICHOY.

Children of Mary.

DEAR FRIEND AQUINAS:—We were all very glad to get the blessed girdle of St. Thomas Aquinas, and we thank you very much for being so kind to us.

I started to write to you, but I did not finish my letter, so I thought I would not give it up this time.

I am a little girl eight years old. My father and mother are dead, and I have only one brother, who is ten years old.

I live with the Sisters of Mary, and they are very kind to me and to all the girls.

As all the girls were writing to you, I will just write a short letter, and remain,

Your little soldier,

MARY MARGARET BRENNAN.

Courage, boys and girls! Take all the defects, one by one. Even if you do not "get the best" of them for a long time, the very fight will do you good, for the noble exercise will strengthen your minds, hearts, and souls, for life's greater battles to come. And remember that the young soldiers will always have a share in the prayers of

AQUINAS.



TONY REDPATH'S EDUCATED PIG.

EDWIN ANGELOE.

III.

STEVE MARBURY'S HUT.—TONY ATTACKED NEAR THE WOODS AT NIGHT.
—BARNEY'S MISHAP.—MISS PAGE'S REVENGE.—TONY'S TRUST.

ON the day following her threat to prevent the pig's appearance at the Miller mansion, Temperance Page made a visit to a little hut hidden out of sight in a lonely wood some miles out from Bedford, and occupied by a man named Steve Marbury, who lived alone.

Steve Marbury bore a bad character, and had often served his time in prison.

He was a little over thirty years old, and was big and powerful in form. His face spoke volumes for his evil disposition, and was covered with a thick, stubby beard.

When he opened the door for the spinster he was dressed in a pair of coarse trousers, a red shirt, and leather boots.

He and Temperance Page were not strangers, for he had often done work for her in the way of shaking carpets, etc.

"Good-mornin,' Mrs. Page. What can I do for you?" he said, in his usual coarse tones.

"Miss Page, Mr. Marbury. You always persist in calling me Mrs.," said the spinster, quite piqued.

"I beg yer pardon. I always forget."

"There is some important work I want you to do for me," began the spinster, speaking significantly. "Give me your careful attention, and I will explain the whole thing in every detail."

Temperance Page narrated all the circumstances concerning herself and the pig, from the moment she had first heard of Barney, up to the present.

"I hate the animal," she said, bitterly; "and I hate his young owner worse. I want you to get that pig and kill it."

"What's the job worth?"

"I'll give you two dollars."

"It ought to be three."

"You'll have the pig in the bargain. You can roast him for your meals," said the spinster.

"But I'd be a little afraid to eat an educated pig," laughed Steve Marbury.

"Don't get humorous, Mr. Marbury," said Temperance Page, crustily. "This is serious."

"Well, it's worth three dollars. I wouldn't do the job for less."

"I'll give you two-and-a-half."

"No, ma'am: Three."

"I suppose I shall have to give in to you. You always were independent. Three dollars it shall be, for revenge is sweet. I'll pay, of course, when the work is done."

"That's business."

"As to the pig, you will have to watch your chance of stealing him. The boy lives in Plympton, and the animal's pen is somewhere back of the house. I learned this much some time ago."

"Make up your mind that I'll get that pig, no matter where he is," said Steve Marbury, assuringly. "I know my points in these matters, from A to Z."

"When you get to Plympton, you can find out the exact location of the house by asking some of the people."

"I don't count on stealing the pig from his pen at home."

"You don't? Then how?"

"I'll waylay the boy some night on his return from a performance. He and the pig travel in a light wagon. Did you know that he drove by on that road over yonder when he was playing at the church hall in your town? He'll do the same again when he appears at Miller's house. This is a lonely place about here, and I can work with them easily."

"It will be a long time to wait until then," said the spinster, impatiently.

"He may have another show on hand before that time. He may appear at some other house."

"I hardly think so. But we'll see."

"If he don't pass this way in a reasonable time, then I'll go to

Plympton to do the job, although it ain't to my liking, for I'm wanted there for breaking into Meade's grocery."

"If I don't hear from you within a week, I'll call here again and come to some quick arrangement with you," said Miss Page, after which she took her departure.

As luck would have it, Tony was again requested to appear with Barney in Bedford. And the date set was but three nights from the time of Temperance Page's visit to Steve Marbury's hut.

A highly esteemed lady of the town, having heard that the Millers were to be amused by Barney, took the notion to have Tony display him in her own gardens, where a strawberry feast was to be given to a number of friends.

Tony was delighted when he received Mrs. Vanderveer's letter asking him to come, and offering him liberal terms.

"It's a tip-top engagement," he said, happily, little dreaming of the danger that awaited him and Barney at the hands of Steve Marbury.

Temperance Page was among the first to hear of Mrs. Vanderveer's letter, and she lost no time in carrying the news to Marbury, who purposely remained in his hut each evening to watch for Tony and the pig.

On the date set for Mrs. Vanderveer's Tony started with Barney from home in the wagon he generally hired for carrying him and his comrade from town to town.

As he neared Bedford it was almost dark, and he gave his horse a gentle stroke of the whip to hasten her speed.

Suddenly old Laura shied at something by the wayside.

The next instant a man stepped out from the bushes and seized the animal at the head.

"Keep quiet, boy, and I'll do you no harm. Attempt to move or drive this horse, and I'll wring your neck."

Tony sat in silent alarm, believing the man was about to make a demand for money.

Imagine his surprise when Steve Marbury leaped into the wagon and caught up Barney in his arms.

Quick as a flash Tony sprang over the seat and began struggling with the man to regain his property, while Barney commenced to squeal frantically.

"Ay, but you're a deuced plucky one for a kid. Take that, and let it give you a point or two on your muscle."

As Steve Marbury spoke, he dealt Tony a fierce blow that felled the boy senseless to the bottom of the wagon.

Then with the squealing Barney in his arms, the wretch sprang to the ground and disappeared into the thicket.

And old Laura, frightened almost to madness, turned about in the road and dashed back home with all her speed, causing no end of shock and excitement when she finally brought up with her unconscious burden at the Redpath door.

Three days passed before Tony fully recovered from his assailant's attack. As he had never known of Steve Marbury, he had no idea of who the man was who had confronted him on the road.

The night after assaulting Tony, Steve Marbury called on Temperance Page.

"Well, the job's done," he said, on entering. "The pig's dead."

The spinster's small eyes lighted up with pleasure. "How did you kill him?"

"Drowned him in Green's Pond, a mile back of my hut. I had a deuced time capturin' him, too, last night. That young master of his has any quantity of grit in him, and had the nerve to battle with me before I put him to sleep. The pig was a terror, too. Look at that finger where he bit me. He was no good for eating."

"Can I see his dead body?" asked the spinster, eagerly. "It would give me delight."

"Yes, I'll drag him out of the pond and show him to you tomorrow morning."

"Very well. I'll be there. Now you want your money."

Temperance Page, by the closest kind of economy for years, had managed to sum up the amount of five hundred dollars or more, which she kept secreted in a little bag at the bottom of an old trunk which she kept always before her sight in the room they were now in.

She was anxious to get Marbury his three dollars out of the trunk, but was afraid to let him see where her money was hidden.

"Would you mind getting me an armful of wood from the shed outside?" she asked, for the purpose of getting rid of him for a few minutes.

"Of course not," said Marbury, and he took his way out into the yard.

When he returned, he received his pay, and then bade her good-night.

"She don't know that I seen her through the winder countin' her money out of that bag. At my first good chance I'll examine that trunk and get hold of her wealth. I'll bet she's got a snug sum. I'll take good care of it for her." And Steve Marbury smiled jubilantly at what he considered a great streak of luck.

The next day Temperance Page stood by as he dragged the dead pig out of Green's Pond.

"My thirst for revenge is satisfied," she said, with a bitter smile. "You may throw his body back again."

Steve Marbury threw it back into the water, the spinster smiling again as the dead animal struck the surface with a loud splash. Then she went away in the sweetest delight she had known for some time.

Steve Marbury grinned hugely as he looked after her.

"Well, I gulled her immensely. She don't suspect for a moment that the pig in the pond is the body of one that died in Seth Tucker's pen. The educated pig is at present hid in my hut. He's too smart to be killed for three dollars. I'm goin' to use him in another way." And then with a laugh: "His education must be put to advantage."

Tony was discouraged, now that Barney had met with the misfortune of being stolen. He believed he would never see the pig again.

"I'm afraid Barney is gone forever, father," he said, to the invalid. "I don't know how our money will come in now."

"Don't give up hope, Tony," advised Mr. Redpath. "Trust our Lady; you know you often said that she seemed to be in favor of even a poor little Educated Pig. If she cared for him in good fortune, she'll not desert him in bad."

"But that man will kill Barney, or else sell him to be killed. He can't make him perform any tricks, for he doesn't know how to work with Barney. Another thing, the pig, I'm sure, wouldn't obey him. So when the fellow gets tired of trying to force him, he'll sell him to some butcher."

"But the Blessed Lady will not let him kill or sell Barney unless she sees fit, and I hardly think she would have any purpose in either case. The biggest and most powerful desperado on the face of the earth couldn't move his finger if God didn't want him to. So don't fear this man's doings."

"But she saw fit to let him knock me senseless in the wagon. That puzzles me."

"That's a mystery. You mustn't expect your life to be all roses and sunshine. You must take a certain amount of trouble and suffering. After all, you've only received a great shock. No serious injury has been done you. You have more cause for gratitude than regret. And we haven't seen the last of the pig yet."

"That's so, father. I will trust our Lady, and watch for what follows."

Each night Tony prayed on his rosary to her who, as he was well aware, was really his heavenly Mother.

He knew that she was millions of times greater and grander than all the royal kings and queens of the earth, and that she was more beautiful than he could imagine, and that she could do as she pleased in the way of helping others and granting favors. And he felt confident that, great and grand though she was, she was cheerfully willing to watch over and protect a common, homely thing like his Educated Pig.

(To be continued.)

WHITHER thus, in holy rapture,
Royal Maiden, art thou bent?
Why so fleetly art Thou speeding
Up the mountain's rough ascent?

Blessed Mother! joyful meeting!
Thou in her, the hand of God,
She in Thee, with lips inspired,
Owns the Mother of her Lord.

—Caswall.



JEALOUSY.

TOMMIE wouldn't play with me,
I fink he's awful naughty:
Said he had to do his sums,
And count most up to forty.

Finks more of his horrid slate
Than of his 'ittle brother,—
So I b'oke his slate all up—
And now he's telling mother!





JEALOUSY.

Notes for the Children.

When this July number reaches our young people they will be in the enjoyment of "Vacation Days." Freedom is very sweet, boys and girls, and Aquinas hopes that you will enjoy every moment of your free time. But you will not be children after God's Heart if you are selfish in your enjoyment. Remember that papa and mamma have very little vacation; are they not working and planning, and caring for you all the time? Perhaps, during these hard times, some of you have seen your papas forced to take a long vacation because their daily work gave out; but remember that the mind is seldom rested while hands willing to work are forced, against one's will, to be idle. Now, I suppose you wonder what Aquinas means? Well, it is just this. Aquinas does not wish the little Rosarians and the young soldiers to be selfish during vacation days. Keep your bright young eyes open, on the watch to see what you can do that will be a help at home. Perhaps mother would go to some devotion in church, or would call on a friend, or would just "take a run out" for a restful breath of God's pure air, if little daughter would care for baby, or do some household task easy for young hands to do. Do you know, boys and girls, that hearts and hands have a strange way of working together? Sometimes when the young hands cannot do a piece of work, it is because the heart is not there to help the hands. The heart is away off elsewhere, perhaps on some playground, or may be in a quiet nook with an entertaining picture or story book. Cannot one of you write and tell the others something about hearts and hands helping each other? Perhaps the ways of helping mother are easier to see than ways of helping father and big brothers and sisters. But give a helping hand all around. Love your homes, and be so helpful and happy that your vacation days will bring enjoyment and freedom to all around you.

Children nowadays, especially those who go to Catholic schools, know quite well to what devotion each month is consecrated by the Church. May, given to our Blessed Mother, June, to the Sacred Heart, have passed already since we began the new volume of THE ROSARY, and now we have the dear month of the Pre-

cious Blood. Little folks cannot show their devotion by talking of holy things; they are usually shy about such speech; but they all think lots of good thoughts. Aquinas *knows* they do, and there is one time especially when they should think of the Precious Blood. It is when they are going to Confession. It is in the Sacrament of Penance that the Precious Blood washes away every stain from young souls, as well as from older ones. Now children, Aquinas wants you to love the Sacrament of Penance for its own sake, for its own lovely graces, because it is the gift of the Precious Blood.

The present month brings a day that is always gladly welcomed by children, long before they know its origin. It means "torpedoes" and "snapping crackers," and all sorts of "parades" by day, "fire works" by night. Of course you know that Aquinas is thinking and writing about FOURTH OF JULY. The day upon which this country said to the world that it would be free, was a glorious day, and every true American should keep its history fresh in memory. Boys and girls, be *true* Americans; do not let your Fourth of July patriotism be an empty kind, but on that day, thank God for what He has given to your country, and ask Him to bless that country always.

The prize promised to the young soldier who should be first to fill five Rosary cards, by which the magazine of our Lady's Beads might be sent to five poor persons or institutions, has been awarded to Annie L. Mangan. She was not the very first, fifteen cards having been filled by one devoted worker, but this one gladly leaves the field free to Annie, taking a little souvenir for herself. The prize awarded was a copy of "Why, When, How, and What we Ought to Read," written by the Editor of THE ROSARY.

We have received some girdles of St. Thomas from the convent in Chieri, Italy. They were touched by the real girdle worn by St. Thomas, which has been preserved for six hundred and sixty years. These precious girdles are the reward that we hold in keeping for all who fill five Rosary cards. The work of spreading good reading among the poor, we look upon as a sacred work; hence this little souvenir that is likewise sacred.

THE VISITATION.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by CARLO FERRERO.

Andantino.

1. Over Judea's mountains tall, From Nazareth's home we
2. Over Judea's mountains tall, From Nazareth's home we

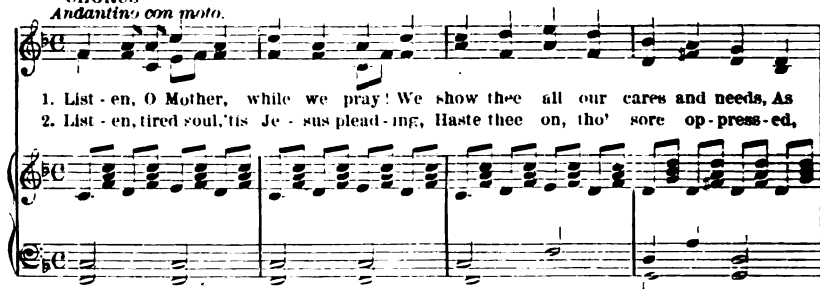
mark thee haste, While the great King and Lord of all Re - pos - es in thy be - ing chaste.
mark thee haste, While the great King and Lord of all Re - pos - es in thy be - ing chaste.

Thou goest to soothe thy cous - in's cares, O Fairest of God's chosen, cho - sen race!
Vis - it our hearts with Him, we pray, O Vir - gin ever pure and blest, and blest!

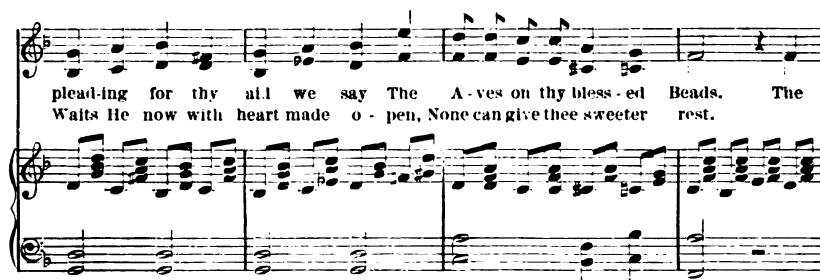
He to the great Pre - cur - sor bears The gift of sanc - ti - fy - ing grace.
That cha - ri - ty di - vine may sway With ho - ly zeal each loy - al breast.

THE VISITATION.—Concluded.

CHORUS
Andantino con moto.



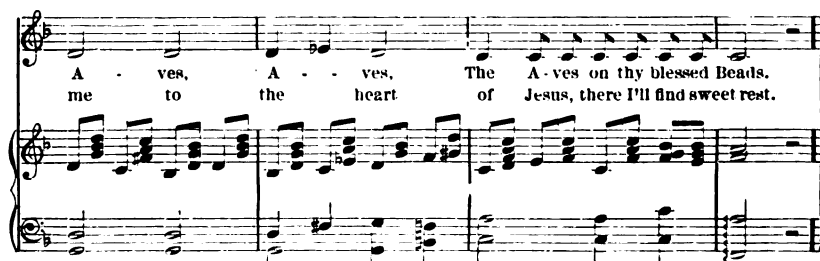
1. List - en, O Mother, while we pray! We show thee all our cares and needs, As
2. List - en, tired soul, 'tis Je - sus plead - ing, Haste thee on, tho' sore op - press - ed,



plead - ing for thy a - ll we say The A - ves on thy bless - ed Beads. The
Waits He now with heart made o - pen, None can give thee sweeter rest.



A - - - ves, the A - - - ves, The
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - a, Lead



A - ves, A - - ves, The A - ves on thy blessed Beads.
me to the heart of Jesus, there I'll find sweet rest.



The
month of
the Pre-
cious
Blood!
Tender
and plead-
ing is the

cry to Rosarians during these days sacred, in the spirit of the Church's devotion, to the special memory of that "great price" wherewith we have been redeemed. Begun in infancy's opening days, the shedding of the Precious Blood found its latest draining in the woes of our Blessed Lord's Passion, and it ceased not to flow till the sacred veins had been emptied dry, and the cup of Redemption had been filled to the brim, and the generous Victim had no more to give. But its grace and power and life are with us still; the divine pool ever ebbs and flows; and the multitudes are going down day by day, while the Spirit of God ever keeps in mighty motion the mystic waters that wash away our sins. In every mystery of the Rosary, the Precious Blood flows, living, active, pulsating with love for us. We can contemplate it in the joys and sorrows and glory of our Blessed Redeemer's life. We commend to our Rosarians, during this month, the special veneration, in loving, sorrowful memory of the unnumbered drops that welled up from that fount of infinite love, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and that rushed out at every pore to stay the justice of God, and to plead, in their fullest spilling, that we poor sinners might be spared.

The need of religion in the schemes of education was discussed with much earnestness at the annual meeting of the Baptist Educational Society, held at Saratoga, in the closing week of May. One of the speakers is reported to have said: "Secular teachings are supplanting the Christian evangel in our American colleges and schools to so great a degree, that now, if a young man leaves

their doors unconverted, he seldom becomes a Christian afterward."

We welcome this declaration, not for the sad state it reveals, but because it is another testimony to the justice of the position maintained by the Church. We hope that the light will spread, and that all Christians will recognize how impossible it is to have morality without religion, and how necessary it is to make religion an essential element in the scheme of education.

The feast of the Visitation of our Blessed Lady is among the great days commemorated in her honor. The present issue of THE ROSARY pays tribute to our Blessed Mother of the Visitation, in prose and verse, as well as by illustration. The frontispiece, after Bouguereau's painting, is expressive, in a marked degree, of the sacred event recorded. Eliza Allen Starr's paper continues the beautiful series that will embrace all the Rosary mysteries, in her winning and scholarly style. The special significance of the feast is found embalmed in the beauty and fragrance of that sweetest of canticles, the *Magnificat*. This day proclaims our Lady's power and dignity graced with the wonders of her singular humility. "At the sound of her voice" our Lord began His miracles in the order of grace, as later He began them, for her sake, in the order of nature. The divine stamp was then set on the prerogatives of our Lady, and this seal was made finally authentic, by the testament of our Lord from His Cross. The Visitation reminds us, in the words of our Blessed Mother declaring that her soul "doth magnify the Lord," how much God has magnified her in the glory and grace of the Divine maternity. We are also taught, by the light of this beautiful feast, the lessons of charity, of true friendship, of humility, of gratitude to God. May the spirit of the Visitation rest lovingly on all our Rosarians!

The hope of THE ROSARY, in publishing Professor Egan's paper on College Endowments, was to arouse interest among the people, not to reflect disparagingly on any of our colleges. The same purpose guides us in presenting some suggestions made to us, in answer to the article that

appeared in the June ROSARY. On first thought it would seem that only men of considerable means can act efficiently in the way of scholarship endowments, but we understand that a sum of one thousand dollars will guarantee a scholarship in some of our colleges.

We know also that generous priests and laymen have, in many cases, assumed the responsibilities of scholarships for deserving young men. We believe, further, that much is done in this way directly by Catholic colleges, but nevertheless we recognize large opportunities on this score for the wealthy, and while we admit the difficulties of a popular subscription, we trust that the raising of the question at this time may not be without gain.

We have received various communications on the subject, personal and by letter, and some of the latter we now offer to our readers.

Baltimore, May 21, 1894.

DEAR FATHER:—You asked me to give a brief opinion on college endowments.

I am impressed with the great need that exists for such aids in extending the advantages of higher education.

The expenses necessarily incurred by residence at or near the great centres of learning—our Universities and higher colleges—cannot be easily borne by many whose talents and industry and energy would enable them to profit immensely by such opportunities as are only possible in those schools to raise themselves to positions of honor and literary fame.

But I fear that the numerous calls made upon the purses of our rich and wealthy for scholarships in our ordinary colleges, and for tuition and other pressing needs in our parochial schools, will prove a very serious obstacle in the getting of donations and funds required for the establishment of more than a few of these college endowments and scholarships.

However, I do not see why an attempt should not be made. If unsuccessful, nothing will be lost; if successful, the cause is gained; higher education will be in the possibility and reach of all.

I am faithfully yours in Christ,

J. CARD. GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

REV. J. L. O'NEIL, O. P.

Merriam Park, St. Paul.

REV. J. L. O'NEIL, O.P., New York.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—I do not know

of anything to say, except to express my approval of the sentiments contained in the article you send me. It embodies an old problem that is waiting solution.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

† THOMAS L. GRACE, O.P., *Abp.*

Santa Fe, N. M., May 17, 1894.

REV. J. L. O'NEIL, O. P.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—To properly express my views, as you request, on the subject of college endowments as presented by Dr. Egan, would require a longer paper than I can now write.

Allow me simply to remark that his reference to the Catholic University at Washington is far from being accurate, to say the least of it.

The main purpose which the Holy Father and the Hierarchy of this country had in view in founding that institution was not to form specialists or to impart a merely professional education, but rather such intellectual and moral training as would justify its name of a Catholic University. We have good hopes that its work will amply justify its name.

Faithfully Yours,

† P. L. CHAPELLE.

Abp. of Santa Fe.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., May 11, 1894.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—Mr. Egan's plan for securing the endowment of Catholic colleges by the founding of free scholarships is a step in the right direction. As he says, such institutions of learning cannot, to do their work fully, rely upon the fees of the students only, and funds must be provided from other sources to put them on a solid footing. We have not, like the Protestant or secular colleges, those millionaire friends who give by the million or by the hundreds of thousands, but we have thousands who can make millions by bringing their little contributions together. Let the work begin in the large centres!

Yours very truly in Jesus Christ,

† H. GABRIELS.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF
AMERICA,

Washington, D. C., May 30, 1894.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—I have to apologize for not answering more promptly, but having made up my mind not to avail myself of your kind offer, I had al-

lowed it to lapse from my memory. The subject to which it refers is doubtless important, but to deal with it properly would require a better knowledge of the country than I can claim, so for me it is wisdom to be silent.

In a general way I see strong reasons for the endowment of scholarships in seminaries (preparatory and proper) in Catholic Universities. I believe they would do nearly as much harm as good in colleges, Catholic as well as non-Catholic.

Thanking you for your courtesy, and with best wishes,

I remain very sincerely yours,

J. HOGAN.

AUGUSTINIAN COLLEGE OF ST. THOMAS
OF VILLANOVA.

Delaware County, Penna.

"College Endowments" forms the subject of a very interesting article from the pen of Maurice Francis Egan that appeared in the June number of *THE ROSARY*. Being asked our opinion on the same subject, we beg to submit the following remarks:

There is no doubt that Catholic colleges in the United States have been sadly neglected in this respect, while other colleges have been endowed most generously. Nor is this due to poverty alone. Were it so there would be no remedy for it. The fact is that there are numbers of Catholics of abundant means who are much less liberal towards their colleges than those of other denominations who are possessed of an equal or even smaller portion of this world's goods. One reason of this that the subject of endowments for our colleges has never been given much prominence in our charitable appeals, which in all cases have been responded to most nobly. In European countries Catholic colleges are and have always been endowed with numerous scholarships. And who can doubt that this privilege of selecting young men of ability for a college course has been the chief means of elevating the standard of education therein, a standard that is not excelled in any other class of colleges in the world? Many of these young men have been raised to the highest positions who would otherwise have lived and died unknown. Let us, then, have scholarships. Let our Catholic people awaken to the fact that it is necessary for the strengthening of our faith to endow our colleges as well as our seminaries, hospitals and asylums. Let the alumni of each college take practical action in this

matter, not only by founding or contributing to the foundation of scholarships, but also by using their influence in securing them from other sources. And for parties of limited means, what more practical plan than that suggested by Mr. Egan, namely, that the small but systematic contributions of the many fill the void long felt for college endowments?

C. A. McEVoy, O. S. A.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

Emmitsburg, Md., May 30, 1894.

REV. J. L. O'NEIL, O. P.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—The necessity for endowments for Catholic colleges is, in my judgment, one of the most pressing needs of the times. For various reasons, this important question has heretofore received but little notice. Our people were deeply interested in other good works which claimed their immediate attention. They had to build schools, churches, hospitals and asylums, and these charitable works appealed directly to the people, and at once enlisted their sympathy. The college, however, was removed from the eye of the public. They knew little about its needs or requirements. Hence comparatively few donations or legacies were in the past given to Catholic colleges. College professors, with their proverbial modesty and their reluctance to discuss financial difficulties, may be to blame for this apparent want of appreciation. Had the real condition of affairs been made known, there is little doubt that aid would have been generously given. Many people still think that Catholic colleges are in a flourishing condition. Viewed in the light of the past, and compared with their condition a few decades ago, they are indeed on the high road to prosperity. Their best friends, however, will candidly admit that they are not in the position they should occupy—they are not doing ALL the work they are capable of, and why? Because they are handicapped for want of funds. If means could be devised to provide endowments for these institutions, a great boon would be conferred on the cause of Catholic higher education, and our colleges would enter on a new era of prosperity and usefulness. The amount of work accomplished by our colleges in spite of difficulties and discouragements from every quarter has been, in a high degree, satisfactory. With greater resources what may we not be able to accomplish?

Our colleges have had peculiar diffi-

culties to contend with from the start. They began and they have unfortunately continued, in debt. They were built up by the personal sacrifices of a few men. They have been carried on by men who imbibed the spirit of their founders, and who were anxious at all hazards to impart, a sound Catholic training to their pupils. They had to depend, for the most part, on fees received from tuition. This condition of affairs may have been a necessity fifty or a hundred years ago, when the Catholic laity were in the main poor and struggling emigrants, but times have changed, and Catholic colleges should feel the beneficial effects of the change.

Our people, while not noted for their wealth, have been blessed, like others, with prosperity. In every great city of the land are to be found wealthy Catholics who could easily found scholarships or give endowments. There are others, still, who could at least pay the expenses of a student for a year or two, if not through his entire course. How often, during the past ten years, have poor but deserving young men begged me to give them an opportunity to acquire an education, and how sad it has been in some cases where prudence obliged me to refuse! How easy it would have been to care for such students if the college were well endowed and provided with scholarships!

In the past, Mount St. Mary's has done much to aid struggling students to obtain a good education. It was a work dear to the heart of our founder, Bishop Du Bois. Nothing gave him more pain than to be obliged to say to the poor student, "I have no place for you." This was the answer given to John Hughes when he asked for admittance to the institution. But the future Archbishop was not the man to be turned from his purpose by such a refusal. He asked again and again till a place was found for him. Having gained admittance, he was clothed, as well as educated, at the expense of the institution. But his case is only one in many. A few years ago, when the college was passing through a grave financial crisis, this feature of Mt. St. Mary's did much to elicit the sympathy of the public, and called forth generous contributions from strangers and students alike. The liberality then displayed enabled us to continue and develop the good work of our predecessors. Though now nearly relieved of that incubus of debt which rested on the college from the beginning, we feel the

necessity of external help from donations, scholarships, and endowments to enable us to keep abreast of the times, and give our students every advantage obtained in non-Catholic or State institutions. There is no question of competition with the Catholic University. We labor on different planes. Our course ends where the University course begins. Unless our work in the colleges of the country be well done, the University will have difficulty in accomplishing all that our Holy Father and the Bishops of America looked for in establishing this—the highest institution of our educational system.

EDWARD P. ALLEN, D.D.,
President.

From the University of Niagara, conducted by the Lazarist Fathers, we have received a friendly letter written by the Very Reverend President, Father Cavanaugh. His reference to a pamphlet published by one of the Lazarists suggests a reprint of the following practical points taken from this brochure, which is entitled, "How Parishes May Establish Scholarships." While these suggestions are made in view of seminary scholarships, the practical value of them for colleges is not diminished:

1. Two hundred and seventy-five persons, each contributing ten cents a week, will have contributed, in the short period of three years and a half, five thousand and five dollars (\$5,005). This amount is sufficient to establish a bursar, or perpetual scholarship. Let this sum be deposited in a college, to be used, or funded. The interest of \$5,000, at 4% per annum, is \$200, enough to pay the annual tuition of a student; and, as the fund will continue for all time, the interest also will be perpetual.

As bishops are usually willing to adopt students after a six years' course, this plan would give a new priest to the Church every six years.

The applicant should be required to promise that, after ordination, he will say Mass for his benefactors, whether living or dead, once every week for six years; or at least for as many years as he shall have been on the scholarship, at the end of which time, the next priest ordained from the scholarship should begin, and should continue to say Mass for the benefactors every week for six years, and so on, continuously. In this way the Masses for the benefactors, as well as the scholarship, would be perpetual.

2. On the same basis of calculation,

four hundred and eighty-one persons will have established the scholarship in two years.

3. Nine hundred and sixty-two contributors will have accomplished the same work in *one year*.

4. The contributions might be made monthly, and a longer time taken to establish the scholarship; but, from the suggestions of experienced ecclesiastics, the weekly contributions seem preferable. Contributors, however, may give their share of the scholarship monthly, annually, or all at once.

5. Let the pastor get as many subscribers as are willing, and complete the scholarship whenever circumstances will permit.

In case the pastor should not succeed in procuring the whole amount of a scholarship, the applicant, or his friends, should pay annually the difference between the tuition and the interest on the amount deposited."

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE,

San Francisco Cal., May, 18th, 1894.

REV. J. L. O'NEIL, O. P.

REV. FATHER:—I think there can be no doubt as to the great advantages which we might expect from Catholic colleges, if properly endowed, and I would rejoice at seeing them throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Respectfully yours in Christ,

F. IMODA, S. J.

SOCIETY OF THE MISSIONARIES OF THE
SACKED HEART, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1894.

REV. J. L. O'NEIL, O. P.,

Rev. and Dear Sir:—The movement suggested by Mr. Maurice Francis Egan in the June ROSARY, seems to us the most practical way of achieving a work in behalf of education which all thoughtful men must acknowledge to have become a necessity.

Respectfully,

F. DERICHEMONT, M. S. H.

We earnestly commend this important matter to all our readers. Our effort to awaken interest is sincere; we hope, for the sake of the cause, that it will be successful. THE ROSARY is much indebted to the distinguished correspondents whose letters appear in this issue.

We have read the report of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, of the City of New York, for the quarter ending

March 31, 1894, and we take pleasure in announcing the excellent results of these devoted sons of Ozanam. We note a remarkable increase in the work under different heads. The roll of membership advanced in one year, from 1,015 to 1,170. At the meetings there was a better average attendance. The number of families relieved during this quarter was 10,925, while during the same period of 1893 the number was only 2,061. The money receipts were more than five times as large in this present quarter as in that of 1893. Under one head we notice a falling off—that of teaching in the Sunday-schools. During the quarter of 1893, 22 members engaged in this good work, and 486 boys received the benefit of their instruction. During this quarter only 18 members volunteered to act as teachers, and only 167 boys were under instruction. In connection with the distress that so largely prevailed during the past winter, the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul distributed more than \$40,000, which had been entrusted to them by various committees of the charitable citizens of New York. As this sum and much more had been collected, irrespective of race or creed, so was it distributed, and it is worthy of remembrance that not one cent of this sum failed to reach the poor. Not a dollar was used for salaries or expenses. Only the Catholic Church can inspire such devotion. Bearing closely on this work comes an appeal for the inmates, young and old, of "the Islands." Randall's, Ward's, and Blackwell's Islands are well known as the public homes of many of God's poor and afflicted, as well as of those whose faults have subjected them to legal punishment. All deserve sympathy. THE ROSARY pleads for them, and earnestly asks its readers to help in the excellent work of supplying the inmates of these institutions with good reading. This is a cause dear to our heart, and we are ever willing to lift up our voice in its behalf.

We feel confident that all true Rosarians are clients of our lady of Mount Carmel. Her festival is this year honored by a special indulgence, as we announced in June, through our Roman correspondent.

The closing week of the Summer School will be devoted to a special course of lectures for teachers. The opening lecture will be delivered on Monday, August 6. The fee will be moderate, and accommodations suitable for Sisters of religious communities, as well as for others,

will be provided. Full information can be secured by addressing the Editor of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, Youngstown, Ohio.

One of the worst specimens of sensationalism in journalism that has recently come under our notice, is flaunted by the *Chicago Herald*, in its issue of May 13. It states that more than a week previously it had proposed to its readers the question, "Why don't you go to church?" This general invitation, brought a horde of scribblers, who rushed into print. Drivelling and vapid are mild expressions, in characterizing the majority of the communications that fill more than a page of the *Herald*. A few are positively blasphemous. Only one has the stamp of honesty, that of a man from Lafayette, Indiana, who withheld his name. He declines to go to church because the pastor is an A. P. A. He denounces this preacher and several others in the same city, who are leagued, he claims, in this contemptible and cowardly society. Apart from this contributor's letter, the mass of communications published in the *Herald* represent almost every shade of ignorance, assumed infidelity, flippant irreverence and blasphemy. In the editorial page dissent is expressed, in a qualified way, from some of the more pronounced statements of the correspondents; but we fail to see how any good can result from such an opening and from such a display of ignorance, exaggerated discontent, and shameful irreverence. Modern journalism is not diminishing the number of its faults. Every day it bears testimony against itself. We would not withhold from the daily press one iota of recognition, in justice, for the good that it does in many ways, but we are convinced that the welfare of the young demands great care on the part of the parents, in the matter of the secular journals. And extending our comment, even to the adult Catholic population, we would urge caution, discrimination. Too many Catholic homes are without safeguards in this respect. Too many Catholic homes know nothing of literary life, except as it comes to them in the newspaper form. And it may safely be asserted that the *mere* newspaper reader is one who seldom reads the better, the more substantial portion of a journal. He contents himself with the record of accidents and crimes. He lives in an atmosphere whose influences are coarse. The result of such reading is generally found in a degraded taste, a

relish for sensationalism, a craving for scandal; and the unhappy consequences are almost unailing, that to such persons a page of history is a terror, the life of a good man, a weariness, an excellent novel, a thing not to be endured, and a chapter from a pious book, a positive abomination. We have too many evidences, in experience, of the truth of these remarks, to falter in their plain announcement. The duty of developing, in the home and during the week, the work of the Catholic pulpit on Sunday, and of the school room during its few hours, is largely to be fostered by a sound Catholic press. It is deplorable that so many of our Catholic homes are deprived of this influence, while they are almost daily in touch with the worst elements of the secular newspapers. And while we do not hesitate in speaking this word of warning, we must as frankly and with greater, more painful disappointment, regret the attitude and character of some of our so-called Catholic weeklies. In liberty's name many crimes have been committed; but no publication claiming to be Catholic should abuse this sacred word in order to give scandal, by ill-timed announcements or by a general policy contrary to the spirit of reverence and loyalty, which should inspire a true knight in the cause of Catholic journalism.

In the May number of the *Analecta Ordinis Predicatorum*, the full text is given of the instruction issued by the Master General on April 14, in connection with the decree of September 28, 1893, promulgated by the Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Rites, and approved by Leo XIII., in virtue of which all confraternities of the Rosary erected previously to that date, are declared valid. From this instruction we learn that these confraternities, no matter from what cause their invalidity may have arisen, are now in full enjoyment of confraternity rights and privileges. The Master General also appoints as directors of these confraternities when previous appointment had not been canonically made, the actual rectors or pastors of the churches where such confraternities have been erected. We are glad for this, as it insures the faithful in different places against the loss of indulgences.

From the same periodical we learn the following details of the new Dominican Cardinal, the Archbishop of Ferrara, Most Reverend Egidius Mauri. He was born in Montefiascone, Italy, on December 9, 1828. He received the habit of the

Order from the late Master General, Father Jandel, who was then Prior of the famous convent of La Quercia, near Viterbo. This was in 1850. He was ordained in due time. He was Prior of St. Sabina's, Rome, and of other convents, in Italy and Germany, and later, Vicar General of the Congregation of St. Mark, Florence. On December 22, 1871, Pius IX. named him Bishop of Rieti. On June 1, 1888, Leo XIII. transferred him to the See of Osimo. On June 12, 1893, he was promoted to the archiepiscopal See of Ferrara.

The shrine of our Lady of the Rosary of Pompeii has passed by special gift of the pious founders, to the immediate jurisdiction of the Pope, who has accepted the generous offer. The Cardinal Bishop of Ostia and Velletri has been named as Vic-

ar of his Holiness, for this sanctuary now withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Ordinary of Nola, in whose diocese the shrine was erected. We shall publish a sketch of this interesting spot in some future issue of the THE ROSARY.

For the use of the beautiful illustrations accompanying the poem, "The Rosary and the Sacred Heart," we are indebted to the kindness of the Editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. We appreciate this generous courtesy of Father Wynne and his worthy associates, the Jesuit Fathers, whose excellent magazine is doing much good in a field that THE ROSARY delights to see so well cultivated. This acknowledgment, prepared for the June number, was crowded out of that issue, with other matter that we were obliged to omit.

MAGAZINES.

The current number of *The Globe Quarterly*, with date of May, bears the usual marks of the strong individuality, the intense honesty, and the decided originality and fearlessness of its editor. One may feel disposed to question some of Mr. Thorne's statements, or to resent his way of presenting facts as he sees them, or views as he feels and believes them, but one never loses interest in him or in his writings. And this is particularly true when one reads, having a personal knowledge of the man whose gentleness and broad charity are conspicuous traits in his lovable character. His style of writing is not merely trenchant and vigorous; it is tremendous in force and sweeping in range. He lashes and scourges iniquity as with scorpions, while he pleads for truth and love and beauty and purity, with a tenderness that touches, and with a zeal that burns, in words that are alive and hot and piercing, kindled by the fire of his own soul. We do not always favor Mr. Thorne's way of uttering certain convictions, nor do we commit ourselves to entire agreement with all his views, but we frankly say that he makes *The Globe* a magazine of deep thought, strong force, sustained interest, a brilliant repository. His opening paper, "Woman and the Nineteenth Century," is the best we have read on this subject of "women's rights (?)" "The Genius of Sidney Lanier" is a loving tribute gracefully written by John Richard Meader, who shows himself competent for the delicate task of sketching the life-work of that "true

poet who worked with beauty, whose love of nature was that of a poetic soul, who had been reared far from the city. He knew the fields, the forests, the ocean, the marshes and the air itself, as dear companions who loved him as he loved them, and who whispered beautiful thoughts that he alone could understand, in his listening ears." "Church Music," a familiar theme, is intelligently, devoutly, and vigorously discussed by F. Doniat. God grant the near coming of the day when no infidel or heretic will hold sway in the choirs of our Catholic churches. Two other papers are of special value—Mr. James Finn's "Advocate the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty," and Mr. Thorne's reply, "Abandon the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty." Both are papers of exceptional ability, and present the two opposing views with such vigor and clearness that we feel safe in saying that recent literature on the subject contains nothing so strong as these two articles.

We must add a qualifying word to our comments on the *Globe*. When the editor writes: "I do not look upon the Roman Catholicism of the past or the present as the highest possible ideal of Christianity," and "I am forced to admit that some of its corruptions made Protestantism necessary," he fails to make the distinction that would draw a line between Catholics and Catholicity. That he had such distinction in mind does not excuse the failure to express it; on the contrary, his language is open to the just censure of conveying a meaning altogether for-

eign to what is true. There will never be any other Christianity than that revealed by our Lord and preserved in His Church, and it has been so from the beginning. As to corruption in the Church, (among her members) having precipitated the Reformation, the statement is one that has so often been made that intelligent people know its limitations better than Mr. Thorne has expressed them. In his article on the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty, the remark that the Pope "is absolute lord and master over the conscience, the conduct, the moral choice and life of the individual soul," contains serious errors. Cardinal Newman might be read with profit on one phase of this matter. We do not wish to indulge in word quibbling; we feel that Mr. Thorne means well in this, but the office of a Catholic writer demands accuracy of expression, especially when dealing with such questions. Regarding the case of the Chinese and the Irish we regret that Mr. Thorne had not been more explicit. His defence, or explanation in this issue of the *Globe*, of previous utterances, strikes us as unjust to the opponents of the Chinese immigrants. The question is not of the educated, higher class of Chinamen; the point involved is the influx of the Coolies, and on that score, many whose opinion is entitled to respect, are emphatic in saying that these Chinese ought to be excluded. References to the "hoodlum" Irish do not improve the case. The most wretched Irish emigrant landing on these shores brings here a sense of gratitude, a desire to become a part of the country to whose prosperity he gladly contributes. That his ability afterwards wins place and power redounds to his credit. We resent the comparison that would be established between the Irish and the Chinese on such a basis as is implied in the *Globe's* articles. The character, aims, and purposes of the average Chinaman in this country are well known. In commercial parlance they are "below par."

The Globe Quarterly Review is published at 112 North 12th St., Philadelphia, and 100 Washington St., Chicago.

The New York Times has done a notable service in the cause of truth and liberty, and in defence of the honored name of our genuine American citizens. In a series of articles published daily for several weeks, *The Times* has systematically exposed and denounced the A. P. A., which it likens to "the assassin's order of Mafia," and whose declaration of prin-

ciples it brands as "the most cruel, bigoted, narrow-minded that has ever been written." *The Times* states that the organization of the A. P. A. has been welcomed as an ally by Republican politicians. Without discussing the mere political side of the case, we hope that such an alliance with any political party, North or South, will bring merited defeat. The attitude of the most distinguished Protestant clergymen, in respect to this question, is a gratifying evidence of their true Christian spirit of justice. They have vigorously condemned the cowardly conspirators and their infamous forgeries and venomous calumnies. The methods of the vicious and bigoted preachers are not countenanced by the honorable and worthy members of the various non-Catholic bodies, lay and clerical. As a "sign of the times" this is cheering. It is praise-worthy too, to find so many men prominent in political life openly denouncing the A. P. A. and all its methods. The articles in *The Times*, beginning in its issue of May 23, deserve the grateful recognition of all honest men. This evidence, given by a great metropolitan journal, of a spirit of fair play, fearlessness, disregard of mere political expediency, we are glad to publish and applaud.

The North American Review for June illustrates the activity of its editors in being "abreast of the times." "The Menace of Coxeyism" is discussed by Major General Howard, Superintendent Byrnes of the New York Police, and Dr. Doty, Chief of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases. The three papers make thought-provoking reading. Sarah Grand writes some excellent things about "The Modern Girl." Prince Iturbide tells of the sad condition of Mexico under Diaz. Maurice Francis Egan replies to Bishop Doane's article in the *May Review*. Taken as a whole, this number is of great interest.

The Messenger of St. Joseph for the Homeless Boys of Philadelphia is the title of a modest publication, in pamphlet form, of which the issue for the current year has recently been received. We read it with interest, edified by the story of a noble work whose humble beginnings have been richly blessed. About five years ago, Father McElhone, a man of Apostolic spirit, founded this home for the neglected boys of Philadelphia. The story of his work reminds us of Father Drumgoole, with the difference

which an outside observer would regret, that circumstances did not permit the founder to crown his own cause. Father McElhone willingly relinquished the dream of his earlier years and the labor of his heart's love, for boys, to devote himself to a work not less meritorious, the care of the poor in the public almshouse of Philadelphia. His successor in the boys' home devotedly sustains the institution, but he needs help. We speak for him, in the hope that this appeal may come to some responsive hearts. A letter addressed to Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, C. S. Sp., 727 Pine St. Philadelphia, Pa., will be promptly acknowledged, and the good Father will gladly send copies of his *Messenger* to enquiring friends interested in his noble work.

Scribners' Magazine for June contains several articles that we deem worthy of special mention. "Maximilian and Mexico," by John Heard, Jr., is a valuable paper, but it is marred by insinuations against the Church in Mexico that mark a trace of bigotry. Mr. Heard would have shown better taste if he had not written about the *Romish* ritual; nor was it necessary to sneer at "the inevitable *Te Deum*." The writer is not clear when he represents the Pope's Nuncio in Mexico as claiming "the independent sovereignty of each bishop in his own diocese." Vagueness of this kind, involving as it does, the suppression of necessary details that ought to be known by a writer assuming the office of teacher, may be stamped as dishonest. De Maistre was right when he denounced a conspiracy against truth, much of the so-called "history" that has been written.

"The Dog" gives an insight into the life, habits and origin of man's good friend. Coupled with its illustrations it makes an excellent paper.

"The Story of a Beautiful Thing," by Francis Hodgson Burnett, is a touching account of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, London, written in a tender and loving spirit.

In an article of historic value, entitled "The Romance of the Origin of Louisville," which appeared in *The Southern Magazine*, for June, the author, Colonel Durrett, makes honorable mention of the discovery of the Ohio River by the Catholic explorer La Salle. The article is well named, and while the history of the foundation of Louisville with its antece-

dent events, is written with dignity, a flush of romance is upon it that makes its reading very agreeable.

In the *Forum* for June, Monsignor Farley, Vicar-General of the diocese of New York, answers categorically and effectively the article of Mr. Peters in the May *Forum*, on the taxation of Church property. The refutation is so complete that, despite Mr Peters' A. P. Aism, we almost pity him. Monsignor Farley's word is convincing; the editor of the *Forum* will hardly invite Mr. Peter to a reply. "Scholarships, Fellowships, and the Training of Professors," is another excellent paper. Mr. Winston's article on "The Threatening Conflict with Romanism" we may discuss in another number.

The Popular Science Monthly, for June, is of general interest. "Nicaragua and the Mosquito Coast," "The Cincinnati Ice Dam," Dr. Austin Flint's "The Eye as an Optical Instrument," and a "Natural System of Education," are the popular contributions. The leading paper, on "The Final Effort of Theology," one of the series on the "Warfare of Science," by Andrew D. White, treats of evolution by natural selection, and shows that the writer is well acquainted with works on the subject. He thinks that of late years, opposition to this theory "may be reckoned among the last expiring convulsions of the old theological theory;" and that "the old theory of direct creation is gone forever." He tells how the orthodox at first held up their hands in horror, but that gradually they began to admit the possibility of some of Darwin's views, that they might not be contrary to faith. He should remember, however, that the theory of evolution, pure and simple, has not yet been demonstrated. Arguments from analogy are, at best, only probable. We would also remind him that Catholics are free to admit evolution, within certain limits and with certain restrictions. St. George Mivart and others (among them Father Leroy, a French Dominican) do admit evolution to a certain extent. But evolution from *species* to *species* is denied by many, and we believe they are right. The horse is the same to-day as in the time of Job. There is no evolution from the *mineral* to the *vegetable*, nor from the *vegetable* to the *animal* kingdom.

"Every living thing from the living," or at least from the egg, is what the best scientists hold to-day. There is no such thing as spontaneous generation. With

regard to man, Catholics must hold that the soul is created by God. Good philosophy teaches that matter cannot produce an immortal spirit. As to the body, the obvious meaning of Scripture, and the almost unanimous teaching of theologians, is that it was produced or formed by God, from the slime of the earth. The most that theologians can say for Mivart, who went so far as to hold that perhaps the body of man was the result of evolution continued for ages, is that the opinion which he seemed to favor is not heretical, that is, not opposed to defined truth. Moreover, neither Darwin or his followers have yet *proved* that the body of man came from a monkey. Darwin admitted this, and died without finding the "missing link." Some of those who are so fond of arguing from analogy, but who prove nothing, ought to attend a country butchering. The resemblance between the interior department of a hog and that of a man might make them think less of their theories, unless they wish to make hogs as well as monkeys of themselves.

Champions of the public schools in New York, who will not admit the possibility of any just criticism, will get little comfort from an article in the *Educational Review*, for June, by Stephen H. Olin, on "Public School Reform in New York." The unprejudiced reader will admit that Mr. Olin makes good his assertion that "we have an antiquated system, complex, feeble, and cumbrous—perhaps the most unscientific to be found among the great cities of the United States." And, these be thy gods, O Israel!

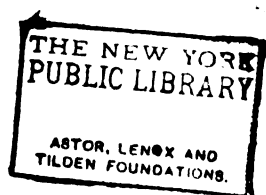
"The Home of Joan of Arc" is the title of a beautifully illustrated article in the June *Cosmopolitan*. Under the heading, "The Patron Saint of France," in the same number, Francisque Sarcey comments on the story of Joan and her recent vindication; but he slipped, as even a Frenchman ought not to slip, when he talked about the infallible Church going wrong in her case. There was no question of the infallibility of the Church in the attitude taken by the persecutors of Joan.

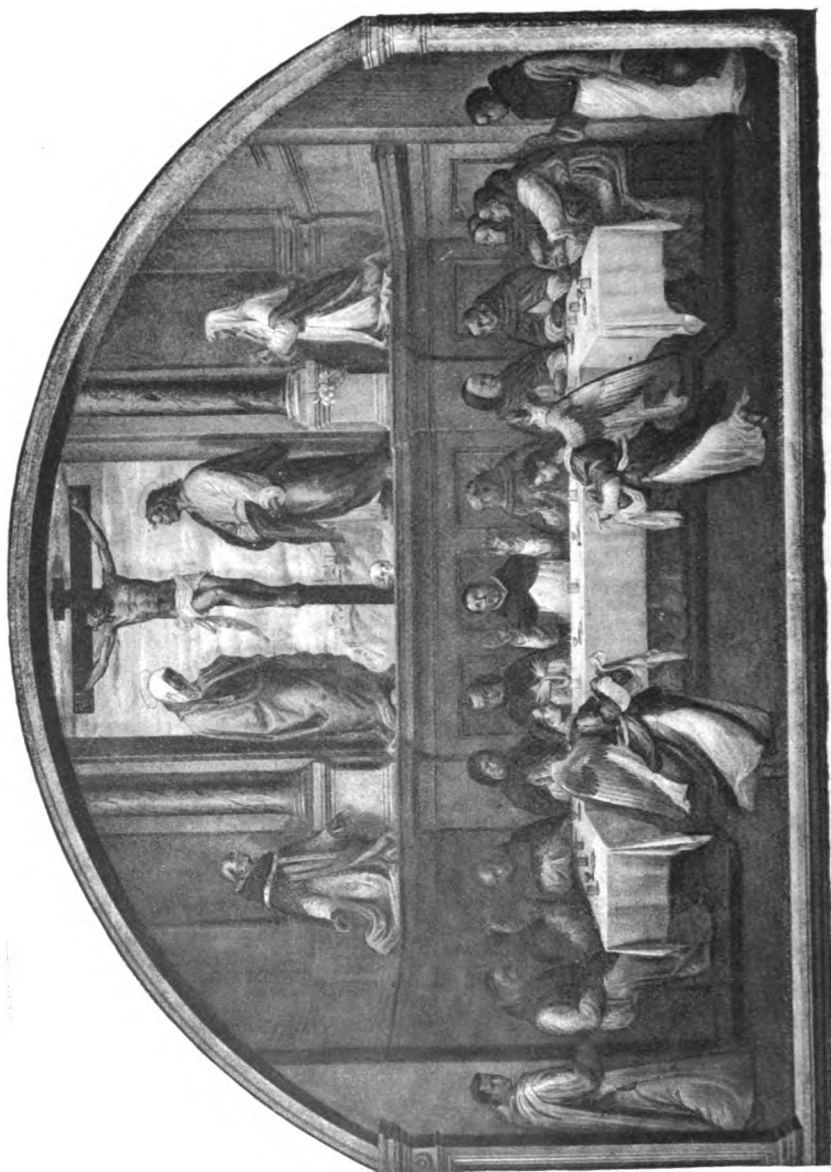
A clear, sharp, incisive exposé of the A. P. A. infamy, which the writer calls a new disease, a social *paranoia*, can be found in the *Arena* for June. The tone of Rev. Elbert Hubbard's paper is honest. Here and there he manifests a spirit that we might call irreverent, but he seems too sincere to be consciously irreverent.

He pays a warm tribute to the Church, and among other good points, he tells his experience with a Catholic engineer, in whose cab he rode from New York to Albany. The engineer was a man of prayer. Mr. Hubbard noticed the moving lips of the stern, vigilant pilot of the rushing locomotive, as with one hand on the throttle, and the other ready to grasp the air brake, his eye never wandered from the steel roadway, along which speeded the mighty train with its weight of human lives committed to his care. On arriving at Albany, Mr. Hubbard asked the fireman: "Bill, why does he keep moving his lips when there at the lever?"

"Who—th' ole man? Why, don't you know, he's a Catholic! He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident, the nerviest man that ever kicked a gauge cock, he is, s'welp me!"

Blunt, homely language, but eloquent withal. And neither Bill nor Mr. Hubbard is a Catholic, but they know how to admire such an object lesson. We add an extract in Mr. Hubbard's own words: "For a year I have endeavored to find proof that the Catholic Church in America was arming or drilling men or countenancing such action, as so boldly stated by the leaders of the A. P. A. In many cities I have been given permission to search every part of convents, monasteries, and churches, where arms were said to be stored. In vain has been my search. I have used all methods known to detectives to find any Catholic in possession of orders to maltreat his neighbors. No request or suggestion or hint showing a desire to injure Protestants have I ever been able to trace to a Catholic priest, bishop, or other dignitary. And it is now the conclusion of all unprejudiced men who have investigated the matter, that the letters, "encyclicals," "bulls," and orders which are being printed in various A. P. A. papers, and purporting to come from the Roman Catholic Church, are flagrant forgeries. The A. P. A. seeks to spread hate; it thrives by fear, and its only weapon is untruth." How refreshing is this honest Baptist's plain talk, when contrasted with the sneaking and infamous methods of Peters and his followers! This bigoted preacher of the gospel of hate and falsehood did not expect to be "taken up" when he boasted his willingness to give \$500 for an opportunity of examining convents, etc. His offer was promptly accepted, and he as promptly beat a contemptible retreat.







VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1894.

No. 4.

A LEGEND OF SAINT DOMINIC.

REV. WILLIAM D. KELLY.

IN that blest time which long since passed away,
Of Dominic the saint was told this story,
How with his brethren he went down one day,
At noon hour, to the convent refectory;
So ran their rule, and though were all aware
That bread was wholly lacking to be broken,
They stood in their accustomed places there,
And took their seats as soon as grace was spoken.

Scarce were they seated, through the open door
When came two strangers on their meditations;
Platters of pure white bread their hands upbore,
And straightway they began their ministrations:
Not with the prior first, though, in the way
The duty would be rendered by another;
But passing to the lower table, they
Commenced their service with the youngest Brother.

Awed at thus being newly waited on,
And in their need at being thus befriended,
The brethren dined in silence, till anon
The signal sounded that the meal was ended;
Grace said again, they quickly turned around
To greet the strangers, each one grateful-hearted,
When lo! to their astonishment they found
That strangely as they came, had both departed.

Then to the minds of all recurred anew
The Master's past, as told in the evangels;
And none were present in that room but knew
The vanished servitors were Heaven-sent angels;
While from that hour until the present day,
Whene'er the brethren wait on one another,
In memory of that ministration, they
Serve always first of all the youngest Brother.

"SHE died, but her death was a mere fact, not an effect; and when it was over it ceased to be. She died that she might live. It became Him who died for the world to die in the world's sight; it became the great sacrifice to be lifted up on high as a light that could not be hid. But she, the Lily of Eden, who has always dwelt out of the sight of man, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade, and amid the sweet flowers in which she lived. Her departure made no noise in the world. The Church went about her common duties, preaching, converting, suffering; there were persecutions, there were martyrs, there were triumphs; at length the rumor spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer upon earth. Pilgrims went to and fro; they sought for her relics, but these were not; did she die at Ephesus, or did she die at Jerusalem? Reports varied, but her tomb could not be pointed out, or if it was found it was open; and instead of her fine fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the ground she touched. And finally, the tradition was borne outward on the aromatic breeze, and it was said how that, when her dissolution was at hand and her soul was to pass in triumph before the judgment seat of her Son, the Apostles were suddenly gathered together in one place, even in the Holy City, to bear part in the joyful ceremonial; how that they buried her with fitting rites; how that the third day, when they came to the tomb, they found it empty, and angelic choirs with their glad voices were heard singing day and night the glories of their risen Queen."—*Cardinal Newman.*

THE GOLD PLAGUE.

GEN. HUGH EWING.

CHAPTER X.

THE LION OF THE EL DORADO.

NEAR the centre of the Plaza in San Francisco, on the side nearest the Bay, stood a long, low, one-story building, the most extensive playhouse in the Territory. It opened on the pavement, was easy of entrance, by wide folding doors, and displayed within a bar blazing with mirrors and cut glass. Gambling tables were ranged along the opposite wall, ten in number, called in the parlance of the fraternity "Banks." This place was thronged with men, who drank, gambled, smoked, and lounged. When an evening appointment was made, on business or otherwise, ten to one, the designated place of meeting would be this room. It gave light and shelter; was central, and reached with ease; and all the world was made welcome;—that is, the world with more or less money in its pocket: the impecunious, of course, were rightly excluded.

The Sunbury pilgrims, one night, strolling along the street, walked in at the open door of this apartment, bought cigars, and looked about them. Presently Redway, with surprise and pleasure, saw his old comrade Von Tilly seated at one of the ten tables, in the palace of light, in capacity of Banker, with a pile of gold coin and dust before him. It turned out, however, not to be his own; he was employed, with a certain share in the winnings, by one Jesse Tordo, who had set up several Banks, which he was running by deputy.

They approached his table, and presently caught his eye. His face lighted with pleasure when he saw them. He touched a bell at his side, a signal that he wished to be relieved. A man came out from behind the bar, a supernumerary, made his way through the throng, and took his place; the game was not interrupted for a moment. Von Tilly escorted his friends to a neighboring restaurant, nearly deserted, took a seat at a small table, and called for wine and cigars.

"When did you arrive in the city?" he enquired.

"This morning."

"And what success did you have in the mines?"

"Very poor."

"I told you so: few come down with more than a trifle, and many of the fortunate ones drop their gold in the El Dorado, as soon as they get here; after a few nights they wander back to the mines, but we never see them again. Fortune rarely makes more than one call on the same man."

"The El Dorado is the name of the place you bank in?"

"Yes; the largest establishment on the Continent, or in Europe either. I do not think there is another on the Globe, with as many as ten banks; I am sure there is not."

"Do you own more than one of them?" enquired Redway.

"Oh! I own none: I am employed by Jesse Tordo; you remember we met him in Mazatlan;—a tall, slim man, with a cast in his eye."

"I remember," replied Redway. "I saw him once, and was introduced to him; wore a Byron collar, and a red neck-tie."

"The same; he has done well here; if a gambler can ever be said to do well. Has three of the ten banks in the El Dorado. Runs them by deputy, and takes it easy."

"Do you make much out of your per cent.?" enquired Aubry.

"I am doing very well, indeed, as far as money is concerned; living well, and could lay by daily; but I do not. The fact is, I feel humiliated, and make the money fly to keep my spirits up. I little thought, when I left home, that I would keep a bank in an open gaming house. The Saxon Von Tillys would disown me if they knew it; but happily, for their peace of mind, they do not."

"Why do you not go into something else?" enquired Aubry.

"If you knew how I blessed my stars, when Tordo gave me this work, you would be astonished. I had been living for months on nothing, and was only saved from actual starvation by the free lunch. The city is overflowing with gentlemen who keep their souls in their bodies by that blessed expedient."

"This looks badly for us," responded Aubry; "we came down hoping to find employment."

"Give it up and go back to the mines, or go home, my friends;

you will find nothing for your hands to do here. I have gone through it, and know whereof I speak. I am sorry to discourage you, but it is better for you to know the truth at once, and not go through the agony of hope deferred. Is it not so?"

"I am glad to know the truth at once," replied Aubry, "before we spend what money we have. I believe I will go home, and be done with it, provided I have enough to pay my passage."

"Oh, the steerage passage is cheap now," returned Von Tilly; "but they say the fare is frightful. I would advise you, if you go, to lay in some canned meat and fruit, to help you out. What a fearful fraud this coming to California has proved!"

"For my part, I will not go home," said Redway; "I will stay here, in this city, and look for something to turn up, until I have expended my last pinch of gold dust."

"And what then?" enquired Aubry.

"Starve, or live on a cracker a day," he answered, "and keep on looking about. In the end I will find some occupation."

"How does this free lunch business work?" enquired Aubry.

"Let me explain," replied Von Tilly, "by taking Redway, who will soon come to it, as an awful example. Between the hours of eleven in the morning and one in the afternoon, all the well-to-do business men go to their accustomed bar-room to take a drink, a lunch, and a cigar. The drinks and cigars are paid for, but the lunch is free. It is elaborate, and displayed on a table at which one might well dine. But the business man has at this hour neither time nor inclination to take his dinner, and he picks a little here and there, and hurries away. Not so the "Lunch Fiend," as they are beginning to call the individual in question. But let us go back to our awful example, Redway, as he will appear in a month or two. Well, I will suppose that I am the prosperous man, coming up to get my noon drink, and bite, and cigar, to revive my exhausted energies. I see Redway standing near the door, as I approach. I know my fate. I am perfectly helpless. I make no vain resistance by pretending to pass in without seeing him.

"'Good morning, Von Tilly,' he says.

"'Good morning, Redway; will you not come in and take a drink?'

" 'Thanks,' and we enter.

" 'Two of the same,' I call out; we touch glasses, empty them, and walk down the room to the lunch table, where I nibble a little, slowly, to give Redway time to dispose of a substantial dinner. It does not take him long; he bolts his food with astonishing rapidity, a trick acquired by long habit, wipes his mouth, and we return to the bar, and call for cigars. The bar-keeper looks daggers at him, but uses none, says nothing in words. Redway, affecting unconsciousness of this, smiles blandly in return, carefully selects a choice weed, and we light and walk out and down the street smoking, side by side. At the first corner he leaves me, and turns down the cross-street to keep an appointment, he says, and we see no more of each other until the next morning, at the usual hour, in front of the free lunch room. And this is repeated, *ad infinitum*, until the habit has grown into a right, and the fellow feels no more gratitude for the dinners bestowed upon him than a pig does to whom one throws an ear of corn."

"And you think I will come to play that part, do you?" enquired Redway, sternly.

"To be sure you will, my friend," replied Von Tilly. "You will not be able to help yourself. No man will starve, when, by a little sacrifice of self respect, he can honestly get at a good dinner. I held my head as high as you, and I went through it, day after day, for months, and, in the end, thought nothing of it. Indeed, on one or two occasions, when my patron failed to appear at the usual hour, and I was compelled to go without dinner, I became infuriated, called him between my teeth, a confounded thief, and had a great mind to go around to his place of business and give him a threshing."

"Well, upon my word," laughed Redway; "that is too much."

"By no means," responded Von Tilly; "it is merely human nature; is it not, Aubry?"

"I dare say it is," he replied; "it sounds like truth, but, all the same, I would extremely dislike to become a free lunch fiend; and, to avoid the possibility of it, I think I will beat a retreat,—fall back on Sunbury, and take the world easy."

"Happy thought, Aubry," responded Von Tilly. "And now,

gentlemen, I must go back to my bank. Take your baggage to my room on Broad Alley; here is the direction and the key. Spread your blankets on the floor, and go to sleep; we will talk it all over to-morrow; I am free all day,—unless," he said, as they walked to the door, "you will come back to the El Dorado, and watch the play until the house closes; then I will show you the way."

"At what hour do you close?" enquired Aubry.

"At the fateful hour of two," he answered; "when churchyards gape, and murder stalks the street. In earnest, I think you had better wait for me; we average two assassinations a night, you know; I can pilot you in safety. Broad Alley lies in a highly respectable neighborhood, none more so; still, when I traverse it at a late hour, I carry my beard over my shoulder, as the Spaniard hath it."

"We will go with you to the El Dorado, and wait," responded Aubry.

A steamer was to leave the port, bound for Panama, in eight or ten days, depending on the time of its coming in. The Sunbury friends sought out such acquaintances as they had in the city, and endeavored, through them, to obtain employment, but in vain. One of the two Sunbury men, from whom they had parted soon after landing, met them on the street. He had come down to take the steamer, and reported his companion lost. He had left him working on their claim, and gone up to the headwaters of the stream to "prospect," and had never returned. He thought the Indians had killed him. Perhaps he had been assassinated by white ruffians, in the hope of finding gold on his person. The failure of his companion to return had discouraged him, and he had determined to go home. He had a trifle more than enough money to pay his passage. He was sick, he said, of California, and charmed to find a companion in Aubry.

As the steamer put out from the pier, Redway stood on its extremity, and waved his handkerchief, in a final farewell to his friends. As he turned his back on the rapidly receding ship, his heart sank, and he regretted he had not gone with them. He had a horror of falling into the condition of a free lunch fiend, and resolved to turn his hand to anything whatever that might

offer, to avoid that dread disaster. But nothing offered; time passed rapidly, and his little horde of dust passed with it, with equal rapidity, until the last pinch lay in the bottom of his almost empty little buckskin bag.

In this condition of his finances, he walked, one evening, dejected and listless, into the door of the El Dorado. An unusual commotion was going on within; the banks were closed; men stood about in groups, talking loudly. Leaning against the cigar stand, not far from the door, was the owner of the building: a short, thickset man, with a florid face and a low-crowned straw hat on his head. Jesse Tordo, with several other owners of banks, was engaged in remonstrating with him; he seemed inflexible. Von Tilly stood near them, listening. Redway approached, and touched him on the arm.

"What is the cause of the commotion?" he enquired.

"The lease of the building has expired," he replied, in a low tone. "The owner, Cowden, that man with a red face, came in a few minutes ago with an officer of court, and ordered the banks closed. He quarrelled with the lessee concerning a new lease, and refuses to let him go on on any terms; the closing up of the house to-night may ruin it."

Emboldened and inspired by his desperate financial condition, Redway took a sudden resolution.

"I can have the banks open and running in ten minutes," he said, in a tone of decision. "Touch Tordo on the shoulder and introduce him to me." Von Tilly, though amazed at the request, complied with it.

"I can quiet this trouble and open the banks in a few minutes, Mr. Tordo," he said, with an air of desperate assurance. "Introduce me to Cowden."

Tordo, though mystified, put his arm through Redway's, led him up, and introduced him. He was pale with suppressed excitement.

"Mr. Cowden," he said, "the house will lose half its value if kept shut up to-night. I will lease it from you, on your own terms, and let the play go on. My friend, the Baron Von Tilly, will vouch for me, as, doubtless, will Mr. Jesse Tordo."

"Mr. John Redway," interposed Von Tilly, "is perfectly honest

and reliable, and has deeper knowledge of the game of Monte, than any man in this house."

"Anything Von Tilly says, I will endorse," said Tordo.

"All right," responded Cowden; "I only want fair play. Let us take a glass of Champagne, gentlemen, and go over to my room, and make out the papers."

Redway mounted a chair, and called aloud for silence:—

"Gentlemen Bankers!" he shouted, red in the face from excitement, "I am the new lessee of this building, and authorize you to open up your banks, and go on with your play." A murmur of satisfaction followed this announcement; the banks were opened, and the play went on.

As Redway and Von Tilly, coming out from the signing of the contract, walked down the street to the El Dorado, Redway took from his pocket his gold-dust bag, and handed it to his companion.

"Feel it," he said.

"There is nothing in it," he answered, pressing the bottom of the purse between his forefinger and thumb: "It is as empty as a church-mouse."

"You are mistaken," replied Redway, "there is something there; feel again."

"Yes; now I feel a few grains in the bottom."

"How much is there in it?"

"One poor pinch."

"It was that last pinch that inspired me to-night," said Redway. "But for it, I would never have had the audacity to do what I have done. Hand back the bag; I will keep it as a memento of this night: as a proof that adversity is man's best friend."

As the young men re-entered the play house, smiling, with their heads up, Redway's eye bright with triumph, a murmur ran through the crowd; all eyes were directed toward the door. His sudden action in making the lease, and his little speech authorizing a resumption of the play, had made a profound impression. Group after group came up and sought an introduction; compliments showered upon him. Suddenly appearing among them, and assuming so distinguished a position, he seemed to them a man of destiny, a person of extraordinary nerve and intelligence; he was the Lion of the El Dorado.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTIAN CASTING OFF THE BURDEN OF SIN.

Plumb slept in his chair, by the table in the library, until the fire went out, and the cold awoke him. It was the middle of the night. His eye fell on the descending burden of Christian; for weeks past it had exerted a power to arrest his gaze,—had exercised a fascination over him.

"My own burden," he muttered, "will soon fall."

He sat awhile in thought, then taking up his pen, drew a check, and wrote a note. Presently he lighted a night taper; and, with them in one hand, he took up the image of Christian in the other, and went out into the hall and descended the stairway to his wife's apartment. As he entered, the taper in his hand lighted up his face, pale and haggard. His wife awoke, and started up in affright; his appearance shocked her.

"Rosanna," he said, placing the taper on the mantle, and drawing a chair to the bedside; "listen: I have kept the trouble from you as long as I could; you must now share it."

"Share what?" she enquired in alarm.

"You know the story of Christian casting of the burden of sin. I hold it in my hand, in bronze; look well at it."

"I see it," she replied, in an agitated voice: "what then?"

"Then we are about to cast off our burden: before sundown I will be a beggar."

"Impossible!" she exclaimed.

"I have one solitary hope," he said; "and that is, that Brother Harper will come to my aid. He is to give me an answer before noon to-day. I try to hope that he will help; otherwise I would not face the storm at all."

"What storm do you speak of?" she enquired with a puzzled look, half believing that he had become insane.

"We must prepare for the worst," he continued, disregarding her question. "I have made a rough calculation, and find that the money you brought me from your father's estate, with compound interest to date, amounts to about forty thousand dollars. Here is a check to bearer on the bank for that sum, and a note to the cashier. If Brother Harper brings me nothing, or an insuffi-

cient amount, I will send a servant to you for this image of Christian, which I will leave on your dressing table; then get in your carriage, drive to the bank, present the note and check to the cashier, take the money he gives, and cross the river into Kentucky. The carriage is your own, and, by to-morrow night you will reach the plantation of your uncle. Let no one know you have the money, keep it secreted in your room; you need not write until you hear from me. You clearly understand?"

"Yes, now I understand you," she replied, with emotion.

"I will go to my room," he continued, "and lie down. I am tired. You had better get up at once and pack your trunks; take your jewels and personal effects, with such little articles you care to rescue from the wreck. Your maid is confidential, is she not?"

"Yes, I can trust her."

"You can get along with her help; keep the other servants in the dark as to your packing. Label the trunks Cynthiana, Kentucky, and the moment I call for the image, have the servants carry them to the alley gate; call a wagon, and send them to the express office. I wish you to make your exit from the city as quietly as possible. I will enter your forty thousand on my schedule of debts; good morning."

Had this startling communication been made in broad daylight, Rosanna would doubtless have fainted, and, on her recovery, demanded particulars, impeached the wisdom of her lord, and reproached him bitterly for bringing the family to ruin. But, in the dead of night, by the dim light of a taper, the sudden falling of the blow stunned her, and she sat up in her bed and listened, tearless and voiceless, in her awful woe.

At ten in the morning Plumb was in his library, drawing checks on his banker for his notes, as they were presented in rapid succession, when Brother Harper called. Excusing himself to his impatient creditors, he led his visitor into the parlor, and closed the door.

"Well," he said, looking him anxiously in the face; "have you come to help me?"

"I find it impossible to do so," replied Harper. "I have been disappointed where I hoped to raise the money; I deeply regret my inability to help you in this pinch."

"It is not a pinch, man," said Plumb, "it is ruin, unless you give me a helping hand."

"I am very sorry."

"Oh, I dare say," replied Plumb, impatiently: "but I want you to express your sorrow in a material form: go on my note for the deficit, and I will soon be on my feet again; and, in the future may be of service to you. I will not forget it."

"I really could not give you my name, Brother Plumb. I could not run the risk; my wife, you see,—my children,—forbid."

"Oh, bother your wife and children," retorted Plumb, who saw by the hard expression the face of his Brother wore that there was no hope. "Here, John," he said to a servant, who entered at a touch of the bell, "show Mr. Harper out;" and, turning from him with an angry countenance, he re-entered the library.

Then quickly followed a tap on the door of Rosanna, which caused that lady to tremble in her little shoes, and a call for the image of Christian; the moment for flight had come. When she reached the bank and presented the check to the cashier, he looked astonished at its magnitude; but, on reading the accompanying note, he placed some packages of bills of a large denomination together, bound them up, and handed them over. The note read:

"I require cash to pay a certain debt; hand amount of check to Mrs. Plumb, in large notes,"—signed—"Eli Plumb."

The lady resumed her seat in the carriage, was driven to the ferry, and crossed the river into Kentucky; bidding farewell forever to the city of her predilection—"The Queen of the West."

When Plumb returned to the library, after dismissing Brother Harper, he took his seat, and wrote a note to his attorney, requesting him to come to him without delay. Then rising, and requesting the several creditors who were awaiting anxiously with their notes in hand, to excuse him for a few minutes, he passed into the dining room, drank a glass of brandy, lighted a cigar, and sat down.

When the attorney arrived, he met him in the hall, took him to the dining room, joined him in a glass of brandy, spoke a few quiet words, and, showing him the way to the library, resumed his seat and cigar.

"Gentlemen," said the attorney, on entering and closing the

door, "I regret to inform you that Mr. Plumb, in the interest of his creditors, not wishing to give a preference to one over another, and seeing that he will be unable to meet his obligations in full, has just made an assignment; your notes, therefore, must await the distribution of his assets by the Court."

The creditors hurried out to have the notes protested; Plumb re-entered the library, attached his signature to an assignment drawn up at his table by his attorney, followed him along the hall to the front door in conversation, and bowed him out.

The evening papers appeared in startling headlines, announcing the bankruptcy and assignment of the late "Prince of Packers." To the world he was dead. Hurried sketches of his life were given. It was told how he was the architect of his own fortune; how he got his education in the winter months, in a country school-house, built of logs; how he rose, step by step, to that pinnacle of commercial greatness, from which he had that morning fallen to irreparable ruin. The papers of the following morning, came out with headlines of increased magnitude, and gave longer sketches of his life.

He remained in his house until the morning of the day of sale of the furniture, where the assignee found him, seated in the library, with his hat and overcoat on, and his gold-headed cane in his left hand, drumming on the table with the fingers of his right. He arose, and took a last look about the room. He did not rest his gaze on the books; he was not a reader, and cared little for them, but rather on the table.

"If you would like," said the assignee, "to take any little article with you, do not hesitate to do so."

"I will take," he answered, brightening up, but feebly, "this paper-weight, representing Christian casting off the burden of sin;" and, with a bow, he left the library, walked slowly down the hall, and out of the door he never entered again, carrying the brazen image in his hand.

For several days prior to the fatal first of November, Dole had kept his room, engaged in preparing a lecture on the social and moral condition of the inhabitants of the Mountainous districts of the Island of Formosa, and the course the Church was called on to pursue in relation thereto. It was a dangerous field, the peo-

ple especially ferocious; but at first, a single Missioner, daring and adroit, might spy out the land, carry in and secretly distribute copies of the Bible, and thus sow the seed of a future glorious harvest. Wearied with his labors, he laid aside his pen, and strolled down town for exercise and fresh air. Seeing a crowd about the bulletin board of the commercial paper, he stopped to read the news, and was inexpressibly shocked at the headlines displayed:

"Bankruptcy of Eli Plumb!"

"The Prince of Packers makes an assignment:

"His notes gone to protest!"

It fell on Dole with the suddenness of a thunderbolt; he had been in complete ignorance of the state of affairs, thinking his friend stood on a solid rock. He hurried, as fast as his feet could carry him, up Walnut Street, and rang the bell. After a long pause, the door was opened a few inches by a servant out of livery, who informed him that his master was receiving no one, and shut it in his face. He stepped out on the pavement, and looked up at the building; the shutters were closed from the attic to the basement; the aspect was repellant and forbidding. He turned, and walked slowly down the street, bemoaning the fall of his friend. Presently he increased his pace to a rapid walk—a thought had occurred to him; he must telegraph Alonzo. When he reached the office, and had addressed the despatch, he paused. "Perhaps," he muttered, "Faber may receive it, and, thinking it a business message, may open and read it." After some thought, he addressed his lady love, Miss Kitty Lawson, gave the headlines he had read on the bulletin-board, and requested her to show it to Alonzo, and to no one else.

When the despatch was handed to Kitty in the parlor, where she was alone, reading one of the forbidden Dominican books, she sent a line to Alonzo at the store, asking him to come to her at once, and marked it, "Immediate and confidential."

"A despatch from Mr. Dole," she said, handing it to him, as he entered a few minutes later.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, as he read it, turning white in the face, and sinking into a chair: "this is awful."

"I infer that you are involved, in some way, in the catastrophe,"

she said, looking keenly at him. "You could hardly be so moved solely on behalf of Mr. Eli Plumb."

"Yes," he answered, in a scarcely audible tone.

"To what extent? in what way?" she inquired anxiously.

"About forty thousand dollars."

"About!" she echoed, contemptuously. "Do you not know how much?"

"No," he answered, in desperation; "I endorsed his note in blank: he was to fill it in for about that amount; he did not have the exact figures at hand."

"Holy Moses!" she exclaimed, in astonishment, "I see it all. He was in trouble when we were down on that visit, and he trapped you: he has filled the note for a hundred thousand, if he has filled it for a cent, and you are an utterly ruined man. You have not involved my uncle in this, I hope?" He made no answer, but bent his head, and looked down at the carpet.

"Have you?" she repeated, sharply. "Is my uncle involved?"

"I signed the firm name," he answered, doggedly. She rose, and walked rapidly up and down before him, with her hands clenched, and an angry, troubled face. Presently she halted, and controlling her voice, enquired.

"Does Paula know of this?"

"Yes."

"Did she approve of the signing of her father's name?"

"No; she left it to me, and when it was too late, she disapproved."

"What do you propose to do?" she enquired calmly, after a pause.

"I think I will go to Cincinnati," he answered, "and examine into the affair; I can do nothing here."

"You had better go to my uncle," she said, "and make a clean breast of it. He will know better than you what is best to be done."

"I dare not face him; the note will be presented for payment day after to-morrow, or the next day, and he will then know. In the mean time, I may do some good in Cincinnati, and can employ counsel to take care of our interest, and it ought to be done at once; and I can write your uncle fully, and explain how it

came about. He would not listen, should I attempt to tell."

"It may be as well," she responded, thoughtfully. "At any rate, you will tell your wife to-night, and learn what she thinks best." He assented to this.

"I pity my uncle," she said, turning to leave the room, "and I pity Paula, and myself; but I cannot say that I feel any on your behalf. You ought to suffer for this and other weak things that you have done; perhaps I should say wicked."

As soon as she left him he went down the alley to the back door of the bank, tapped on the window, and was admitted. It was after banking hours, and the doors were closed, but the employees were within, making up the day's accounts. He drew a check for a few hundred dollars, had it cashed, and put the roll of bills in his pocket. He then addressed a note to Faber, stating that a telegram had called him to Cincinnati, that he would write fully the following day, and a note to his wife, to the same effect; then took a carriage at the livery stable, and was driven over to the National Road, where he caught the Cincinnati night-coach.

When he reached the city, he called at the residence of Plumb, but was refused admittance. Then he sought Dole, and with him visited the bank, and found the note, calling for one hundred and forty thousand dollars, had that morning been forwarded to Fin-castle for collection.

"But," he said to the cashier, trembling with excitement, "it was agreed between Plumb and myself that the note was to be filled in for only about forty thousand dollars."

"You endorsed a blank note, then?"

"Yes."

"It came to us filled in for the amount I have stated," said the cashier, "and we loaned its full face on it, and of course you must repay us. We have nothing to do with the private agreement between you and Plumb; that is between yourselves. Your remedy, if he has wronged you, is in a suit against him."

"Mr. Dole was present, and can testify that forty thousand was the sum the note was to be filled in with."

"Yes," responded Dole, in a melancholy tone; "I can testify to that."

"That will be good, gentlemen, in a suit against Plumb, but will not save you from paying the face of the note, with interest, to us. To satisfy yourselves of this, go to any reputable attorney in the city, and take his opinion."

"Is there any chance of recovering against Plumb," enquired Alonzo, in despair.

"Not the remotest," replied the cashier; "he is irretrievably bankrupt."

Alonzo took advice of eminent counsel, and was assured that the firm of Faber & Redway must pay the note on presentation, or suffer it to go to protest, and pass into bankruptcy.

They returned to the hotel, and both Alonzo and Dole drew each a minute account of the transaction with Plumb, addressed to Faber, and placed them in the mail.

He invited Dole to spend the evening with him, but he excused himself on the plea of an engagement. After his departure, Alonzo left his hotel, and wandered about the streets, torn with remorse and shame, in a condition to be pitied.

"What is to become of me?" he muttered, as he walked on with his eyes on the pavement before him, not knowing or heeding where his steps were leading him. "I am an outcast; where can I go? where find rest for the soles of my feet? I have destroyed my happy home in Fincastle; in a few days my wife and her father will be turned into the streets. It would be impossible to face them; the finger of scorn and contempt would be pointed at me. I could find no employment if I went back; no one would trust me. I doubt if Paula would receive me, or ever speak to me again, unless to overwhelm me with reproaches, and turn her back upon me, for I did not tell her that the note was drawn in blank. Had I done so, she would have forbidden the signature; for, as it was, her instinct was against it. I am a burden to myself. Where can I go to fly from my own thoughts? I no longer wonder at men committing suicide. If it were not forbidden, and would not be going from bad to worse, I would go down to the river bank and plunge in."

The hour his mother had prayed for had come. Her Beads were answered.

As he walked on, in utter despair, immersed in these painful

reflections, night fell, and the street he was in became dark and deserted. He was passing the Church of St. Francis Xavier, and noticed that the door stood open. He hesitated in his walk, underwent a few moments of fierce internal struggle, then turned, and entered, saying in a low tone, as he ascended the steps: "I will go back to my Father's house." Lying across the back of a pew he saw a well-worn rosary awaiting its owner. Mechanically he took it up, and a flood of tears came with a flood of memories as he sank down on his knees.

(Conclusion next month.)

THE ASSUMPTION.

MARY IRWIN.

GLORY in Heav'n that part to earth belongs:
From earth is she, with whom none can compare,
Borne through the heav'ns sun-clothed, and oh, so fair!
Stars cluster round her head, and glorious throngs
Of seraphim attend with sweetest songs.
The gates of pearl are open wide, and there
Awaiteth One who would His glory share
With her the blest, who shared His cross and wrongs.
Never was Heav'n so full of love, so bright
As for her coronation: walls and towers
And palaces are wreathed with fragrant flowers.
And God the King, enthroned in splendid light,
Receives her as His best-beloved, and crowns,
While Heav'n with sweetest melody resounds.

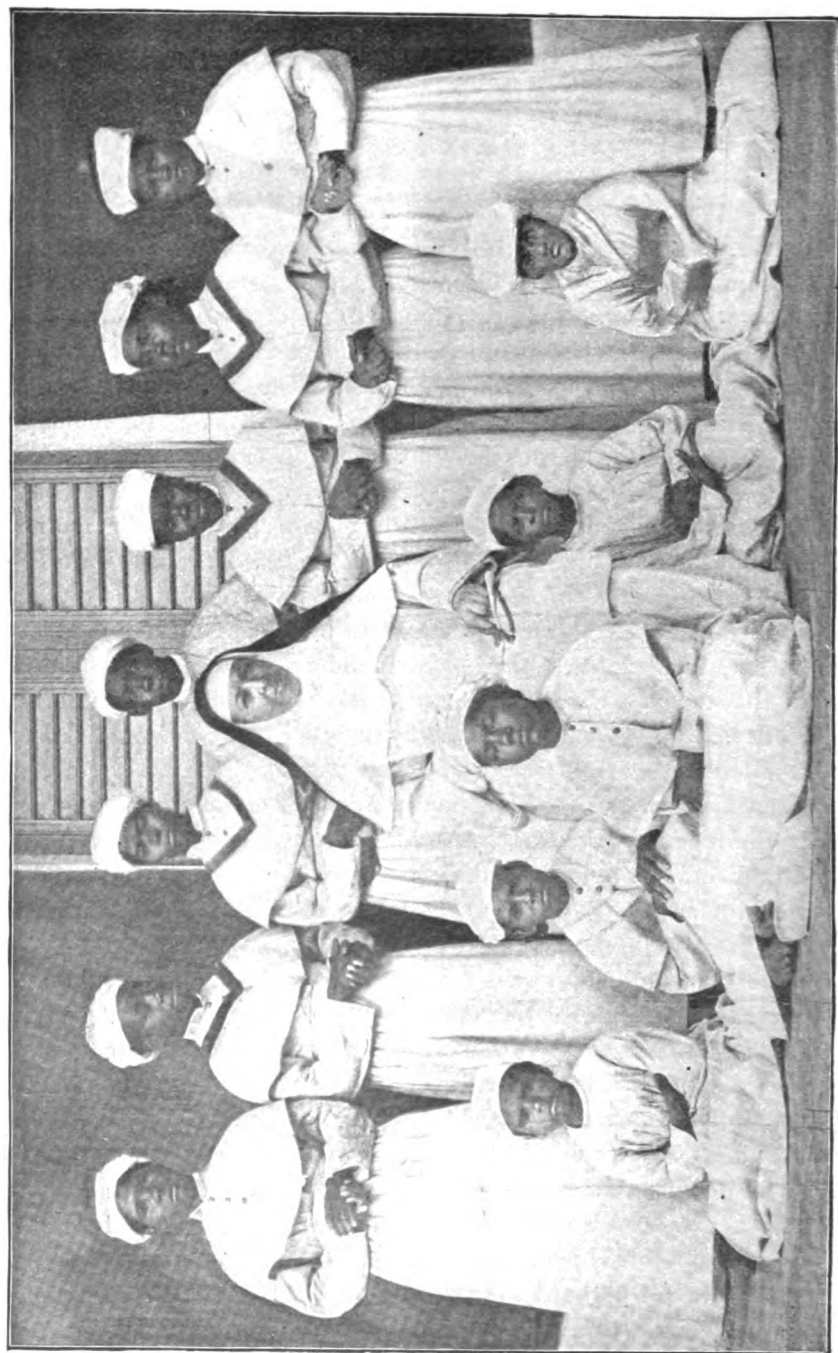
TRINIDAD.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O.P.

(Conclusion.)

HALF way between Port of Spain and Diego Martin is the leper-asylum, in a place called Cocorite. Here is gathered an afflicted population of more than two hundred lepers. It is heartrending to see these wretched people, with faces terribly swollen, without nose or ears, and covered with horrible sores, which emit a revolting stench. Some of them cannot walk, because the malady, after consuming the toes, leaves the feet one helpless wound. So it is with the hands! How terrible it must be to see one's body falling to pieces, little by little, through putrefaction, with an odor insupportable to oneself and to others! However, these unfortunate creatures seem at times almost joyous, with their poor stumps of hands and feet wrapped in white linen. Shunned by parents and relatives, they have found true mothers and sisters in the devoted Dominican nuns who nurse them so tenderly. For twenty-five years these worthy daughters of St. Dominic have fulfilled this work of charity. In the asylum there is also an old Dominican priest, Father Etienne Brosse, who has been chaplain to the lepers for the same period of time, and has scarcely left the establishment for a day during a quarter of a century. The world has not spoken so much of him as of Father Damian, but he does not expect his reward from the world.

Unfortunately leprosy is very common in Trinidad, and though there is a hospital for the lepers, only the destitute enter it, as it is not made compulsory by the government that every person afflicted with this disease should be sent there. For one leper in the asylum there are three or four at large, living in their houses, or even begging in the streets. The English Government has consumed much time and money in investigating the question whether leprosy is contagious or not, and even among the most learned doctors it is still undecided. Our fathers of the middle ages were not perhaps so learned, but they seemed to have more *common sense*. In Europe for centuries seclusion for lepers was



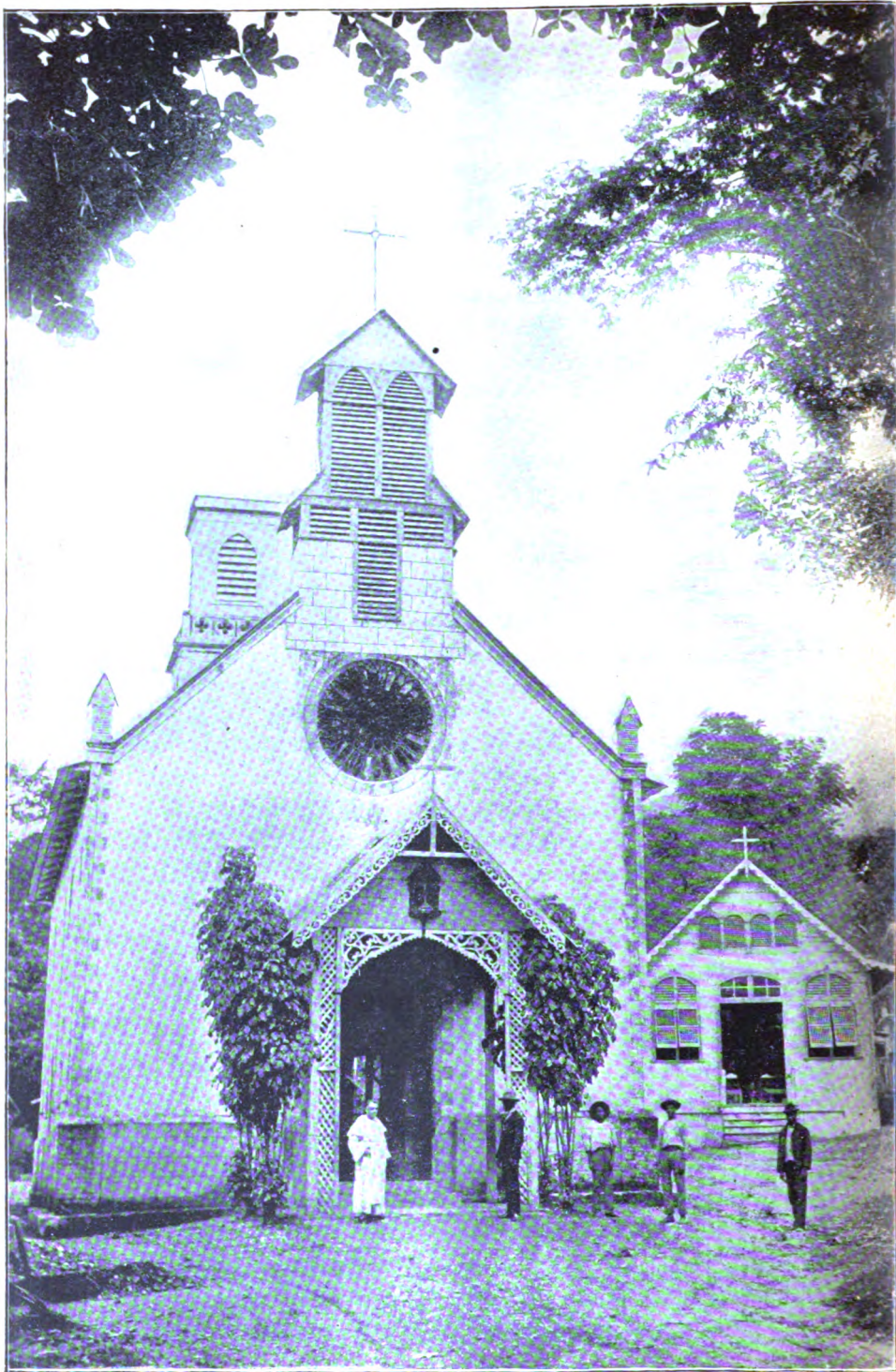
DOMINICAN SISTER AND PUPILS.

compulsory, and so they got rid of this terrible affliction; whereas, under the prevailing system, Trinidad sees the number of its lepers increasing every year.

The people chiefly afflicted with leprosy are Negroes and Hindoos. In fact, the disease, which is so prevalent in the East Indies, has become more widespread in Trinidad through the importation of Coolies. Nearly half of the inmates of the Cocorite Asylum are Hindoos. Sometimes, though the parents are not apparently lepers, they have the germ in their blood, and so it happens that children are born lepers. There is no law forbidding marriage of a sound person with a leper. I remember well a Negro who married a woman whose malady was so advanced that her fingers had already fallen off, so that for the nuptial ceremony, which attracted an immense crowd of the curious, a bracelet was used instead of a ring! The woman died a few months after, but she lived long enough to communicate the disease to her foolish husband, who had married her only for her money.

* * * * *

So far as I have been able to see, Christian education in the primary schools of Trinidad is much hampered. Though the English Government has been brought to subsidize denominational schools, still it maintains favored "ward" schools, in which there is no religious instruction, and to which careless or bad Catholics send their children. The clergy have made great sacrifices to build and maintain Christian schools in the presence of governmental opposition, but their greatest difficulty has been to provide good and Christian teachers. For boys they have thus far been unable, despite many endeavors, to secure teaching Brothers; they must be content with laymen, who do not always give complete satisfaction. For girls it is somewhat better; the nuns of St. Joseph of Cluny, who have been established in the island for more than half a century, give considerable help. In Port of Spain they have a splendid boarding-school, where the ladies of two or three generations of the best families of Trinidad have been educated. In the country districts and in the city they maintain about a dozen schools, which have been very successful. One of them which I visited, in the pretty village of St. Ann, gives a good idea of the island's people: some white amongst many



CHAPEL OF ST. ANNE.

black or brown. The pastor is Father Victor Bisquery, a zealous priest, who has materially and spiritually renovated that parish. The church which is shown in the illustration has lately been enriched by a relic of St. Ann, and I have been told that the dear Saint has been pleased to grant to her devotees many special favors of a miraculous character. Even Protestants have come with the Catholics to invoke the Mother of the Mother of our Lord.

The botanic garden is one of the attractions of the neighborhood. Preceded by the beautiful *Savanna*, which has certainly no equal in the West Indies, it stands as the most delightful image of an earthly paradise. Should the visitor know aught of botany, he will revel; and even if he cannot look upon the thousands of plants and trees, collected there from different climes, with the hungry eyes of a student of nature, he cannot fail to admire the groves of magnificent nutmegs, cloves, and other spices making the air fragrant with their aroma; the hundred graceful palms, majestic Samans (*pithecolobium Saman*) burdened with their progeny of epiphytes, silk-cotton trees, and endless varieties of bright-leaved crottons, etc.

Among the many palms we would specially note the Palmyra palm (*Borassus flabelliformis*) used by the Orientals for making fans, punkahs, baskets, Hindoo books, etc.; the Talipot palm (*cory umbraculifera*) also used for making books; several varieties of the date; the *Sabal*, which yields an abundance of tannin; and the curious climbing Rotang, whose long, slender stem furnishes rattan and canes for seating chairs, and in China for torturing our martyr missionaries! Let me mention other oddities in the shape of the *Sapindus saponaria*, a rival of Pear's soap, and the *Stillingia sebifera*, or Chinese wax-tree. Fine specimens of timber trees, native and introduced, are planted along the hillside road. On entering the garden there is a very fine *Eucalyptus*, said to be of equal size in all the West Indies. Its trunk measures more than thirty feet in diameter. Not far from it is a grove of giant bamboo (*Bambusa gigantea*), native to the East Indies. There can be seen all the fruit-trees of the tropical countries, the Cocoa-trees, (*Theobroma Cacao*) to which we owe the chocolate, the different kinds of coffee, sugar-canes, rubber, (*Castillon elastica*), the Ramie



Giant Bamboo.

fiber plant now attracting much notice; the Cocoa plant (*Erythroxylon Coca*), the Cola nut, etc.

Among the numerous flowering shrubs are the frangipani, the oleander, etc.

In a basin there is an electric eel of a good size. The palace of the Governor stands in the middle of this glorious garden. Its massive doors are made of mahogany grown in the Government lands near by. The galleries are delightfully screened by a luxuriant growth of stephanotis, jasmine, and other beautiful fragrant climbers. Altogether this mansion is a fine specimen of West Indian architecture. When the handsome chandeliers are lighted



A LEADING MEMBER OF CONFERENCE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

and the grounds ornamented with Chinese lanterns, as on the occasion of a State ball, the scene is one of fairyland, and transports one in imagination to those of "the Arabian Nights."

The small islands, which are dependencies of Trinidad, lie in the gulf of Paria as so many beautiful pearls of the ocean. The small steamer "Ant," which conveyed me, stopped for some time at a place called Carenage, on the main island. There I found a nice little chapel built in the sea, and united with the shore by a jetty, all made by a former pastor, Father Poujade, now dead. He called this chapel "Our Lady of the Sea." I saw some Negro

fishermen passing before us in a boat; when opposite the chapel they uncovered their heads, and made piously the sign of the Cross. I was told that the fishermen of these parts, before going



HINDOO WOMAN IN FULL DRESS.

to fish, always come before the statue of our Lady of the Sea to recommend to her their work, and on returning from their trip they again present themselves to thank her for their success.

After visiting some of the small islands, we arrived at the largest, Chacachacare, which is somewhat in the form of a horseshoe. There may be a population of three hundred persons, all black, but all Catholics. The Dominican Fathers built there a chapel and a school. It was the 25th of November, feast of St. Catherine of Alexandria, patroness of the island, when I arrived. Solemn Mass was being sung; the priest preached the panegyric of St. Catherine in Creole, that is, in corrupt French as spoken by Negroes. All the inhabitants had come to Church with their best clothes. It was a grand feast for them. Their canoes were adorned with many flags, which were nothing else but colored handkerchiefs at the tops of sticks.

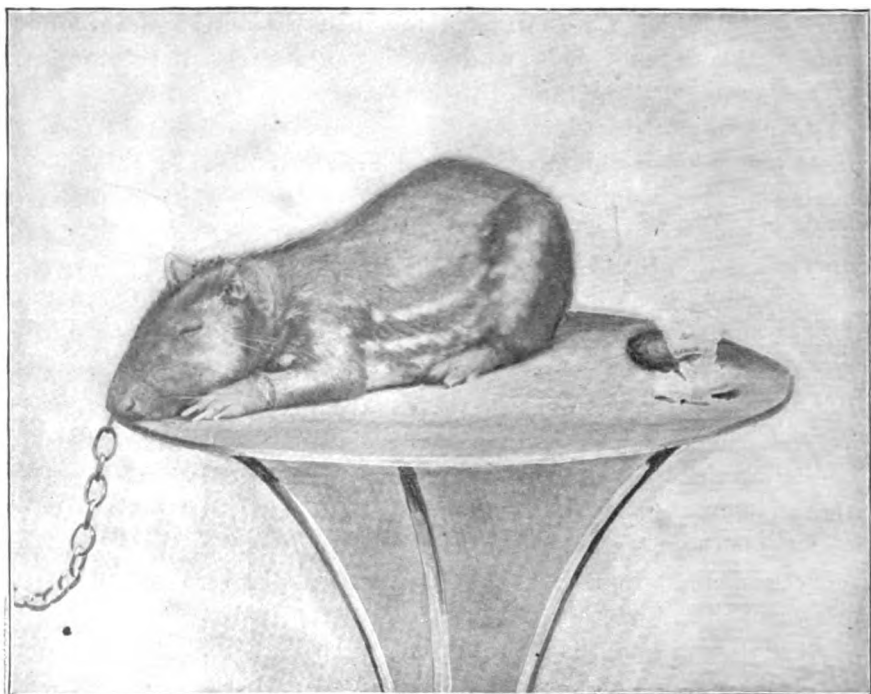
Concerning Chacachacare and St. Louis Bertrand, I will translate here a page from the "Journal d'un Missionnaire Dominicain" already mentioned. In the preface to a drama entitled: "St. Louis Bertrand á Chacachacare," the author says: "You may read that St. Louis evangelized, during seven years, that immense part of South America called to-day Columbia and Venezuela, where he baptized thousands of Indians, and worked the most wonderful miracles. According to a tradition, St. Louis came to visit the island of Trinidad so near to the coast of Venezuela. We read, in effect, in his life by Father Wilberforce, that being on the sea, he landed at a place called Icacos; but Icacos is the name of the Southwest point of Trinidad.

"From there," says the historian, "St. Louis proceeded to another place, where he found a tribe of Indians suffering very much from the drought. Chacachacare has this peculiarity, that rain is very scarce there, when it is plentiful in Trinidad. St. Louis having set free a woman possessed by the devil, the Indians believing him all-powerful, asked him to make the rain fall on their dried plantations. It was on the eve of the feast of St. Catherine of Alexandria. The servant of God told them that if they promised previously to become Christians he was confident, by the intercession of St. Catherine, who was a protectress of his Order, he would obtain rain for them. They promised. St. Louis began to pray, and the rain fell in abundance.

"From the beginning of Christianity in these parts, St. Catherine has been the patroness of Chacachacare, and her feast is celebrat-

ed with great solemnity. Whence such a veneration to her in that small island? Might it not naturally go back to St. Louis Bertrand?

"It seems probable," says Father Wilberforce, "that the Caribs, to whom St. Louis preached, were inhabitants of one of the islands, not far from the coast of New Grenada. Many considerations combine to make this almost certain." But Chacachacare is separated from the mainland of South America only by the channel



THE LAP.

Boca de los navios; we can then say that our conjecture is at least probable."

In Chacachacare I was regaled, though it was on Friday, with a delicious dish of very fat birds called Guachars or Diablotins (*Steatornis caripensis*), but the Church permits the use of these on abstinence days, because these birds feed on fish. They flock in caves, and go out at night only, to look for their prey. They are

very ugly, hence, I suppose, their name of *diablotins*, but they are esteemed a superlative luxury by the Trinidad gourmands.

The Church also allows, on abstinence days, the eating of an amphibious quadruped, easily obtained in Trinidad, where it is known by the name of *lap*.¹ It is an exquisite food, which when well prepared, the most critical Lucullus would prefer to any meat.

In Chacachacare the blacks hunt, in their woods, a kind of big lizard, called *Iguana*, (Indian name, meaning *good to be eaten*); it is also permitted on Fridays. The Creoles say it is better than chicken. I tasted it, but I must confess I did not find it savory. What I found excellent in the small island are its sugar apples. This tree likes a dry soil, and consequently thrives well in Chacachacare.

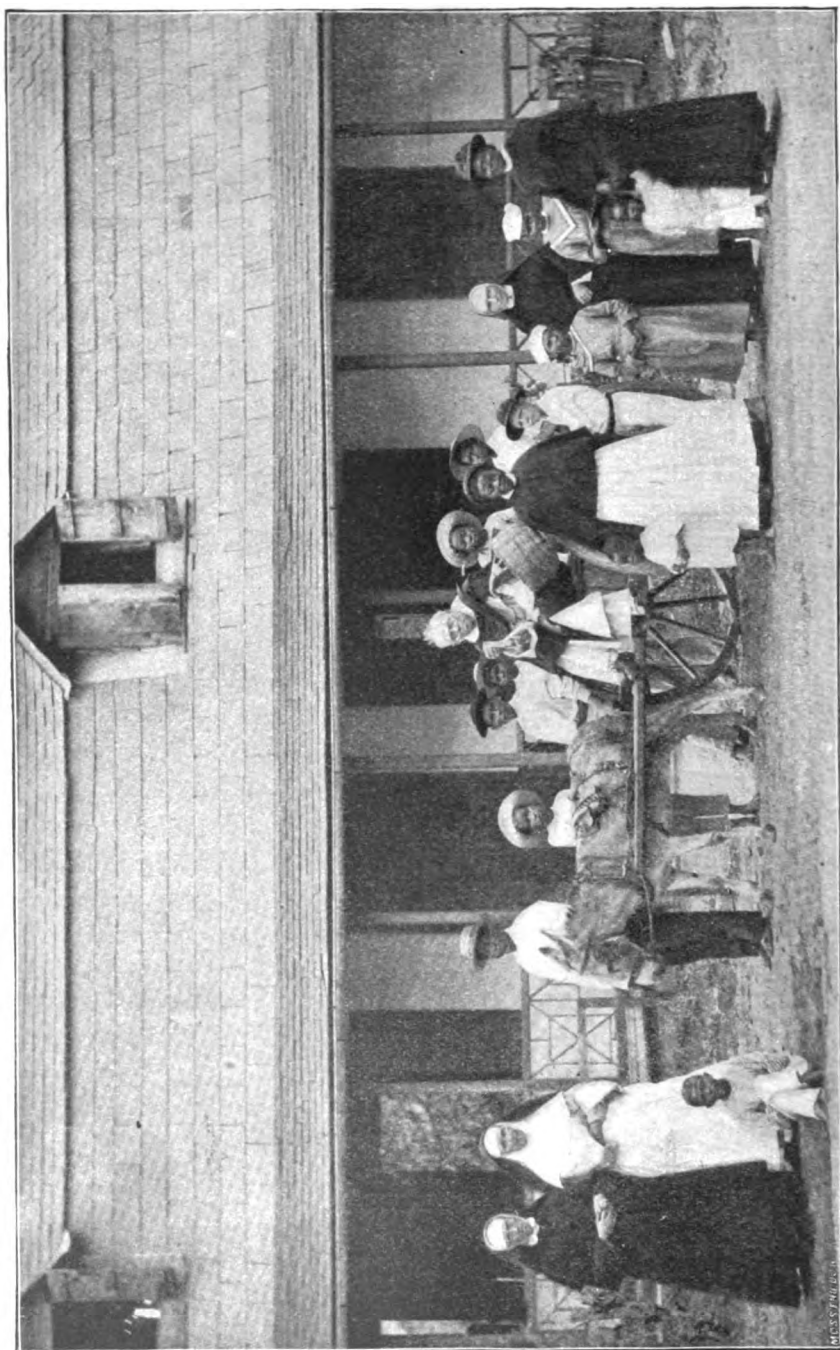
I was told the inhabitants were very superstitious, as are generally the Creoles throughout the West Indies. Many examples of their superstitions may be seen in the work already mentioned.²

The author speaks of a certain powder which fishermen, and especially whalers, are very anxious to get in order to be successful in their work, and he says that this mysterious and diabolical powder is made up with the ashes of children's hearts and livers, burnt for the purpose, together with certain herbs cut in the woods at midnight, etc. A fact which cannot be doubted is that every year, somewhere, in the West Indies, children disappear, without the police being able to trace them; or rather, proofs that they had been foully slain have been had from time to time in the discovery of skeletons, and once by the public confession of a criminal wizard. Some fifteen years ago a man was convicted and hanged in the island of St. Lucia, who had murdered five little innocents for the purpose of his black art.

The superstition of Creoles generally is far from being so criminal. Ordinarily it is of ridiculous but of inoffensive form. They will plant, for instance, a kind of big beans, (called *pois mal*

¹ Its scientific name is *Cælogenys paca*. Webster, at the word *paca*, gives a cut of this animal, and says "it is a small rodent mammal having blackish brown fur, with four rows of parallel white spots along its sides." This is correct, but it is not so small; in Trinidad it weighs sometimes as much as sixty pounds.

² Trinidad; journal d'un Missionnaire Dominicaine.



A STREET SCENE.—IMPROVED.

d'io) around their provision garden as a protection against thieves; they will nail at their door as many horse-shoes as they will be able to find, in order to be safe against *Zombis*, or bad genii. Sometimes bottles, with sea-water and centipedes in them, hang near their house for the same purpose. If a young lady wishes to get married (and who amongst them has not such a wish?) she must pay attention not to tread on a cat's tail or leg. After building a house it must not be enlarged; this would be a cause of endless misfortunes, etc., etc.

Before I left the West Indies, where I had spent several happy years, so that I regretted my departure, I visited some of the islands which I have not mentioned, and specially the two French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. In the first one I was shown the spot where some Spanish Dominican missionaries, on their way to the Philippine islands, were killed by the Caribs. It was in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the island was not yet inhabited by Europeans. The Spanish vessel had anchored in a bay of Guadeloupe to procure provisions, water, and fuel. It was the 3d of August, and the Dominicans on board landed to celebrate Mass in this new land on the next day, the feast of their holy Founder. During the holy sacrifice they were assailed by the Indians, who killed four or five of them, and wounded several others who, however, reached their vessel by swimming. One of the latter said afterwards that when swimming, pursued by the Caribs, who sent their arrows after him, he had felt the hands of an invisible person who was maintaining him on the water and protecting him. He had no doubt it was his good angel.

In Martinique I found the capital, Fort de France, almost entirely destroyed by a fire, which had swept away three-quarters of the buildings. The people had scarcely commenced to rebuild their houses when a cyclone of extraordinary fury desolated the whole island, killing in a few hours more than five hundred persons, and injuring double this number, sweeping away all the roofs of the island, and destroying more than half of the churches and houses. In a village called "le morne rouge," or the red hill, there was a venerated sanctuary of "Our Lady of Deliverance," a beloved resort of pilgrimage for the Martinicians. The beautiful

sanctuary fell as did the others, crushing under the ruins, organ, altars, and everything in the church, except the statue of our Lady, which was preserved. The next morning, washed by the rain, she was smiling over the débris, as an image of Hope in the midst of disaster.

OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE.¹

I.

“**P**EARL of America,” fair Martinique,
So named with loving tenderness of old,
Lay desolate from sea to sunlit peak,
Scoured by the cyclone terrible and bold.

II.

Like some dread demon just escaped from hell
The hurricane spread death along its path;
On land and sea it made one ruin fell;
Town, village, all, devouring in its wrath.

III.

The temples, even, where the Lord of grace
By every creature is adored and praised,
Demolished lay; altar and holy place
Covered with foulness by the tempest raised.

IV.

Upon Morne Rouge, they tell me, there had stood
A sanctuary, temple fair, its crown,
Which should have been forever by the good
In reverence held; yet 'twas the first thrown down.

¹ This poem is a translation from the original French of the author. It is here added, not only as an appropriate conclusion to the valuable paper of Father Cothonay, on Trinidad, but as a tribute to our Lady, and as an evidence of the author's literary skill. We are able to promise our readers other interesting articles from the pen of Father Cothonay, who is now superior of the new Dominican Convent of our Lady of the Rosary, Sherman Park, New York.

V.

Fiercely the whirlwind 'gainst the temple fought—
Rubbish on rubbish heaping while it brayed—
In its wild fury crushing, as if nought,
Six gentle nuns, who lived beneath its shade.

VI.

At daybreak, when this scene of direful fate
Appeared, this hill with countless horrors strown,
O holy thrill! Upon her throne of state
The gentle Virgin's statue stood, alone.

VII.

From Heaven's high dome our Lady had kept guard
Above her image: as of old it smiled;
The stone intact; its beauty all unmarred
By the fierce torrent and the tumult wild.

VIII.

Nor flying fragments, nor the crumbling roof,
Nor the great walls o'erthrown, could mischief bring;
God's angel, called by Mary in behoof,
Shielded her statue with his outspread wing.

IX.

For she, the Saviour's Mother, wished to show
To this poor isle in agony, a sign
That she remained, in those dark days of woe,
Its pure Protectress, and its Queen divine.

X.

Inconstant people! Oh, forget it not!
If here again the scourging cyclone lives—
Drawn by your sins—look up, and seek the spot,
The mountain where a pitying Lord forgives.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

JOHN H. O'NEILL.

III.

IMBUED with the principles of a higher philosophy, inspired with a living faith in the doctrines of Christianity, and warned by the fearful examples of the past, the Catholic knows that the cold, cultivated intellect, while of itself it can never be the source of virtue, is not infrequently the laboratory of vice. Resting under the awful responsibility of bringing up his children in the fear and service of God, he clings with unrelenting tenacity to that system of education which develops the religious and moral sentiments conjointly with the purely intellectual powers. Duty, obligation, conscience, impel him to exertion in the cause of such education, at the cost of many sacrifices and tribulations, including the submission to double taxation, which they are now, in the spirit of heroic devotion, voluntarily imposing upon themselves in order to maintain the Catholic free schools of this country.

Inspired by faith, and grounded in the first principles of human knowledge, the Catholic Church has, by the instrumentality of her religion and her schools, converted the nations, educated and civilized the people, and laid the enduring foundation of civil society and human government. That great body of principles and precepts, which constitute the civilization of to-day, and which have become the rich and inestimable inheritance of all European races, and the hope of all the world, is wholly due to the genius and energy of Catholic education.

Christianity dawned upon the world at a time when pagan philosophy had soared to its highest flights, and pagan corruption had sunk to its lowest depth. The whole world lay, one vast, weltering mass of human corruption. The Assyrian, the Persian, and the Macedonian empires had already passed away under the destroying flood of vice, and "the sound of revelry by night" had died out in the once gay halls of Nineveh and Babylon, of Persepolis and Alexandria. Rome, resting from her conquests, was overshadowing the world with her eagles. But the world was still corrupt. The centre of its empire was filled with

the refinement and grossness of immorality, as the patricians and the plebeians were alike the votaries of vice. The vulgar vices of all the nations poured into this mighty heart of the world, and were throbbled back to the extremities of the empire in all the virulence of cultivated depravity. Materialism and infidelity prevailed universally then, as they do partially now. The Greek and Roman civilization, while appealing in outward forms to a multitude of gods, really believed in none. Their brightest minds, indeed, grasped after the infinite, and caught shadowy glimpses of an unknown God, but their materialism, unable to comprehend Him, like modern materialism, denied Him. They indulged in a refined and cultivated atheism, or an egotistical anthropolatry.

But this philosophy was proud and arrogant ; and, armed with all the learning of the times, it became one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the establishment and spread of Christianity. Re-habilitated by the retrograde genius of modern times, it re-appears in our day in all the splendor of the sciences, to dispute the empire of faith, and re-plunge society into paganism of ideas—into rationalism, naturalism, infidelity. To meet this formidable enemy we must snatch from the arsenal of philosophy the arms the scientists have forged against truth, and wield them more effectually in her cause. We must show that the same God, who is the Author of revelation, is also the Author of nature ; that as God, the universal Truth, cannot contradict Himself, neither can one particular truth contradict another ; that the laws of nature are not blind and fortuitous forces, but the enactments of an intelligent and living Principle ; that, as nature with all its varieties constitutes but one universal whole, so all the truths of science, when properly understood, point to one universal and eternal Truth, which is God.

It is not by denying the facts that scientific investigations reveal, or the truths logically deducible therefrom, but by assigning to these their proper place and direction, that we shall be able to reconcile science with religion—nature with God. It was thus that the Apostles and the Fathers of the early ages of Christianity were enabled to triumph over pagan philosophy—that philosophy which then reared its proud crest against a religion that taught humility, and which now, under a new and more pretentious at-

tire, wars against the faith, the morals, and the repose of the world.

The glory of Christian philosophy is nowhere more manifest than in its conflict for mastery with the pagan schools, and in the contrast between that modern civilization, of which it is the parent, and that ancient civilization over which those schools presided. Glance for a moment at the contrast, and exult over our own superiority. Ancient civilization did not properly appreciate the dignity and sacredness of a human being, nor have any correct notion of the Deity. The respect due to the individual as a human being was lost in the undue importance attached to the State, or society, of which the individual was a constituent element. Society was strong—the individual weak. He did not understand his own rights and dignity in the presence of a crushing, cruel, and gigantic power. Hence, to a great extent, as at Rome, in the days of Regulus, and the iron republic of the Lacedæmonian law-giver, his personality became absorbed and almost annihilated by the overshadowing power of the State. The ancients did not distinguish between the duties of the individual as a citizen, and the rights of the individual as a man. They were ignorant of the profound truths in relation to the origin and the end of man. They knew not his sacredness, nor saw in his soul the image of his Creator. They knew not the divinity of his origin, nor his temporal relations, nor his eternal destiny. Crime and sensualism had wholly obliterated from their hearts the primeval revelation, or but glimmering remnants of it lingered among them in dim traditionary legends, mingled with the grossness of a carnal philosophy, and corrupted by a thousand errors. To them the *Ἰγῶ ἱ ἐξουσίᾳ* of Plato was at once a necessity and an impossibility. Their only recourse was to human reason, but their intellect, unillumined from Heaven, was weighted with materialism and sensuality. It is true that the almost inspired minds of Zoroaster and Plato seemed from the heights of human intelligence, like Moses viewing the promised land from the summit of Nebo, to catch glimpses even of some of the mighty truths of revelation. But these were only momentary efforts of sublime intellects under the pressure of the immortal longings and aspirations of the unsatisfied soul of man after the fountain of all truth. And when

we turn from these sublime speculations to the cold philosophic cruelties, the gross immoralities, the stupendous errors that mar the doctrines of these same leaders of the pagan world of thought, we are convinced at once of the greatness and the littleness of the human intellect. I do not say that there was nothing to admire in the civilization of the ancient nations. We discover among them great brilliancy and mental activity, which under the stimulants of commerce and luxury, exhibited ages of refinement, of art and science, of letters and philosophy, which attract even to this day the attention and admiration of all men of learning and taste. But theirs was an erroneous civilization. Its superstructure was brilliant and attractive, but its foundations were laid in error, and it nourished within its own bosom the seeds of decay and dissolution. The history of all the pagan nations of antiquity is the same sad and melancholy story. If we follow the march of the human race, from that early period when history first emerges from the twilight of fable and dim tradition, through the lapse of ages and the vicissitudes of empires and peoples, until we reach the noon of heathen civilization in the Augustan age of Roman ascendancy, we everywhere and in every age shudder at the appalling picture of human society. Infanticide, practised on the score as well of economy as of luxury, and the offering of human sacrifices—ranked among us as the most atrocious and horrible of crimes—were the commonest of customs among the most cultivated of the heathen nations. And what is more shocking than the picture itself, is the thought that the cruelties, oppressions, and enormous vices of paganism were not the mere ebullition of passions too strong and ungovernable to be controlled for the time by the remedial restraints of society and law, but were directly taught by philosophy, fostered by society, and sanctioned by law, in the midst of the most brilliant reign of intellect the world has ever seen. But no civilization which is not built on those profound truths in relation to the nature of man, of which the ancients were totally ignorant, and which Catholic philosophy has always taught, can have any permanent existence among men. Society cannot ignore the laws of human nature and live. And, although individuality must always play a conspicuous part in human civilization, yet we do not think that the feeling of indi-

viduality alone, as Guizot would have it, gives its superiority to modern civilization over that of antiquity. This feeling is common to all ages. It existed among the ancients. To suppose the contrary would be to contradict all experience, and one of the fundamental laws of human nature, to wit: that this feeling which urges man to seek his own preservation, his own pleasure and happiness, and to avoid whatever militates against them, is founded in the very depths of the human soul—is innate, inalienable, and universal as man. Indeed, the history of antiquity, from the heroes of Homer, fired with personal ambition and glory, down to Horace's avaricious merchant, refitting his storm-shattered bark to buffet again the Icarian wave for wealth, is full of this feeling of personality and its daring achievements. The difference, however, between the individuality of antiquity and that of modern times, is very pronounced, and lies in the spirit and ideas that exalt Christian civilization above paganism. The feeling of individuality, like every other feeling, belongs to the heart, not to the intellect. To be of any value, it needs to be understood and directed to noble ends. The feelings of the heart among a people who did not know the nature of man, his true relations, and the laws by which he ought to be governed, manifested themselves in selfishness, cruelty, and utter disregard of the rights of others. All the passions of the human heart are not bad. All are not to be condemned, but to be moderated and properly directed. And, while we ought not to find fault with human nature, because God is its author, we ought not to deify it, because it is His creature. The passions need the guidance and control of the moral law. They are the winds that impel the sails of each frail mortal bark launched upon the ocean of life, and may waft it over Halcyon seas, or shatter it amid rocks and billows, just as they may chance to blow with, or contrary to its destined course. They are either prosperous gales or tempestuous blasts, and to quell them in the one case, and guide them in the other, religion must sit at the helm—the skilful pilot and the king of storms. If not, the vessel freighted with immortal hopes and destinies, will be dashed to pieces among the breakers, and go down forever. The spirit of truth, which followed the Apostles from Pentecost, which was to lift up the fallen nations

to light and liberty, which was to change the face of the world and re-cast its civilization, encountered no more formidable enemy, not even in the persecuting sword of imperial Rome, than the proud and arrogant schools of Greek philosophy. The Apostles and their successors, instead of attacking philosophy as such, seized upon it, became deeply versed in all its doctrines, and used it as a weapon to win bloodless victories for Christianity on the arena of reason.

Religion has nothing, and never had anything to fear from science and philosophy; because it is as impossible for true science and Christianity to be in opposition, as it is for God to contradict Himself. But, the prejudices of error do not succumb to truth in an hour. It was after a mighty struggle that the pagan schools yielded before the moral and intellectual heroes of the Church. Many fields were made glorious before the conflict was over. Not to detract from the honors of Athens and Rome, of Corinth and Smyrna, of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Edessa, I may be permitted, as space will not allow me to allude to all the early institutions of Christian learning, to single out for a passing tribute the school of Alexandria. That was a glorious field for intellectual gladiators—that gray old land of monumental and mystic Egypt—that land about which cluster so many facts of history, both sacred and profane—which received the Hebrew youth sold into bondage by his brethren, felt the miraculous hand of an angry God, witnessed the exodus of the chosen people, and afterwards became the asylum of the fugitive Saviour—that land through which flowed the sacred Nile, where towered the majestic pyramids, and the Sphynx glared, and the ruins of hecatompylean Thebes are piled.

The most important and decisive intellectual battle of the Fathers against the philosophers was fought and won in Alexandria—that city which the ambition of the Macedonian conqueror had vainly laid out for the future capital of a conquered world—at that time the commercial emporium of all the civilized nations of the earth—containing the celebrated library which the fanaticism of the Moslem afterwards gave to the flames, the palaces and gardens of the Ptolemies, the Cæsareum, the Serapeion, and the Museum, that renowned university where the most brilliant and generous intellects of three continents were for generations

trained in all the science and learning of the world. All the tribes and tongues and nations of the earth were mingled there. Thither flocked the wealthy and high-born sons of Greece and Italy, of India, Syria, and Egypt, to drink at the fountain-head of pagan lore. And, there in the midst of an opulent and licentious city, the followers of the lowly Nazarene preached poverty and purity, and measured intellectual lances with the Caryphosi of pagan philosophy. Neo-Platonism—the Puseyism of antiquity—which had its origin in Alexandria, was destined to die in its own cradle. It was the stepping-stone, nevertheless, for many a sincere lover of truth from pagan philosophy to the Christian Church. The Logos of Plato had inspired a Jew, by the name of Philo, with the idea of identifying the doctrines of the master of the Academy with those of the inspired law-giver of the chosen people of God. With this idea Neo-Platonism was born. It gained advocates, took possession of bold and generous minds, and for generations reigned supreme in a university which focused the intellect and wisdom of the world. But with all its brilliancy it afforded no solid foundation on which the soul could securely and permanently rest. While it startled the mind with its transcendentalisms, abyssus, and emanations, it left it still unsatisfied and struggling after the eternal truth. Pantænus, Clement, Origen, and other philosophic Fathers, knew it in all the scope of its genius, and all the subtleties of its advocates. Masters of its lore, they uncovered its errors and struck it down with unanswerable arguments drawn from its own intellectual arsenals. Their triumph was complete, and world-wide in its influence. The students and converts, returning home into Europe, Asia, and Africa, from the halls of the Museum and the schools of the Catechumens, carried the fruits of the victory to all the countries of the globe. It is ever thus, that in the real victories of reason, the treasures which genius has gathered for the consecration of error, become conquered trophies to adorn the shrine of truth. As true philosophy thus triumphed over the pagan schools, the pathway of Christianity was made clear. Religion can flourish only where reason reigns. Hence the Church holds that reason is the necessary preamble of faith. But, though pagan philosophy was overthrown, and with it fell the brilliant polytheism it upheld, yet

impressed with that enduring fascination which genius ever lends to its noblest works, it was destined to re-appear with all the pride of intellect and self-love of the human heart, to assert again its empire over mind. Like the river Alpheus, fabled to have dropped into the sea only to rise again unbrined by the Mediterranean to mingle its waters with the fountain of Arethusa, pagan philosophy, borne down by the Christian schools, rolled under the ages of Christianity to re-appear in after times, to mingle its amorous waters with a purer civilization—to pervert the intellect, to corrupt the heart, to ruin the morals of society.

From the earliest ages down to the eleventh century, with the exception of a brief period after the conversion of Constantine, when the imperial academies were thrown open to Christian students, Christian Education—both religious and secular—had been in the hands of the Church, and under the control of the clergy. After the faith of the martyrs had triumphed over the Sword of Rome, and the genius of the Fathers had led captive the philosophy of Greece, Religion and Science had hitherto walked hand in hand in harmony down the ages. Philosophy, stripped of its pride and selfishness, was ennobled by the sweetness of its charity and the purity and elevation of its aims; and Religion itself appeared more beautiful when arrayed in the æsthetic forms of Science and Art. As the monastic schools went down in the eleventh century, the universities rose into splendor, and scholasticism fought its vigorous battles and dogmatized in its own special way. The reflux of the first crusades had been felt in Europe in the introduction of books of Oriental philosophy—combinations of the thought of Aristotle with the symbolism and imagination of star-gazing Arabia—and the riot of intellect and error began. After the fall of Constantinople, Europe was filled with the manuscripts and fugitive philosophers of Greece. The condition of the mind of Western Europe, already excited to unwonted activity by the introduction of Oriental ideas and the literature of Arabia, was such as to invite, rather than repel, the doctrines of these Hellenic professors. Greek philosophy resurgent from the blows under which it went down in the East long ages before, lifted again its scalpel of logic to dispute the empire of Oxford and Paris with the doctrinal descendants of St. Paul

and of Clement. So great became the mania for Greek learning, that many eminent scholars of the middle ages dropped their own, and assumed more resonant pagan names to accompany their works to posterity. The rage for the works of Aristotle took possession of all minds. The universities, invaded and ruled by Greek philosophy, monopolized and controlled secular, and, to some extent, ecclesiastical education for several generations immediately preceding the Council of Trent. In them this philosophy fought again the battle of Alexandria, and found its Clements and Origenes in the Thomases and Anselms of the Middle Ages. Although these great philosophers and theologians successfully vindicated in the field of science the truths of Christianity against materialism and irreligion which the revival of philosophy had spread abroad; though many great and heroic defenders of faith and morals lived in those ages of scandalous reveries and intellectual vagaries; though a few of the old and long established monastic schools continued to flourish during this long reign of wrangling scholasticism, vindicating the union of religious and secular education—yet, it must be admitted that, from the rise of the university system, religion lost the control of secular education, and scholasticism—proud, dogmatic, disputatious, and divided into nominalists, realists, and numerous other jarring sects—kept up an intellectual bedlam all over Europe, and fostered a spirit of skepticism and irreligion, which, though vanquished on the field of reason, projected the baleful shadow of its influence far into the future, even to our own day. The sappers and miners of religion and morals began their work when the schools broke away from religion, and took shelter under the arm of power. Though the power of these schools had been broken, their spirit had not been completely extinguished, when the Baconian and Cartesian philosophies made their appearance in the midst of that mental ferment and materialistic tendency which characterized the dawn of the seventeenth century. That philosophy of materialism and luxury, which had sapped the foundations of ancient society, though happily giving way before the light and logic of the Gospel and the Fathers, had re-appeared in the universities of the Middle Ages, and though staggered by the blows of the incomparable doctors of

the Church, still survived, and, like a spark beneath smouldering embers, was kindled anew by the genius of Bacon. It gradually developed and gathered strength until it finally swayed the sceptre of despotism over the minds of the eighteenth century, and culminated in the French Revolution. I will not attempt to draw a picture of this revolution. I am admonished to be silent before an event, in the presence of which the tongue of eloquence itself is still, humanity shudders, and the face of the world grows pale. Few there are who have not read the simple, but appalling facts which history records of the "reign of terror." The facts themselves, unadorned by the figurative expressions of rhetoric, are more eloquent than anything that inspired genius has ever spoken or written. There they remain crowded into a brief space—the epitome of all human crimes and degradation—the daring blasphemy of God, the desecration of religion, and the brutal butchery of man. Philosophy called it the age of reason. Philosophers, professing to be guided by the light of reason alone, and aspiring to a niche in the Pantheon of immortality, enthroned and worshipped it in the person of a shameless strumpet. It was the culmination of reason without God—of education without religion. Its spirit yet lives. It breathes, whether recognized or not, in the prevailing philosophy and educational systems of the age. The Jacobins and Cordeliers, under other names, have their club-houses and journals in all the capitals and metropolitan cities of Europe. We see them in the Carbonari; in the red-shirted ruffians that followed the revolutionary flag of Garibaldi; in the Socialists of Germany; in the Communists of France; in the Nihilists of Russia.

Socialism, Communism, Nihilism!—these are the practical results of the education of the intellect without religion and morality—of those "most subversive ideas which are promulgated and have their advocates in influential organs of public opinion"—of that "rampant infidelity which is preached by the press as well as by philosophers." They are the perpetual menace of European society, and the apprehension of all governments. The liberality of England and America has afforded asylums to the cut-throats and assassins whom the repressive measures of continental powers have exiled from their native countries. Pretended

devotees of liberty, they propagate ideas and doctrines subversive of all liberty. Revolution and anarchy are the elements in which they revel. They march to the overthrow of law and order, of government and society.

To counteract the influence of such dangerous doctrines the Catholic Church insists that a religious and moral education is absolutely necessary. She maintains that secular education, in which religious instruction has no part, is at best but a dangerous, if not a fatal experiment. And, because she holds, with that eminent Protestant scholar and educator, Horace Mann, that "to render the cultivation of the intellectual nature beneficial or even safe; nay, to save it from being baneful, it must be accompanied by moral education," she is loaded with opprobrium, and accused of opposing all education. Thus the Catholic is continually taunted by ignorance or prejudice with the charge (notwithstanding the glorious and eternal records of history to the contrary) that the Catholic Church has always been opposed to education, and in favor of keeping the masses in ignorance, in order the better to hold them in the slavery of priest-craft. Are those who make the charge aware of the extent to which they lay themselves liable to the imputation of gross ignorance and unpardonable want of information?

Catholics need not be ashamed of the record they have made in the cause of education, whether religious, or secular, and scientific. The Catholic Church won immortal honors in the intellectual battles she fought in the early ages in the East against the pagan philosophy of the gentile nations, and again in the Middle Ages against the same philosophy revived in the universities of Western Europe, and she is still nobly bearing the standard of religion and true philosophy against the pagan ideas of the present age. But the Church had in former ages a far more arduous and protracted struggle than these to undergo. After the first battles with philosophy, she was destined to encounter ignorance. She had won a victory over a brilliant civilization, which fought with the keen and polished blade of philosophy; but it would have been a barren victory if its results were not to be carried into the education and practical life of the masses, and if the ignorant barbarians were not to be enlightened. The

people were to be educated out of paganism into Christianity, and society was to be resuscitated and organized on a new basis. Such was to be the Herculean task of Christian education. And, accordingly wherever Christianity gained a foot-hold, schools were established. First came the episcopal seminaries, almost co-eval with the Apostles themselves, for the education of men for the Christian ministry; then those catechetical schools in which the Christian neophytes and children were instructed in the principles of Christianity, and which in time became celebrated nurseries of secular science as well as Christian doctrine; then monasteries and nunneries, which sprang up everywhere with not only interior or religious, but also with exterior or secular schools in which the sons and daughters of the people were taught all the arts and sciences of the times, as well as religion and morals; and lastly, those parochial schools in which the children alike of the rich and the poor were taught gratuitously.

REJOICE, rejoice, with heart and voice to-day,
That gentle Mary's tears are wiped away.
Who will not join the Angels' strains,
When Mary pure her throne attains?

Salve Maria!

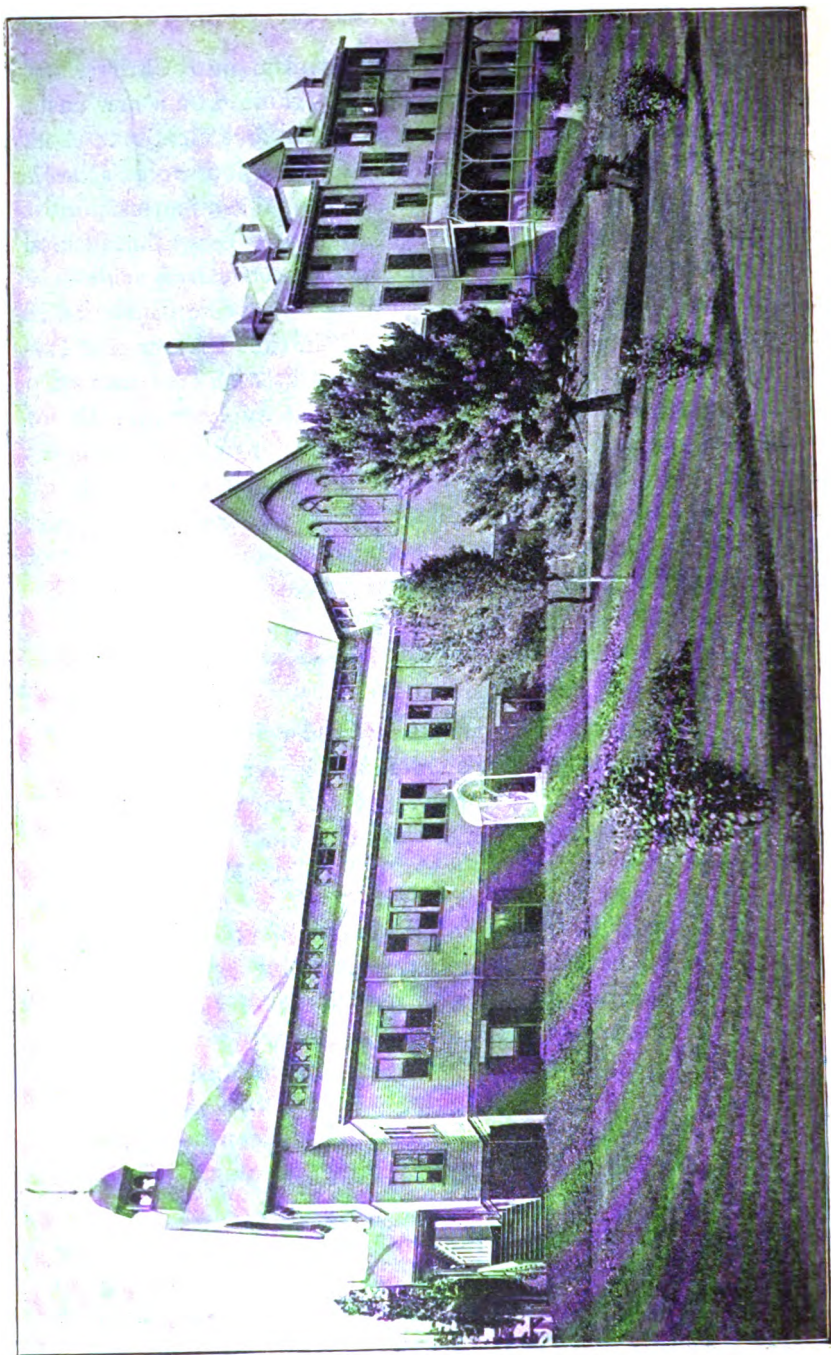
A path of light is in the summer sky;
And as the holy Mother passeth by
The clouds are lit with rosy flame,
And Angels shout in glad acclaim,

Salve Maria!

O Mother, crowned the Angels' Queen to-day;
O Mother, full of smiles to thee we pay
Our joyous laud and homage sweet,
And thee with jubilation greet,

Salve Maria!

—*From the Flemish hymn of the Assumption translated by S. Baring Gould.*



SIDE VIEW OF CHAPEL AND CONVENT AT SPARKILL.

A DOMINICAN CHARITY.

MARGARET HOPKINS FEIGHAN.



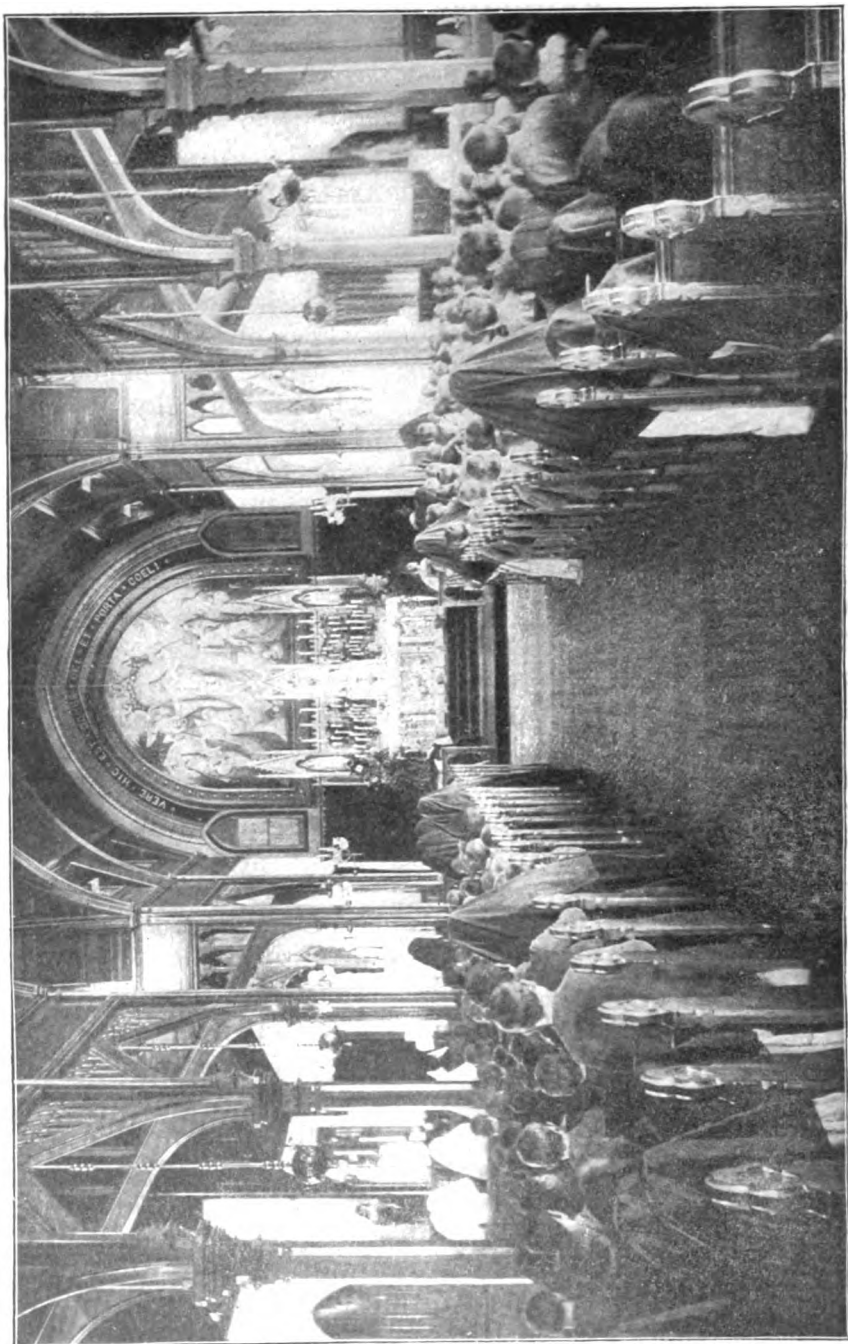
HERE is probably no instance in the history of the Church in the United States where God has more plainly shown His watchfulness over pure-intentioned, earnest work, than He has over that of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic, now living in the Convent of Our Lady of the Rosary, on East 63d Street, New York City.

In the very naming of their Convent, these brave workers, who banded together in 1876, placed themselves, in a special manner, under the banner of our Blessed Mother. "Our Lady of the Rosary" is not only one of the most beautiful of her titles, but so peculiarly Dominican that it has become a very watchword among the followers of St. Dominic.

The title seems to have proved a safeguard to the Congregation at 63d Street, for in spite of obstacles which seemed insurmountable, in spite of poverty, and ever recurring disappointments, these dauntless women have been finally blessed with the success which their untiring energy and spirit of sacrifice deserve.

The history of this community is a very interesting one, and becomes more so from the fact that it is not gathered from written statements, nor tradition, but from the spoken word of those who met and overcame the difficulties which beset the first years of the Congregation's existence.

Some time previously to the foundation of this community, a Miss McLoughlin gathered about her, on Second Avenue, near 38th Street, a number of the destitute children of the city. Realizing her inability to properly care for her charges, owing to the rapid increase in their number, she applied for assistants in the care of them, to Father J. A. Rochford, then Provincial of the Dominican Order in the United States. Father Rochford, in turn, succeeded in arousing the interest of Miss Madeleine Thorpe, a young Englishwoman, and a convert, who, as a Dominican Tertiary, had been for several years, a faithful worker among the poor of New York.



THE CHAPEL.

The necessities of the case, as presented by Father Rochford, developed Miss Thorpe's dormant vocation. Upon the 6th of May, 1876, she received the conventual habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic, and thus became the foundress of the first Congregation of that Order established in New York City.

Miss Thorpe took perpetual vows without going through a novitiate, and became in religion, Sister Antoninus. Upon the same day, two other young women were received as novices. Father Rochford's plans for the little community were gladly seconded by the Right Rev. William Quinn, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of New York, under Cardinal McCloskey. Father Quinn had, previously to this time, conceived the idea of founding a home for destitute children, and was happy for an opportunity to assist in carrying out the design.

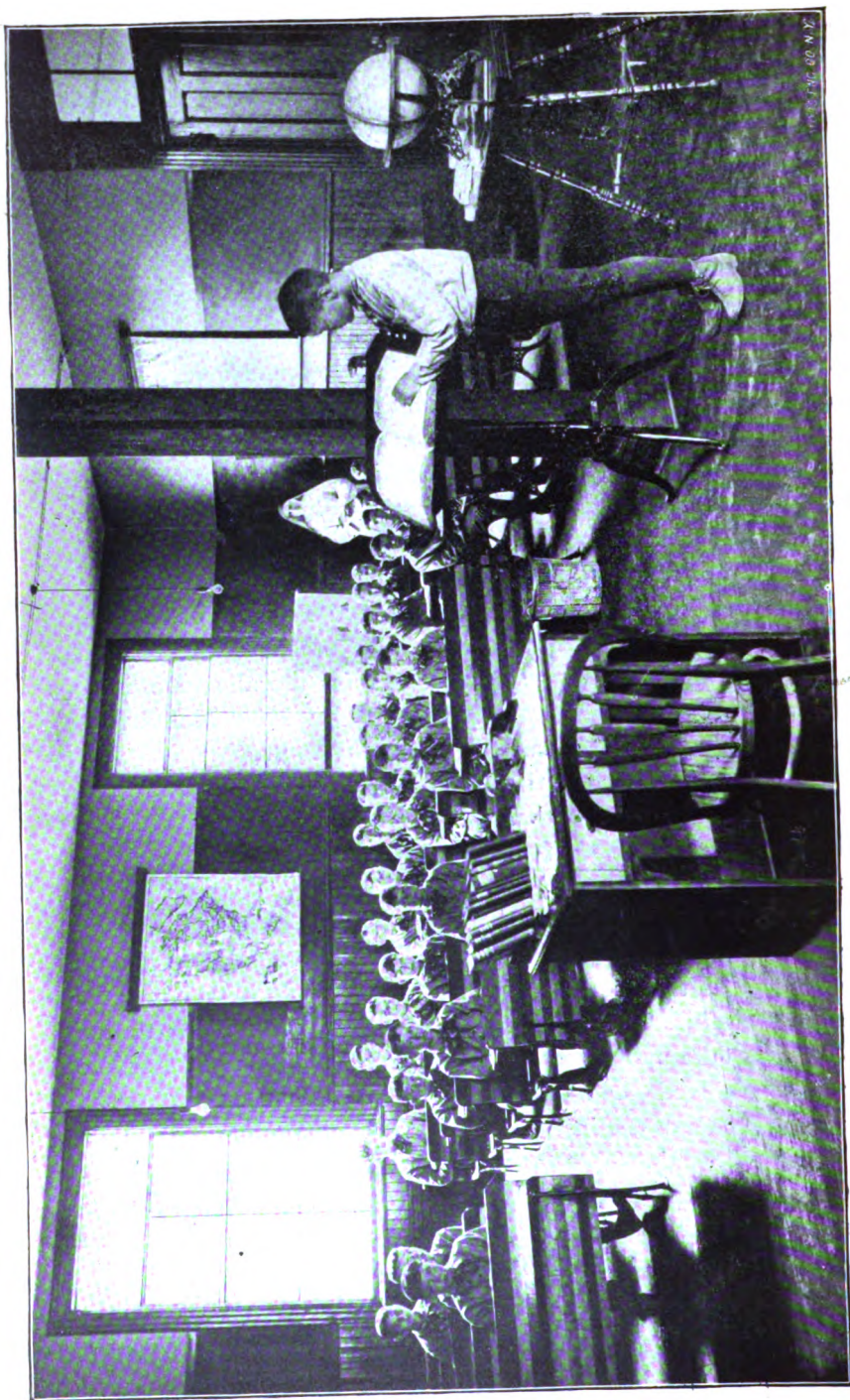
Thus did a number of peculiar and favorable circumstances converge. Sister Antoninus was appointed Prioress of the new community, which, with the friendship of the Vicar-General, and of the Provincial of the Dominicans for moral support, and with the pecuniary assistance proffered by Miss McLoughlin for material support, seemed in a fair way to prosper.

Miss McLoughlin gave the Sisters a furnished house on Second Avenue, as a home for themselves and the children, with the promise that at the end of one year she would deed them this, and two other houses.

As the year passed along, however, the outlook for the young community ceased to be so fair. While the moral support proved quite equal to the occasion, the material support began to grow very uncertain. Though Miss McLoughlin was willing to see the Sisters take upon themselves the labor which the care of the children involved, she insisted upon the full management of the business affairs of the institution.

Mother Antoninus firmly protested against this, so that at the end of the specified year, Miss McLoughlin withdrew all assistance. With the warning of a single day, the Sisters and children were absolutely turned into the streets of New York.

Fortunately, one of the novices was able to furnish the means with which to rent a house for a year; it was secured on 28th Street, in St. Stephen's parish.



IN THE CLASS ROOM.

"Moving into our new house was very easily accomplished," naively remarked one of the Sisters who was a novice at that time, "for there was nothing to move except ourselves and the children." One cup which happened to be the community property, was a much treasured article, and until more satisfactory arrangements could be made, there were many playful disputes as to who should have the first use of it.

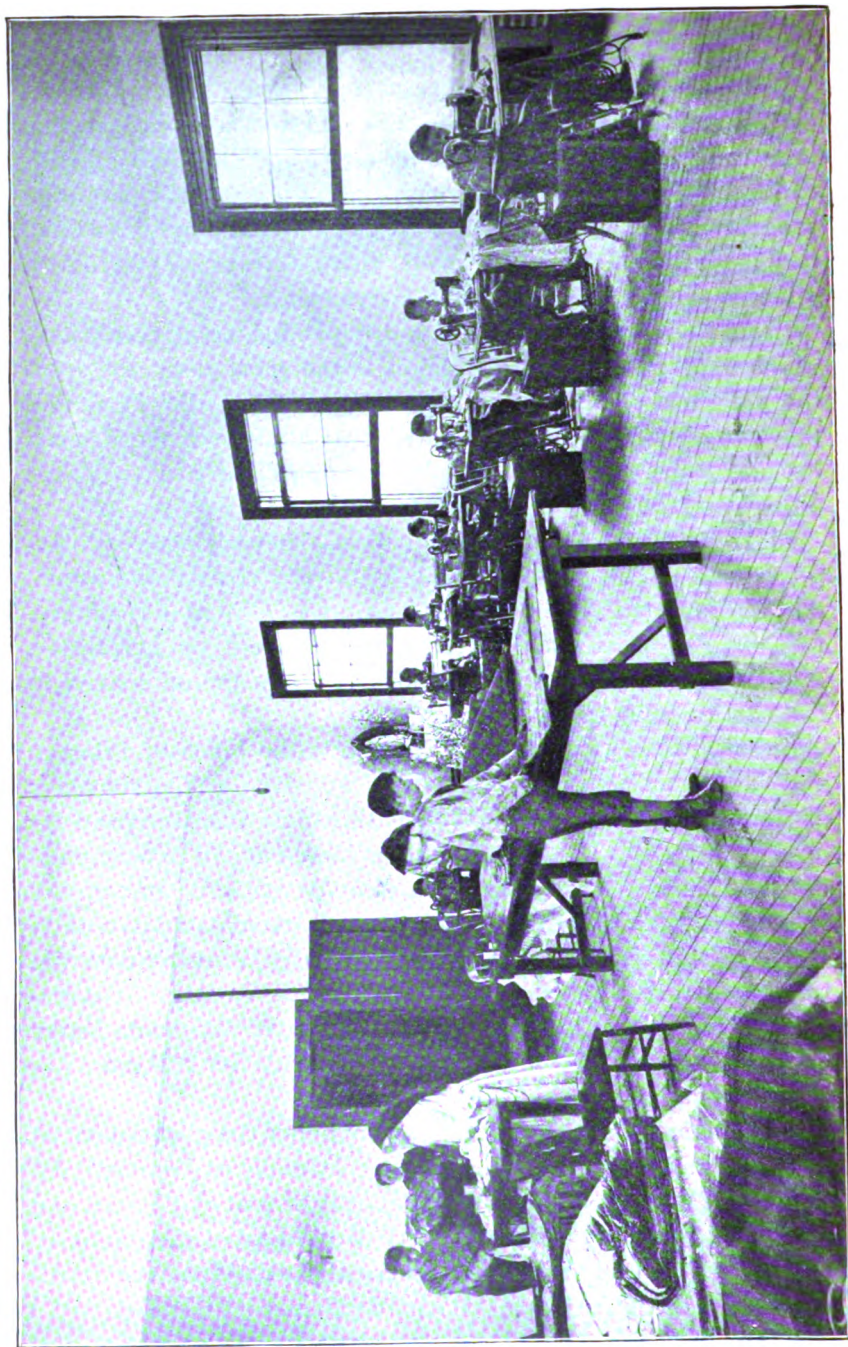
From this time the Congregation depended upon collections, which of all methods of livelihood is the most disagreeable to the religious. So successful were these Sisters, however, that they not only took care of the little ones already at the asylum, but added to their burden by taking in new children as they were brought to them.

In 1879, Mother Antoninus died, at the early age of thirty-three years. This was a severe blow to the community, which, though increased by many members, was still in its infancy. Mother Antoninus was succeeded as Prioress by her Sister, Mother Agnes, during whose term the Congregation moved to East 78th Street.

In 1880 Mother Dominic was elected to the office of Prioress, and incredible as it may seem when considering the shortness of time, and the uncertain revenue, this same year the property on 63d Street was purchased, a home large enough to accommodate 300 children was built, the community was incorporated, and its wanderings finally came to an end; for here now stands, though improved and added to past recognition since these early days, the great five-storied convent of our Lady of the Rosary. It is certainly a most fitting and satisfactory result of the labor begun eighteen years ago by three faithful women. But still more has been accomplished.

The community and asylum are now under the government of Mother Peter, who succeeded Mother Dominic as Prioress. An average of 600 children is on the daily registry at 63d Street, and the beautiful order throughout every department of the establishment, the healthfulness and happiness of the children, the devoted interest of the Sisters, are a source of constant wonder.

Each floor of the building is set apart for its particular purpose, and from the fifth floor to the basement, cleanliness and



BOYS' SEWING ROOM.

neatness prevail. The upper floors are used as dormitories; these are large, thoroughly ventilated rooms, where the girls are placed according to the division to which they belong. The number in each dormitory is regulated by the city authorities.

At convenient distances from the dormitories are the lavatories and bath-rooms. A most excellent sanitary measure is, that the water pipes and fixtures are placed near the outer walls of the building.

A few flights down-stairs, and we come to the study hall, recreation, and music rooms. In the class-rooms are globes, blackboards, comfortable desks, and all the appointments of a modern school-room. The class hours are from eight until three o'clock.

The girls are well trained in music, their teacher, a most excellent musician, devotes much time to their improvement, and with very satisfactory results. They sing very sweetly, a number of choruses, and assist with the music at Mass and Vespers.

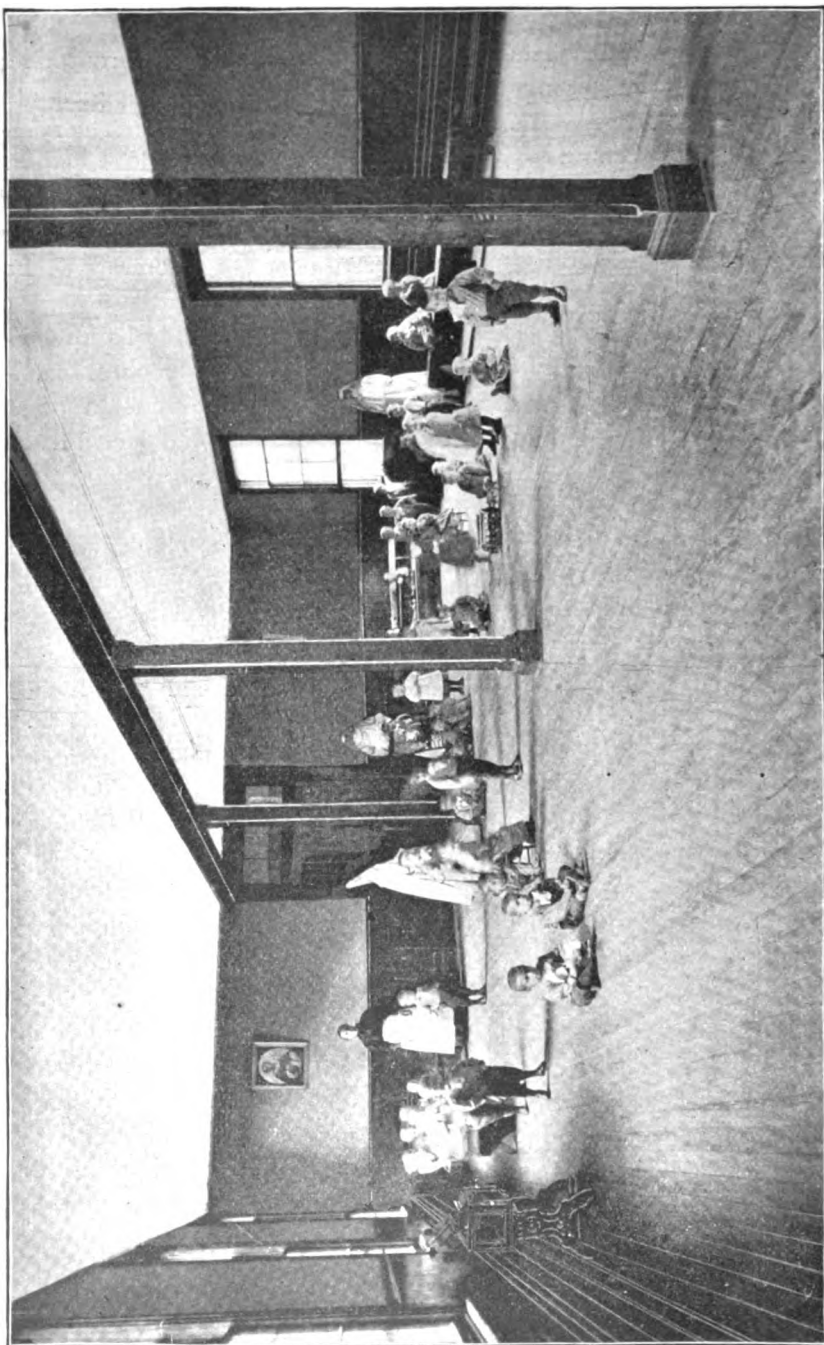
One division of the children is composed entirely of babies. A pleasing, yet touching incident is a visit to their recreation room; we cannot let it pass without special attention. Here we find thirty-six sweet little ones, all under two years of age.

Poor babies! Orphaned in some cases by death, but oftener by vice, they are fortunate indeed, to fall into such tender hands as those of the Sisters.

There is no restriction put upon these little folks, outside of the regularity with which they are given their meals and put to bed. Their breakfasts and suppers are brought to the recreation room, but at dinner they "fall into rank," and toddle to the refectory. Nothing could be funnier than to see the babies, with an air of great importance as to countenance, but extreme uncertainty as to locomotion, waddling down to dinner. They have the constant and devoted attention of one good Sister.

The refectories are on the first floor; in the basement are the kitchen, store-rooms, and laundry. Every department bears the closest inspection, for the work in each is done according to the most modern and approved methods.

The older girls, (none over sixteen years of age are admitted into the asylum) are taught plain sewing, washing and ironing,



THE KINDERGARTEN.

housework, and all domestic employments necessary to fit them for useful positions in life.

Besides the rooms for the use of the children, are the community rooms, a beautiful chapel, parlors, offices, guest-room, and all the apartments which go towards making up a complete and perfect institution.

Owing to the scarcity of play-ground, the Sisters found it necessary to improvise a substitute. The flat roof of the building is boarded over, and enclosed within an iron fence, thus affording a healthful and delightful space for play and exercise. Here there is a view of the East River, the Islands, and on very clear days, a glimpse of the Brooklyn bridge; and here on the sultry summer days may be caught an invigorating breath from the river.

In 1883, finding the 63d Street house inadequate for the accommodation of the ever increasing number of children, Mother Dominic, who was Prioress at that time, saw the necessity of opening another asylum.

The money with which to begin this enterprise was not at hand. But with their usual courage, the Sisters set about the work as though no obstacle existed. They began looking for a site upon which to build, and finally succeeded in securing, in the most unexpected manner, 45 acres of ground, in Rockland County, New York. This tract of land lies near the little station of Sparkill, which is about an hour's run, by rail, from New York City.

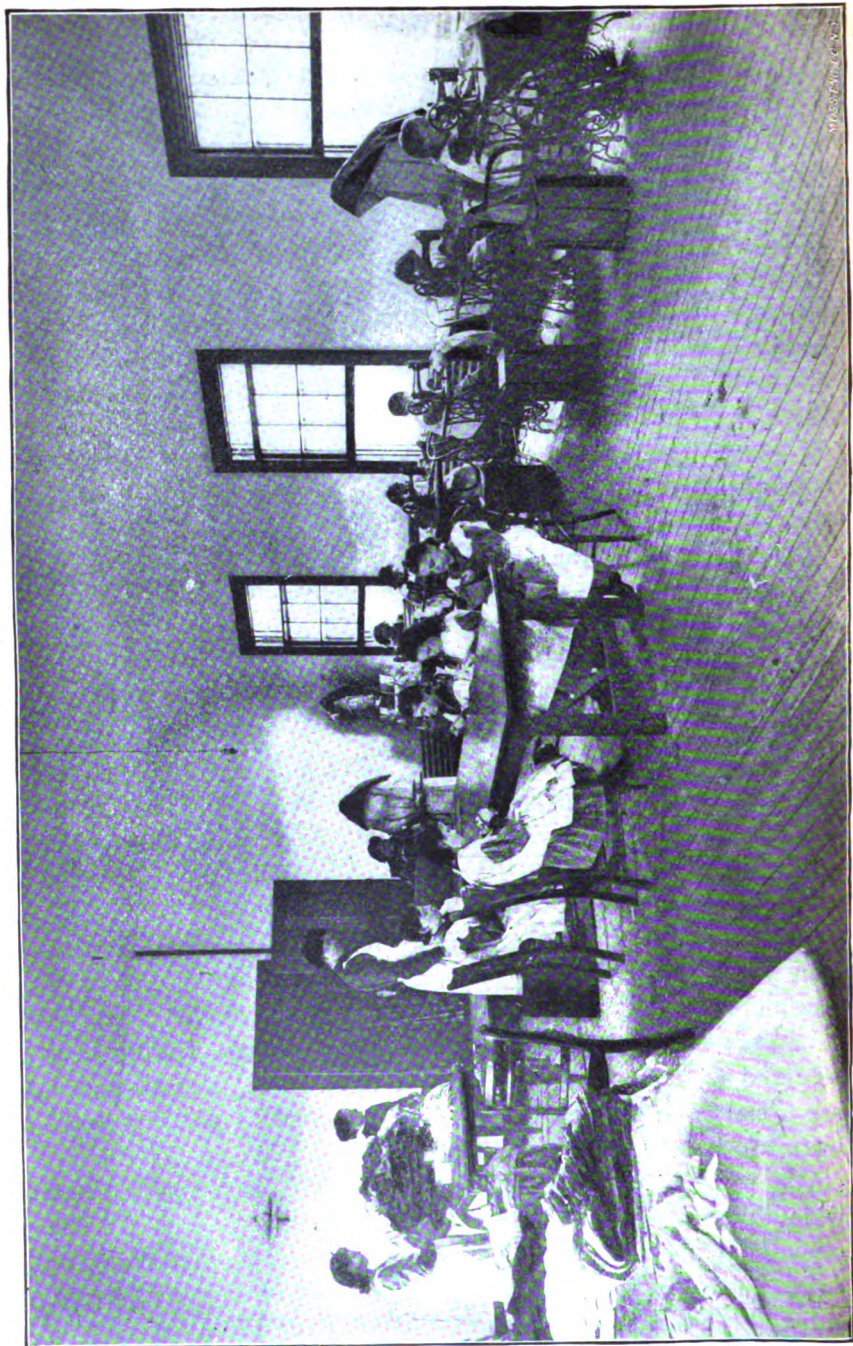
Here, in the last ten years, has been gradually built an institution which for convenience, usefulness, and thoroughness in its particular line of work, has no superior. It is under the patronage of St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, the name having been selected for it by Father C. H. McKenna, O. P., the well-known missionary. It is, however, generally spoken of as "Sparkill," owing to its nearness to that station.

When the community took possession of this property, there were no buildings upon it, except a cottage and the barns. The crowded condition of the 63d Street house, together with the desire to establish the boys of the institution in their new home, induced the Sisters to move immediately to Sparkill.

Having no house ready in which to receive them, a large tent

MARY TOWN

IN THE SEWING ROOM.



was pitched, and here for a year the boys were made as comfortable as possible. During the winter months, the tent was heated by stoves, but upon very severe nights the children were crowded into the cottage.

What constant thought, care, and labor; what anxiety, what unceasing vigilance and personal privation all this involved for the Sisters! Looking at St. Agnes as it now stands, an actual village under one roof, it is difficult to realize that ten years ago the only improvements were a cottage and a tent!

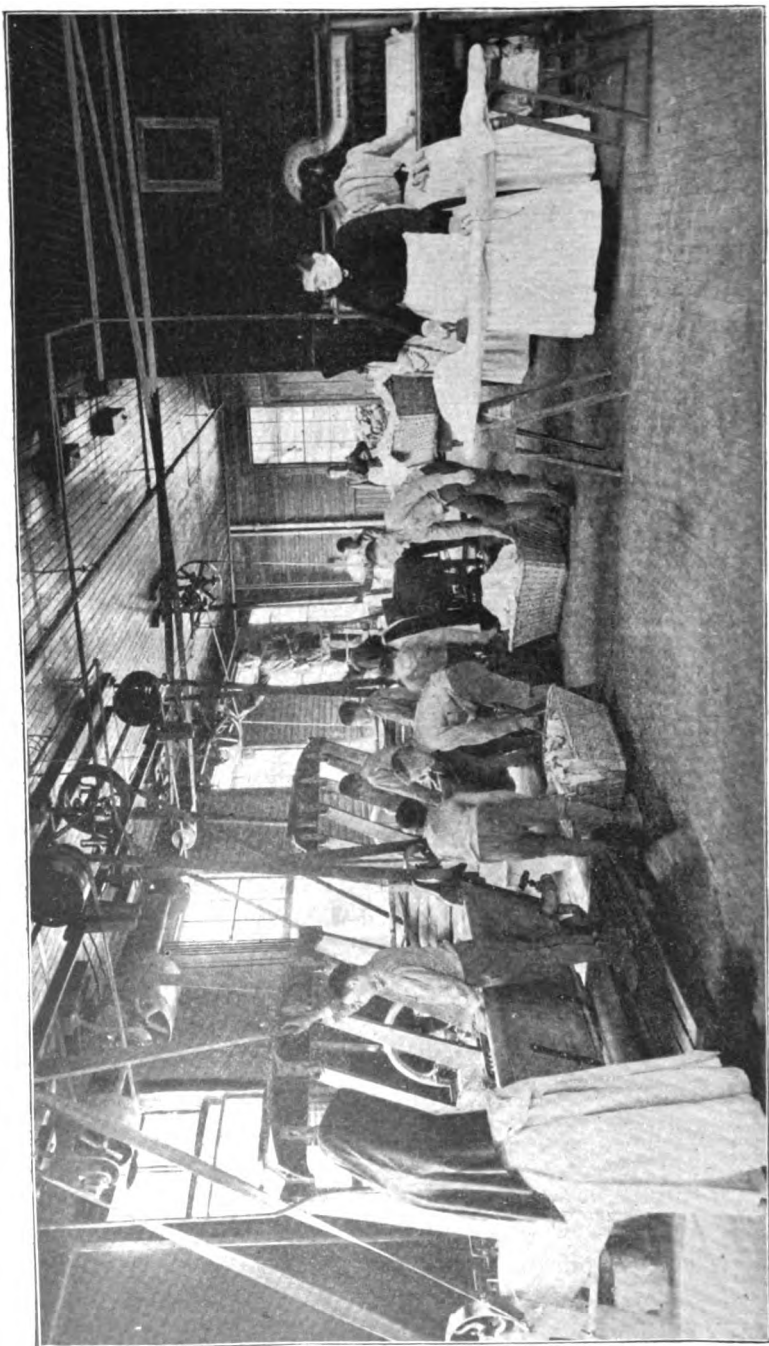
The drive from Sparkill to the asylum is a very short one, taking not more than 20 minutes. The buildings are on the summit of a gentle rise; below this elevation, and visible as approaching the grounds, is an artificial lake. In the centre of this is a tiny island, where a most lovely and ever-presiding "Lady of the Lake" is represented by a statue of Lourdes. In summer a small row-boat affords amusement and exercise for Sisters and children.

Of the 460 children now living at St. Agnes, only about 90 are girls. As this institution is a direct branch of "Our Lady of the Rosary," these children are first entered there, and then brought to the country asylum.

The commodious buildings of this institution accommodate at least 700 boys. The arrangements are modern and labor-saving. Though built separately, the different houses are connected by long, covered passways, by which means the inmates may perform every duty without being exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

"The cottage" is the home of the resident chaplain; here, too, are the parlor, guest-rooms, and dining-room. It is in "the cottage" that the visitor is received, and treated with the gracious hospitality which seems a very heritage of the Sisterhoods.

"The cottage" connects with the Sisters' building, and in this the little girls live also. The community recreation room is particularly pretty; it is large, home-like and cheerful. From its many windows, beautiful views of the surrounding country may be obtained. From this room, by pressing the electric button which connects with the house of the men who work the farm, anyone of them may be summoned to receive orders.



THE LAUNDRY.

The chapel, which is large enough to accommodate a congregation of 1,000 persons, is very handsomely fitted up, and forms a most attractive feature of the place. The altar-boys are drilled with the greatest care, by the Reverend Chaplain, who takes much interest in their rehearsals. As an unlimited number of boys are at his command, they make quite a fine display in the sanctuary.

The institution is supplied with water by an enormous artesian well, pumped by steam. This well is 85 feet deep, has a tank 85 feet high, and holds 7,150 gallons of water. The light is electric; the heating of the buildings is done by steam. The engine for forcing water into the artesian well, the steam-heating apparatus, and the dynamo, are all found in a large basement room, which looks like a veritable mechanical curiosity shop.

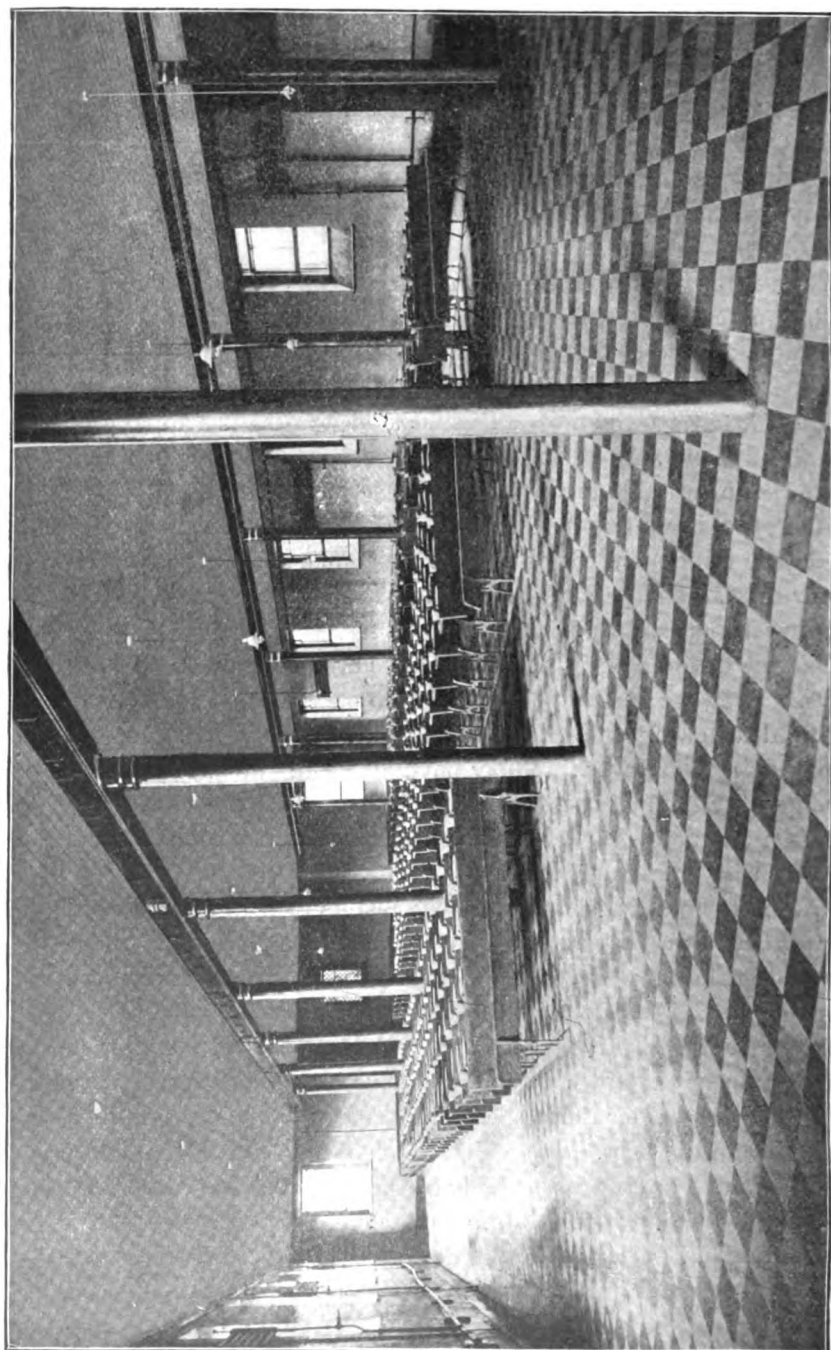
Here, too, is a pump held in special reserve in case of fire, for St. Agnes is independent of outside assistance should such emergency arise. The larger boys are kept in constant and perfect training in the duties of firemen.

Outside of their study hours, the boys are occupied in various ways. They are taught all useful employments, from working in the field to sewing on buttons, the latter no doubt as a preparation against whatever fate may have in store for them. They stitch skillfully upon the sewing-machines which are constantly running, and among other varied accomplishments, each lad cuts his hair with a hair cutting machine.

There are no idlers here. Still the Sisters bear in mind the old adage that "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy," judging by the shouts and yells, the ball playing, the running and leaping, which greets one when going upon the play-grounds.

In the centre of these grounds is a large pavilion; during the winter months the sides of this are shut down, making a play-room; in the summer these sides are removed, leaving simply a shelter from the heat.

In these two houses, "Our Lady of the Rosary," and St. Agnes, there are more than 1,000 children, 1,000 souls and bodies to be cared for every day! The task looks almost impossible; yet so perfect is the system, so regular the allotment and performance of each duty; so gentle, yet withal so firm, are the rulers of these two



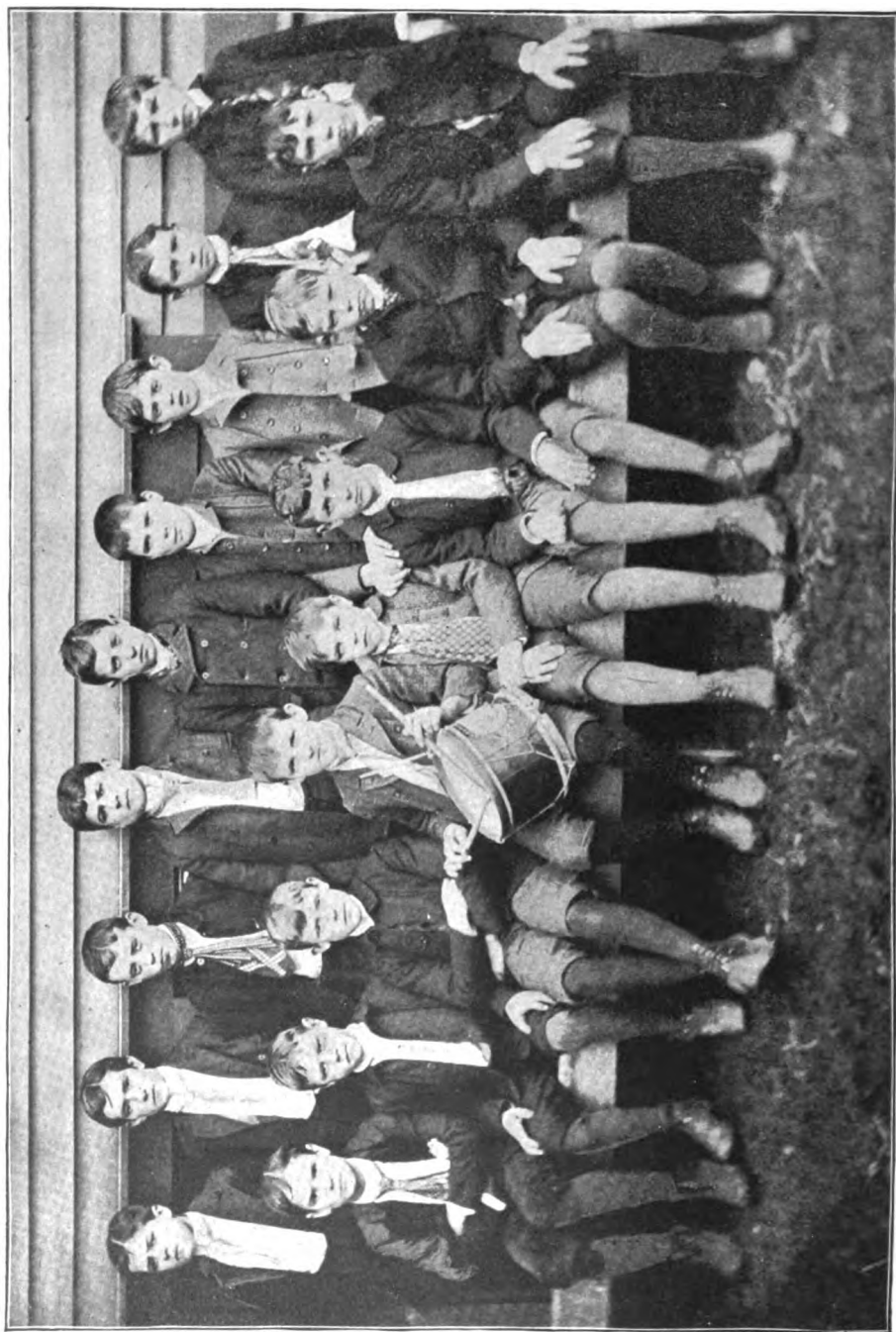
THE REFECTORY.

little kingdoms, that there is never even a momentary disturbance of their beautiful order.

With peace and contentment pervading the very air about us, we naturally seek a cause, and looking deep into our souls, readily acknowledge that here indeed is a "peace which the world cannot give," a quiet happiness which comes only after well performed duty.

Viewing the wonderful success of this great work for children, the very small means with which to accomplish it, and the many obstacles which arose to retard it, we recall a line from Tennyson, teeming with faith and beauty, which seems to hold the secret of the success of St. Dominic's brave daughters: "More things are wrought by prayer than the world knows of."

[A staff of Sisters belonging to this community of Our Lady of the Rosary is devoted to the work of the colored orphans of St. Benedict's Home, Rye, N. Y., which was described in *THE ROSARY* of March, 1894. The readers of *THE ROSARY* are also reminded that it is the purpose of the Editor to present, from time to time, in these pages, the history of various works of charity in different parts of the country. Already we have published accounts of several of the most important of the charitable institutions of New York, but we do not intend to confine ourselves to any special locality. We have made arrangements to include establishments in other parts of the country, and in future issues of *THE ROSARY* these articles will appear. We commend them to our readers, not only as matters of Church history, but as living facts in our Catholic life in America, in which all the children of the Faith should be interested in a zealous and active way.]



SOME OF THE BOYS.

OUR ONLY JOY.

REV. S. H. GLENDON, O. P.

OUR hearts were made, O Lord! for joy sublime;
 They seek it, never ceasing for repose
 From childhood's early dawning to the close;
 And thus we traverse seas and foreign clime
 Where fancy hears the joy-bells' happy chime.
 The slaves of proud ambition, wealth, and power.
 Of transient pleasures, passing with the hour,
 Faint figures written on the sands of time.
 'Twas not for this, O Lord! the mould was cast:
 No earthly joy can fill the vast abyss
 In hearts prepared for good without alloy;
 Our joy must know no future and no past,
 But one eternal, present, perfect bliss:
 Thou art this joy, O Lord, our only joy!

CHRISTIAN AND HUMANITARIAN FRATERNITY.

REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

"I GIVE you a new commandment: that you love one another: as I have loved you, that you also love one another.

By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another."—John xiii. 34.

"Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you. That you may be the children of your Father who is in Heaven."—Matthew v. 44-45.

The teaching contained in this text was indeed a new commandment to those who heard it. It was new, both to the pagans and to the Jews of that time. The thought of loving one's enemies never entered into the minds of pagans. They were taught on the contrary to hate, persecute, and exterminate their enemies. Even the Hebrews never grasped the Christian idea of universal fraternity. It is true in the nineteenth chapter of the book of Leviticus, we find the germ of our Lord's teaching in the

words, "Seek not revenge, nor be mindful of the injury of thy citizens.

"Thou shalt love thy friend as thyself.

"If a stranger dwell in your land and abide among you, do not upbraid him, but let him be among you as one of the same country, and you shall love him as yourselves: for you were strangers in the land of Egypt." But although these words are clear, the Hebrew lawyers and interpreters minimized and limited their meaning until the idea of aiding a stranger, or of being kind to any one but a friend or a countryman, seemed to have flown away from the boundaries of Palestine, as well as of the pagan world. Hence our Lord calls His teaching a new commandment: that "we love one another," and that this love is not to be limited by blood relationship or neighborhood, or race, or creed, or color; but that this love is to be universal, embracing even our enemies. Nor is it to be a mere negative love. We are not only not to injure those that persecute and calumniate us, but to pray for them and to do good to our enemies. He gives Himself as a model to follow in the manifestation of this universal benevolence. "As I have loved you," says He, "do you also love one another." This universal love He showed in life, for He was beneficent to the heretical Samaritan and to the pagan Centurion, as well as to those of His own race. He showed this love at His death, for He forgave and He prayed on the cross for all His enemies, for His own blinded countrymen who had crucified Him, and for their pagan aiders, abettors, and co-operators among the soldiers and the officers of the Roman army. Jesus Christ gave His life to save His enemies, as well as His friends from eternal perdition.

The law of universal charity follows thus from our Lord's teaching and example in life and in death. The same follows from the nature of the Church which He founded, and from the special prayer which He formulated to be said by all His followers. His Church is not national, nor sectional, nor confined, nor limited to time, to place, or to class. It is broad, general, embracing all times, all places, all peoples, and all classes. It is Catholic; its teaching is Catholic, its laws are Catholic, and its charity is as Catholic as its faith. The prayer which Christ gave us is Catholic. "Our Father who art in Heaven." He is the Father of all,

and all have equal claims and rights to His protection. There is no distinction of persons with Him. The pauper has the same right in His court as the king. In that court the rulers of the State, and even the rulers of the Church, are on the same level as the poorest and the lowliest. In the court of the Supreme Judge, our Father in Heaven, there is universal equality. Not only from the example and the direct teaching of our Lord do we thus learn the lesson that all men are our brethren; but this truth follows from other fundamental principles of Christianity. Christianity is founded on the doctrine that the whole human race came from a single pair, Adam and Eve. The very first book of the inspired Bible asserts this fact, and tells us that even the woman was formed out of the man; so that the whole human race is not only of one family, but is derived from one individual, Adam. From him every human being, no matter what his race or color, derives his flesh and blood, his organic body, the temple of a soul created by God. Thus according to Christianity there is a natural brotherhood preceding the supernatural brotherhood of the human race. Christianity teaches that after the fall of our first parents, and their and our consequent disfranchisement and loss of the supernatural state, the head of a new race was born in Bethlehem, a new Adam, the Incarnate Son of God, and the Redeemer and the Restorer of mankind. Through Christ men became the adopted sons of God, affiliated to the Eternal Father, affiliated to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God; sharers in the same spiritual gifts in the order of grace and of glory, brothers incorporated into the divine family, the Church, of which Christ is ever the invisible head on earth. He tells us to look on every man as a brother, and imposes the obligation of benevolence and beneficence by teaching that whatever we do to relieve the distress of a fellow-man is the same as if done to Himself. "For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in; naked, and you clothed Me; sick, and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to Me." Then shall the just answer Him, saying: "Lord, when did we see Thee hungry and fed Thee; thirsty, and gave Thee drink? And when did we see Thee a stranger, and took Thee in; or naked, and clothed Thee?"

And the King answering shall say to them: "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me." (Matthew xxv. 35 et seq.) These words give the strongest expression to the Christian doctrine that through the incarnation we are united to God Himself by ties of blood. He is the Father of our souls and bodies by creation; and again by regeneration, by reparation, by atonement and redemption. The very sacrament of the altar, the Holy Eucharist, the central point of the whole sacramental system, establishes the same blood relationship, for in receiving this sacrament we mingle the blood of Christ with our own, and His two natures and one personality take complete possession of our whole being, spiritual and corporal.

We know what has been the consequence of these sublime doctrines. They have produced the wonderful display of charity which has illumined the earth ever since the coming of Christ. They have filled the world with heroes, with men and women whose whole lives are devoted to the service of their fellow-beings. The doctrines of Christianity have produced those saints, who have lived and died nursing the sick in pest-houses, ransoming slaves, and evangelizing lepers. These doctrines inspire the zeal of missionaries, who imperil their lives among savage barbarians, give courage to the priests and religious women who go into the cholera and typhus hospitals, to wait on the suffering and the outcasts who are their brethren in Jesus Christ. The spirit of Christian fraternity has filled every country, every city, with homes for the suffering, the distressed, and the outcasts. Wherever there is a Christian community, no matter how poor, there is a charity and a charitable institution. You will seek in vain for charitable institutions among the pagan nations before or after Christ. Read their books, study their literature, you will find no record of a hospital, nor of a foundling asylum, nor of a protectory, nor of a home for the aged. Neither charity nor beneficence, such as we see every day manifested under Christian influences, found a place in pagan life. And that is true to this day. Infidelity has no heart, no spirit of sacrifice, no self-denial, no mortification. It rails at Christianity, but is incapable of benefiting, and has never benefited humanity. Often the outcast children of in-

fidels are sheltered in homes built and supported by the very Church which infidelity hates and tries to destroy. Infidelity can do nothing but destroy. It is barren for the doing of good. It has no charity.

How could infidelity engender a true spirit of fraternity among men since it denies the foundation of the fraternal idea? One hundred years ago the people of France, led by infidels and apostates, revolted against their rulers, whom they guillotined or exiled. War was made on king, noble, priest, and Church, and all were destroyed by insane men filled with hatred of God and of religion. The leaders of the Revolution destroyed Christian worship in France. They abolished the worship of God, and put the Goddess of Reason in His place. They denied the Christian Trinity and invented a new one, which they called liberty, fraternity, and equality—a triple candlestick, which was to illuminate the world. They were so intent in creating equality that they killed or exiled all those who, by inheritance, rank, office, or title, stood above the masses: so intent upon giving the people liberty that they inaugurated a despotic reign of terror, which prepared the way for the worst military despotism of modern times. But what did they do with fraternity? They were not content with the Christian idea of fraternity, or with its beneficent results. Therefore they denied that all men came from one pair. They denied the story of Adam and Eve as told in Genesis, and asserted that man came into existence, after long centuries of evolution, from the oyster to the monkey and to man. Truly this was a noble origin to give to the human species, and a worthy basis for the new system of fraternity which was to make earth a paradise, and all men happy. It was useless to show the absurdity of this theory to those great leaders of men who had denied God and Creation, and who were going to make a Heaven of their own on this earth. They knew everything. They knew that men, oysters, and monkeys were brothers, and the new fraternity was to regenerate the earth. They denied the unity of the human race, its origin from one family, from one individual, Adam, and still hoped to establish fraternity, and determined to carry out their plans at every cost. So they went farther, and denied the divine character, the very existence of the new Adam, Christ, the fountain-head of

Christian fraternity. They rejected the whole Christian theory of the Redemption, and of the adoption and affiliation of men by God. In His place they put matter, blind force, chance, anything that came into their proud but crazy heads, provided it was not God, the only one God, the personal God, Creator and Lord of the universe. They still preached fraternity, and they were determined that their nation was to be a band of brothers. But how effect this? How bring about fraternal love? By killing all who disagreed with them. Christianity said, "Love your enemies," for they, too, are your brothers. The new apostles said, "Kill our enemies, kill every one who does not agree with us. We shall be all brothers when there is no one left to dispute our opinions." So they killed the rich, the nobles, and the priests. But the new apostles of a new fraternity did not stop there. They built a guillotine to enforce their gospel, and they said, "You are all free, all equal, all our brothers, if you agree with us in our plans and our politics; but if we even suspect you of disagreeing with us, we shall put you in jail, and cut off your heads." This they did; and this their disciples are ready to do to-day. After one hundred years' experience of the new principles of humanitarian fraternity, propagated by the guillotine, as the doctrines of Mohammed were propagated by the sword, what is the result? Where is the fraternity, the spirit of brotherly love, which they have propagated? Look at Europe with its armed peace; hostile nations drilling millions of soldiers to cut one another's throats. National hatreds have become intensified, and probably no nation hates more heartily its neighbors, or is hated more heartily by them, than the very nation which abolished Christian charity to substitute humanitarian fraternity in its stead. The hated foreigner, even the poor foreign laborer, is murdered or expelled from the territory of the land of "liberty, fraternity, and equality." Two-thirds of the people in Europe are warring against the other third; the laboring classes, always the most numerous, hate the rich, plot their spoliation, and are only prevented by expensive standing armies from murdering those who own property. Labor, a giant armed with a club, stands over capital and declares war with the dynamite bomb upon the wealthy and the middle classes of society. This is all in consequence of the abolition of Christian

faith and fraternity. Infidelity and humanitarianism have produced their logical consequences. In our own land the consequences will eventually be the same. And the present strikes are an illustration. "We shall make no sacrifices for your benefit," says capital to labor; "we recognize no Christ, no law of Christian charity compelling us to be kind, gentle, forgiving, or generous to our poor employees; we recognize no obligation but that of natural justice, if we recognize even that. Away with Christian charity in dealing with laborers;" and the laborers retort, "away with Christian charity" in dealing with capitalists. "If they use the gun, we shall use the torch."

Come back then, ye peoples, to the true notion of fraternity; come back to the teaching of the Church! Fraternity supposes the family, and the family supposes a common father. Infidelity denies the existence of a common father, either in the order of nature or of grace. It denies Adam, and denies Jesus Christ and the Lord's Prayer. It is popularizing the theories of the "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest" among the masses. No longer softened by Christian charity, the rich will not give or pity the poor. Hence the poor, brought by infidelity to the condition of soulless brutes, without faith or hope for the future, and deprived of Christian patience, will take by force what they want, as brutes take their prey. Thus has infidelity introduced into modern society the fraternity of quarrelling tigers or devils instead of the brotherhood of the Christian Church. Infidelity has destroyed even the institutions for the relief of the poor, built by Christian charity; these institutions were not modern enough. The infidel statesmen of Europe have destroyed the monasteries which fed and sheltered the poor, destroyed all the charitable institutions founded by pious and generous Christians, and appropriated their revenues to the support of numerous State officials, of standing armies, and for the building of fortresses.

The infidel governments that have done this were aided and abetted by the middle class, by infidel capitalists, by the gentlemen of leisure, by men of culture and science, by all those who had plenty and lived in comfort, and who hated the restraints put on their passions by the Church. They united to rob the foundations of Catholic charity, and confiscate the property of the in-

stitutions which relieved the miseries of the poor. And now when the poor, robbed of their faith and robbed of their patrimony, brutalized and starving, turn on those who deceived them with the false cries of liberty, fraternity, and equality, who will sympathize with the godless miscreants now trembling at the very height of power! The poor begin to see at last the mistake they made in trusting those men. The reaction will set in, and the laboring classes will come back to old mother Church, which never deceived them, never forsook them, and never allowed them to starve, because she considered all of them brothers in Jesus Christ. They will come back to the old Church, which, while she forbids them to do acts of violence, or to be unjust, is not afraid to teach the same lesson to the rich and powerful, and force them to be gentle, considerate, forgiving, generous, and charitable to the poor.

THE ROSARY AND THE SACRED HEART.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PART III.



O SACRED Heart! the tomb forsaking,
 Filling the world with light and life;
 Oh, may our hearts, sin's fetters breaking,
 Victors arise from every strife.

REFRAIN.

In Love's own Sacrament Thou art
 Still in our midst, dear Sacred Heart
 In Mary's merits clothed alway,
 Claspings her beads we come to pray.
 Oh, may our lives forever be
 A *Deo Gratias* to Thee!



O Sacred Heart! to Heaven ascending,—
Accomplished all Thy Father willed;
So may our hearts rise at life's ending,
Our given mission well fulfilled.



O Sacred Heart! enthroned in Heaven!
The Paraclete comes down from Thee;
So to our hearts Thy Spirit's given
Our comforter on earth to be.



O Sacred Heart! to Heaven bearing
Thy Blessed Mother in death's hour;
Our human hearts her joy are sharing,
For Heaven is their promised dower.



O Sacred Heart! in realms of Heaven
Thy Mother's crowned "Queen of Fair Love;"
So faithful hearts that well have striven
One day shall reign with Thee above.

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

"THE WINDS AND THE SEA OBEY HIM."

MARY WEST.

"THE winds and the sea obey Him,"—

O children, happy and fair!
While life is sweet to your dancing feet,
And Heaven seems everywhere;
While breezes blow, and while waters flow,
In music dying away,
Remember, children, happy and fair,
The winds and the sea obey.

O children, heirs of Christ's kingdom!
So merry of heart and true!
Zephyrs that stray where and when they may
Are careless and free like you;
The waves that roar 'gainst the rock-bound shore,
And winds to tempest stirred,
Oh, listen, children merry and true,
Grow calm at their Master's word.

"The winds and the sea obey Him,"—
O children, tired of play!
When day is past, and deep night at last,
And storms darken round your way,
When rest is sweet to your lagging feet,
Nor falter, nor faint, until
O weary children longing for sleep!
He breathes to you—"Peace, be still."



LETTERS FROM THE SOLDIERS OF THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

DEAR AQUINAS: I would like very much to become a soldier of the Angelic Warfare, as I am sometimes very wilful, and do not mind what is said to me by my superiors, but I work for a stranger, and am far away from home, and I have to put up with a great many little trials. I am only seventeen years old. I will feel very happy if you will please send me the blessed girdle. Please find enclosed stamps for it. I will now close my letter with my full name to be enrolled. Yours,

ELIZABETH * * *

Without doubt, Elizabeth, membership in the confraternity of the Angelic Warfare will strengthen you in the many trials that must surround a young girl who is obliged, at the early age of seventeen, to earn her living far from home, among strangers. It will also help a young girl to win the victory in the many combats in which she must engage, in all the temptations with which she must contend. Wilfulness is your prevailing enemy, you would have us believe, Elizabeth. Do you know that wilfulness means *strength of will mis-directed*? And do you know that a wilful disposition means a disposition as powerful for good as for evil, if directed to the good?

Did you ever think what a great thing it would be if you could take your wilful nature between your two hands, and keep it quiet there till you, Elizabeth, had made up your mind whether it was best to do or say that which you felt you really must do or say? Just try it when a fit of wilfulness comes on. The first few battles will tire you out, and you may perhaps fail miserably, and just after making the strongest resolutions to do just right, you may do just what you know is wrong. Perhaps it may be that the tempter intends to try you with the weapon of discouragement, one of his keenest ones, and perhaps God may let him use it to show that more trust must be placed in Him, and less in self. Sometimes after one such big failure, people, young and old, meet with lifelong success. The victory is worth the hardest struggle, Elizabeth.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I have been reading, month after month, the letters of the young soldiers, and I have long wanted to write, but concluded I would send my letter to you just in time for it to appear in August, the month when comes my own dear saint's feast, and that I would tell you just how she helped me, for I am named for St. Rose of Lima. At first I couldn't really love my saint: I read her life and it frightened me—she did such very, very terrible things in the way of inflicting suffering on herself to show God her love for Him. I wished then I had been named for some other saint whose life I could imitate, because I really think we ought to imitate our patron saints, don't you, dear Aquinas?

But one day, when I was about fourteen, I heard a little instruction about her given by one of the Sisters at our sodality meeting—it was a sodality of the Holy Angels, that is why I am so interested in anything about the Angelic Warfare, and everything about angels. Sister didn't say anything about her life of penance: she spoke only about her home life, and she really made me see St. Rose, in her home, with all her brothers and sisters, and I saw lots of things to imitate, as well as to admire. In one letter I couldn't write all these things, but I do want to tell you the special help she gave me. Sister said

that when there was any dispute at home between her father and brothers, she went away to some corner and prayed for peace, and it came.

Dear Aquinas, I think we all have trouble in our families, something that may be only sorrow, or something that is sin and sorrow together. I have a brother that I love dearly, but he does not do just right, and it angers papa. I used to coax him, and scold him, and sometimes if I thought father was too cross to him—for I love my brother dearly, and even if I do scold him, I don't want anybody else to—I'd say cross things to papa, perhaps, but all I would say to either of them didn't do any good at all. Then I began to do what St. Rose did; I just ran away to my room and locked the door, and prayed to God to make things all right, and I wouldn't go down stairs at all till the dispute was over, fearing if I did I'd say something that would spoil the praying I'd done. I don't understand it, Aquinas dear, but I *know* that there is ever so much more peace in the house since I began to do this.

My letter is very long. Please pray for me on the feast of St. Rose. I'm going to pray real hard that all the young soldiers and rosarians will learn to know, love, and imitate dear St. Rose of Lima.

From her namesake,

ROSE E. G.

P. S.—And I'll pray that she may help them all as much as she helps me. I guess you will call me one of the "children of older growth," for I shall be eighteen years old on my next birth day, the eve of St. Rose's feast.

Yes, Rose, your dear patron is not known as well as she should be; nor does her beautiful home-life produce the good in our daily lives that it would if we all studied her, and imitated her in such simple, holy, gentle ways of doing good as that which you name. Aquinas earnestly asks all the young soldiers and rosarians to pray to dear St. Rose of Lima, especially on her feast, August 30th. Ask her to obtain for you all the graces you need to make home very, very happy. You are right, Rose, when you say that we should all imitate our patron saints.

This young soldier's letter opens the way for something Aquinas has long been wanting to say about the Rosary. You remember that it was proposed that the soldiers should fight some great big enemies that attack many people, at the same time that they are fighting their own individual foes. One enemy was bad reading, and this they were to fight with ROSARY CARDS. Now, there's another that they must fight with the PRAYER OF THE ROSARY.

Do any of you know some poor man or woman who goes to drinking places often, or, so very often that people call him or her a drunkard? Or, do you know some young person who is just beginning, just taking the first steps towards being a drunkard? I fear you do, but you do *not* know how *weak* that *soul* is, and how *strong* the *temptation* to evil is. Now if you just make up your minds to pray for just one such soul, then, every time you take your beads, and in the *Our Father* say, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," you will be firing a shot at that enemy, drunkenness; and every time you say in the *Holy Mary*, "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death," you will be firing another shot, because prayer surely kills temptation, and you are saying the best of prayers when you are using your beads.

Grown-up people, men and women everywhere, are forming Temperance Leagues and Guilds and Societies to cure people of drinking. But Aquinas thinks that the young Rosarians and the soldiers of the Angelic Warfare, can do as much as the big people, if they use our Blessed Mother's Beads with all the fervor of their young hearts.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS AND GROWN-UP FOLKS TOO, WHO READ THE ROSARY MAGAZINE:

I have read many nice things in THE ROSARY, and I guess I can say I've learned many good things, too, in seeing how the faults of others were conquered, and how to be good.

Reading the magazine is the best way to learn how to say the Rosary, or, as I am going to tell you, how to talk to God and His holy Mother.

Well, not so many years ago, I tell you, I learned not to be tired of talking to God and His holy Mother in saying the Beads.

One evening my sister, who was much older than I, was going to church to say the Rosary, and she said, "Annie, won't you come with me?"

"No," I said; "I'm going out with the girls."

"But it will only take a short while to say the Rosary, and can't you spend that short time in talking to God and His Blessed Mother?"

"No," I said; "I want to go out and talk to the girls."

Well, I never shall forget the look in my sister's face, that look of far-off thought, when she said: "What, if when you go before God, He would say: 'My child, do you not think eternity will be too long to stay with Me, when on earth a few minutes was too long to talk to Me, in saying the Rosary?'"

Now, dear readers, I hope you will learn to say the Rosary, and not think a few minutes too long to spend in saying it.

A ONCE NAUGHTY ROSARIAN (who is trying hard to be good).

Annie, Aquinas does not think any comment necessary to strengthen the lesson taught by your letter. We do not often find prayer *wearisome*, because we do not pray enough for weariness to grow upon us, but oh, how often we find the thought of it disagreeable! We must think at such times what a terrible thing it would be if we were to be deprived of God for all eternity. It will certainly prove a helpful thought.

A dear little letter comes from the young soldier, aged eight, who asked for a Rosary card, and who made up his mind to *earn* the money to fill it for the poor. I think all will agree with the Editor that the wee lad has won a right to have his request granted. We shall let him have the first reading of the magazine of our Lady's Beads. Here is his letter:

DEAR AQUINAS:—You wanted to know how I earned the money. First, I picked the oyster shells off the grass which people threw on it. Second, I gathered rags and all sorts of things and sold them to the ragman. Third, I gathered paper off the grass to clean the yard. Fourth, a Sister gave me money for carrying a bundle. One of the patients gave me money to buy candy, but I saved it for THE ROSARY. Then people gave me eighty-three cents, because when I showed the card they gave me money. I meant to earn it all, but I could not help it if people gave me something, and I don't know what to say because I made you wait so long, but I am sorry.

Can I please have THE ROSARY myself first, and then I will give it to the poor afterwards?

Good-bye.

JOHN COFFEY, JR.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I am one of your soldiers, and I'm trying hard to be good, and I guess I'm succeeding about as well as most of the boys. I had one terrible fight with myself. A fellow tripped me up in a foot race, just for spite, because I wouldn't let him copy his sums off my slate, the last week of school. Teacher forbade us to do it, and put us on our honor not to copy, or let other fellows copy from our slates. I'm a smaller boy than he is, but I could whip him, I know, and I wanted to do it, and I'm pretty sure I would have done it only for the Angelic Warfare. He'd have won the race anyway, so he didn't do it for that, but just to shame me by making me fall. I felt real good after it was all over. I don't mean that I felt I *was* real good, but I guess you know what I do mean. The other boys don't know that he tripped me; if they did I guess

they'd think I hadn't any spunk not to pay him back some way. From a soldier on the battlefield,

CHARLEY D——.

Aquinas congratulates you on the victory, Charley, but be on your guard, for that wily enemy—the prompting “to pay back,” may bother you sometime when a good opportunity of doing so is at hand. The enemy may make believe he is dead, and be only sleeping, watching for a good chance at you. But what a great victory you would have had if the boys had known, and then had you been faithful to the Angelic Warfare! You must thank God for your victory, because you did not conquer in your own strength, but by His grace that came through the Angelic Warfare.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I am eleven years old, have made my first Holy Communion, and have been confirmed. A companion, Willie Rafferty, and myself wish to become members of the Angelic Warfare, and enclosed you will find twenty cents for two of the blessed cords. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Your little friend,

Mt. Gallitzin Seminary, Ebensburg, Pa.

V. OLDSHUE.

We trust that many blessings will come to you both through the Angelic Warfare. We are glad to see companions thus united in a good cause, as you and Willie seem to be.

With other young soldiers you were both kept waiting for your girdles, because they were all distributed, and we had to be patient till the good Sisters could make another large lot for us. We are sure that the young soldiers are now supplied, unless the mails failed to carry them safely.

Yours in the good cause,

AQUINAS.

A SHORT WALK.

HENRY COYLE.

ONE sunny day in the summer, James Wilson was walking with his father through one of the beautiful green fields, of which there are so many in New England. The birds were singing, the cattle quietly resting under the trees, and the bees and other insects visiting the flowers in search of honey.

“Which way shall we go, through the fields or by the road?” asked Mr. Wilson.

“Oh! through the fields,” cried the lad; “it is the pleasanter way. I would never walk in the old dusty road, when I could go over green fields.”

“Yes, but there are some walls to climb, and a brook to cross, and—”

"Oh, no matter," said James, "it's fun to climb the walls, and leap over brooks."

"It may be for you," remarked Mr. Wilson, with a smile, "but when you are as old as I am, you may think differently. However, we will go through the fields."

"Father," said James, "you promised me that you would sometime tell me about insects. Will you tell me about them now, as we walk along?"

"Well, in the first place, James, do you really know what is meant by insects?"

"Why, yes; insects are the little creatures about us, such as butterflies, wasps, and mosquitos."

"Yes," said his father, "it is true that insects are for the most part small, but it is not true that all little creatures are insects. The common earth-worm which is dug up in our gardens, is not an insect. There are also some insects which are several inches in length, and nearly as large as my hand. You remember the beautiful little humming-bird which we saw this morning; there are many insects which are larger than this bird."

James thought if he should see such an insect, he should call it a bird; but he did not interrupt his father, who continued:

"There are some fishes, too, whose size is not so great as some insects. There are also some quadrupeds which are not so large as some classes of insects, such as a peculiar kind of mouse, called the harvest-mouse. Still, insects are generally quite small, and none of them very large."

"What are quadrupeds?" asked James.

"A quadruped is an animal which has four feet. Indeed, the word means four-footed. You remember that I have told you that many of our words are derived from the Latin language. This is the case with quadruped. In Latin, *quatuor* means four, and *pes* a foot, and from these two words they call an animal with four legs quadrupes, and we call them quadrupeds. Thus, cows, horses, sheep, and dogs are quadrupeds. But you notice that birds have only two legs, and instead of the front feet, they have wings, with which they fly in the air; and fishes have no legs at all, but fins, with which they move about in the water."

"And are not insects quadrupeds?"

"Count the legs of that butterfly," answered his father, "and see for yourself."

James ran, with his hat, and captured the butterfly. He took it carefully by the wings, and found, on looking, much to his surprise, that it had six legs.

"There have been men," continued his father, "who have made animals the study of their lives; they have divided them into different classes, according to their resemblances in form, structure, and habits. Thus there are some animals which produce their young alive, and nourish them with milk from their breasts, and are for this reason called mammalia. They are so-called, because *mamma* in the Latin language, means the breast.

"There are other animals like the birds, which produce their young from their eggs, and do not suckle them. These are called oviparous, from the two words in Latin, *ovum*, which means an egg, and *pario*, which means to produce. Then there are some animals whose bodies are always warm, like your own; these are called warm-blooded. There are others, such as frogs, serpents, and fishes, which are cold; these are called cold-blooded. So there are some which have red blood, and others which have white."

"But you did not tell me, father, whether insects belong to the class of animals called mammalia, or whether they are oviparous."

"Insects produce their young from eggs, and are therefore oviparous. But they do not, like birds, lay only a small number of eggs, and keep them warm with their bodies. There are some insects which will lay many thousand eggs in a single day."

"Insects are like birds," said James, "because they have two wings."

"Have you counted the wings of the butterfly?"

James did so, and found that the butterfly had four wings instead of two—the two outer forming a sort of covering for the two inner ones. As he held the little creature in his hand, he noticed that its head seemed almost severed from its body. He thought at first that something had cut it, and asked his father what it meant.

"It is not injured," answered his father; "you will find that other insects appear cut into parts in the same way, both at the

head and further down. Have you noticed how very small the wasp is in one part of its body? It is for this reason that they are called *insects*; the word is derived from the Latin *inseco*, which means cut in, and was given to these creatures because their bodies appear almost divided."

"Look, look!" cried James, suddenly, "there's a bee."

"That is a honey bee," said his father; "she has her favorite flowers. There are some which she shuns; of others she is fond. She is very partial to white clover."

"Do they ever lose their way?"

"Never; no matter how far she may wander, the bee can always find her way back. If she should be carried to a distance of several miles from her hive, in a close box, and then permitted to fly, she would not hesitate as to her way home. There have been some men who have watched bees and other insects carefully. There was a man named Huber, who discovered many things in regard to bees, which had not been known before his time."

"Who was he, father?"

"He was a native of Geneva, in Switzerland, and was born in the year 1750. He lost his way one winter night, and in consequence of being exposed to the snow and cold, he lost his sight."

"What! was he blind?" cried James.

"Yes," said Mr Wilson, "yet by the aid of his wife and a young man, who assisted him by reading and writing for him, he learned many wonderful things about bees, and published them in books."

"Will the bees take ready-made honey to their hives?"

"Oh, yes; whenever they have an opportunity. They will also take sugar. Huber supposed that the bees found their honey by means of their scent, and to prove this he put some behind a window-blind, in a place where it could not be seen, and in less than a quarter of an hour four bees had already discovered the honey."

"Are there not some wild bees in our woods?" said James.

"Yes; they live in hollow trees, and in consequence of their always flying to their home in a straight line, we are able to find where that home is, and thus obtain their honey. The honey-hunters set a plate containing sugar on the ground, which is soon discovered by the bees. Having secured two or three that have

filled themselves, the hunter allows one to escape, and it flies straight to the nest; he then strikes off at right angles with its course a few hundred yards, and lets another escape. He watches its course by his pocket compass, and the point where the two courses intersect is that where the nest is situated."

"Do they fly very far to get their honey?"

"It is said that they will go several miles, but those who enter largely into the cultivation of bees provide them with food nearer home; they even transport them, hives and all, to favorable situations."

"Indeed," said James; "they are so irritable and suspicious, I should not think that possible."

"O yes," replied Mr. Wilson, "where there are enough to make it worth while, they are removed like wandering tribes in search of pasture. In Scotland there are bee-cultivators who send them annually to the highlands, and in France a similar practice prevails. A French manufacturer of wax who had several hundred hives, was in the habit of sending them on long journeys—halting near fertile fields in which the little workmen were let out during the day, and at night, when they retired to rest, they were carried to a fresh pasture."

"I have read that in the East the bees are great travellers," said James.

"Yes; in lower Egypt the natives of different villages bring their stock together; each hive is marked with the owner's name, and they are then placed in long boats, which ascend the river Nile, to meet the advancing season. They sail slowly, and stop often."

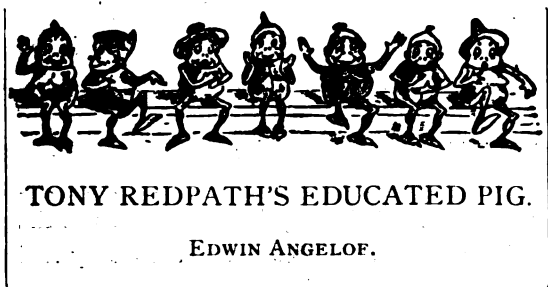
"What a pleasant voyage!" exclaimed James.

"Yes," replied his father, "but here we are at home again. We have not only had a pleasant walk, but an instructive one as well; thus we may ever combine instruction with amusement, even in taking a short walk."





How softly and sweetly, at break of the day,
"In the name of the Father," the baby lips say,—
From mother lips learning to praise and to pray!



IV.

TONY DISCOVERS STEVE MARBURY'S HUT, AND MEETS WITH WORSE MISFORTUNE.—THE BAG OF MONEY.—AN UNHAPPY NIGHT.—THE NEXT DAY.—PRETTY ELSIE VANE.

ONE morning Tony received a scrawled, spiteful letter, an extract of which was:

"If you want to know ware yor Beestly pig is, surch the bottim ov green's pond. this Infurmashun is frum Wun hoo Delites in sineing hurself

"YOR ENNERMY."

Tony was disturbed beyond telling when this depressing news reached him.

"Barney drowned!" he exclaimed, in a voice of pain. "Oh, I knew something bad would happen to him!"

He was sick at heart, and gave vent to those tears that boys shed when alone.

"But I'll get his poor body out of Green's Pond, and give it a decent burial. It looks now as if that man stole him to oblige some enemy of mine. I wonder if it was the person who wrote the letter? It seems like it, though there isn't any certain proof."

Tony started for Green's Pond on foot.

The route he took compelled him to pass through the woods near Marbury's hut.

Tony did not know of the hut, for he had never had occasion to go through the woods in that vicinity. Besides, it was hidden among the trees.

When he neared a certain spot his ears caught the sound of loud, pitiful squealing.

"That sounds like Barney!" he exclaimed. "I wonder where the animal is? Surely I'm not imagining this."

Tony pressed on, following the cries as well as he could. Then he caught a glimpse of the hut, showing like a patch through a little space in the trees.

"I know that it was near here the fellow attacked me. But I didn't suppose for a moment he belonged about here. I shall have to be cautious, for it is very likely he lives in that hut."

However, Tony made bold to advance, little by little, until he was quite close to the pig's prison.

He noticed a broken window at the side facing him. It was closed.

After some hesitation he decided to risk peering in.

He did so, and to his delight, saw Barney tied up in a far corner of the otherwise empty structure, which was of only one room.

"That's Barney, sure as I live!"

At sight of him the pig began to grunt with joy, at the same time squealing to be freed.

"I'll get you, Barney, old boy, in a minute! Wait till I try the door."

Tony tried the door, which was a strong one, but found it secured by a padlock.

He next tried the window. It resisted his efforts. But by much force he succeeded in shattering the wooden catch which held it down.

Then pushing up the sash, he climbed in, and proceeded to release the pig.

"This rope is tied in a pretty bad knot, Barney. I'll have to get it out with my fingers, for I have no knife. Old fellow, I really thought you were drowned. I wonder what the writer of that note meant? You certainly are not in Green's Pond, as the sight of you now proves. Unless this is your ghost. And I'm quite sure it's not," laughed Tony.

The next moment Tony's countenance changed from an expression of merriment to that of terrible alarm.

Looking in through the window at him, he beheld the evil face of Steve Marbury.

"So you're there, are you? Well, boy, what are you going to do?"

If Tony did not remember how his assailant looked that night, on account of the darkness, he certainly now recalled the man's voice.

"I am going to get my pig free," he answered boldly, though, to tell the truth, he was quite afraid. "He belongs to me, and I have every right to him."

"Ay, but you're a cool one. Don't show too much of your pluck, boy, or I'll whale you," said Steve Marbury, somewhat angered. "Attempt to release that pig and I'll give you some more of the other night's medicine."

"But I have to make the living of a whole family with this animal," said Tony, thinking he might gain a spark of mercy.

"You'll have to find another means *when you get away from here*."

"What do you mean?" asked Tony, in alarm.

"I'm going to let you board here for a while," laughed Marbury, hoarsely. "You took the trouble to climb in. Now you've got to stay."

"But I won't."

"We'll see about that. Don't come any of your young American spunk over me. It won't go."

As he uttered the words, Steve Marbury himself climbed in through the window, instead of opening the door, thereby robbing Tony of the slightest chance of escape.

He seized our hero roughly, and in less than five minutes Tony was a bound prisoner, the man having tied him up in another corner opposite Barney.

"As for you," said Marbury, addressing the pig, "I'll tie you up all the tighter, and perhaps *this*"—with a brutal kick—"will teach you to behave yourself."

Later on the man left the hut, and was gone until night.

When he returned he was very much under the influence of drink. He lighted a piece of candle, and sat down to count a stout bag of money.

"She was a dandy. Over five hundred dollars here. I hope the shock won't unbalance my nerve. I feel like a king. I always was a lucky one."

Marbury was utterly careless as to whether Tony heard his remarks, or noticed the money. Perhaps on account of the drink.

"I'll give you a bit of supper, now," he said, turning to the boy. "It wouldn't do to have you die on my hands."

"Why do you keep me a prisoner here?" asked Tony, mildly.

"Because, if you got away, your tongue would wag about the pig and me. I'm goin' to take him away, now—far away. Before I go, or we go, rather, you've got to give me the tip about his education. I'll leave word with a pal of mine to have you released when the pig and me is a good ways off. That's considerate of me. I might leave you here to die. To-morrow mornin' you must give me all the points and tricks about his performance."

Marbury prepared Tony a meal consisting of bacon, rye-bread, and tea. Tony was hungry, and enjoyed it.

Barney also was fed. A quantity of watermelon rinds and other similar delicacies were supplied to him. In the midst of his luscious fare he seemed to forget his misfortune.

That night Steve Marbury, without releasing Tony's hands and feet, gave him the privilege of lying on the floor of the hut, in order to sleep.

Tony was tired out, and although the bed was a hard one, it was nevertheless quite welcome.

Marbury slept on a mattress of straw, in one of the other corners.

He talked a great deal at intervals through the night, his mutterings sometimes disturbing Tony; and breathed heavily, filling the room with disgusting odors of the rum that was clouding his brain.

Before he let himself fall asleep, Tony had, of course, said his prayers as he best could. And as he awoke off and on through the night, he petitioned our Blessed Lady to protect him.

He had been unable to say any of his Rosary, for being tied, he could not obtain his beads from his pocket. But he felt that his other prayers would serve just as well in his helpless condition.

It worried Tony a great deal to think that Marbury would depart with Barney, so he prayed particularly that such would not be the case. If the man took the pig away, then the family at

home would suffer for support. The thought of such a misfortune pained him more than his present captivity.

The next day, while Steve Marbury was absent, the time being about two o'clock in the afternoon, Tony heard the sound of merry, silvery voices echoing some distance outside the hut.

"It sounds like some girls on a pleasure trip through the woods," he said to himself. "If I could only make them know that I am imprisoned here!"

With all his strength of voice he called loudly for help.

He was sure they did not hear, for their merriment and laughter continued.

"Help! Help! Help!" he fairly shrieked, and kept up the cries.

Two minutes later a girl's face appeared at the broken window.

"Oh, please help me out of here. I am a prisoner."

By the time Tony had uttered the words, two more girls appeared behind the first one, and a boy followed.

It was not long before the boy succeeded in shattering the catch, which Marbury had fixed.

Five more minutes found Tony and Barney entirely free, and out in the pure open air.

"My name is Dick Miller. You've heard of my father, of course?"

"Of the button factory?"

"Yes."

"I know him well. He has engaged me to appear with my pig at your brother Frederick's birthday party."

"Are you the boy and the pig he told us all about?"

"I guess I am," smiled Tony.

"Well, this is jolly. How came you to be tied up in that hut?" Tony explained all.

"Only for my cousin, the one who first reached the window, we wouldn't have heard you. She was positive she heard some one calling, but we said she was only imagining it. She's a brick."

"Dick!"

"Well, you are, Elsie. And Tony thinks so too. Don't you?"

"I'm sure I cannot think of a compliment strong enough to explain my feelings towards your cousin."

Pretty Elsie Vane smiled. "It wasn't much to do," she said, modestly.

They hastened away from the hut with all possible speed, each of the party becoming well acquainted with Tony. The other girls were Dick's sisters.

"There'll be lots of fun at Fred's party," said Dick Miller. "The house will be crowded."

"That will be nice," said Tony, quite pleased.

"Just think of it, besides the guests, and not counting Elsie, there will be thirteen of our brothers and sisters."

"There are thirteen children in your family?"

"Yes," laughed Dick. "Our house is a very quiet one."

"I should think so."

"And every one of the thirteen is waiting anxiously to see the tricks of the educated pig."

"I will see that Barney gives a new performance."

THE ANGELS.

SISTER MARY ALPHONSUS, O. P.

I AM alone, and yet not alone,
For the angels are always near me,
And I never can pray in so faint a tone
But the watchful angels hear me.
I know they are twining a choral lay
To the throne of God upspringing,
So I hush my heart for the live-long day
In hopes I may hear them singing.

The angels are with us by night and by day,
Our faith and our hope renewing;
They nerve when we labor, they bless when we pray,
They love us whatever we're doing.
Our lives are so circled by angel bands,
They brighten the way before us,
And we never can sail to such far-off lands
But *they* will be watching o'er us.

Notes for the Children.

August brings the feast of our holy Father, St. Dominic, to whom our Lady first gave the dear gift of her Beads. For reason of this precious gift all our little rosarians should lovingly greet his feast, August 4th, while those among them who are soldiers in the Angelic Warfare, and hence children of St. Thomas Aquinas, have a double reason to love and honor him, for St. Thomas was his greatest spiritual son.

August 15th will find every boy and girl at our Lady's altar, and Aquinas trusts that the Angel Guardians, who will surely be there too, will have the glorious mysteries of our Blessed Mother's beads to carry from the hearts of their children to the pure heart of their Heavenly Queen, as a token of children's gladness because of their Blessed Mother's glorious Assumption. In Heaven when she is praised and blessed, she will turn at once to God, just as she did on earth when St. Elizabeth praised and blessed her, and those same dear lips that spoke on earth will say in Heaven: "*My soul doth magnify the Lord.*"

August 30th should be a day very dear to every American child, for it is the feast of America's first canonized saint, St. Rose of Lima. Our young folks will of course read the letters from the "young soldiers" this month, and there will see a practical lesson drawn from this saint's life. I think we would find such letters very helpful if the young soldiers would write them for the benefit of one another.

From Fr. Pustet, New York, we have received a little book called the "Six Sundays of St. Thomas Aquinas." In the form of "considerations," the life of St. Thomas, the patron of our young soldiers, is briefly, but truly given. Beautiful hymns written by the dear saint one finds there, and many prayers that he used to say. It contains other devotions, also. The book may be ordered from Fr. Pustet, Barclay St., New York; price, twenty-five cents. Do all the young Soldiers and Rosarians know that the *Tantum Ergo*,

which is *always* sung at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, was composed by St. Thomas?

Among the many books that were written by Rev. Mother Drane, the saintly Dominican Nun whom God called from earth a few weeks ago, two that we recall at this moment are stories, "Aroer," and "Uriel." They are not stories for children, but to all THE ROSARY "children of a larger growth" we recommend them highly. Mother Drane published one volume of poems, "Songs of the Night." Young people may not understand, and not understanding cannot appreciate, their spiritual beauty. But sometimes a young girl may be in doubt as to what to choose when she desires to give a token of love or gratitude to some cherished friend who is a Religious. If so, we are sure "Songs of the Night" would be a beautiful gift.

Prayers of children often seem to obtain favors from God more quickly than do those of older people. We want the children to find every month that page of the magazine where "Intentions for petition and thanksgiving" are, and read carefully all the good things grown people desire for themselves or for others. Ask God to grant them and help the grown people to thank Him for the favors He has already granted.

In NOTES FOR CHILDREN, last month, a slight mistake crept in, which we gladly correct. The girdle of St. Thomas has been preserved six hundred and sixty-five years, five years longer than we stated in our note about the girdles that have touched the original one.

Aquinas has been so serious in talks to the young soldiers and in the Notes for the Children, that the Young folks must be anxious for something amusing, so we suggest that our little folks turn to the advertising pages, where they will find some things to set them thinking, and some jokes to make them laugh.

With Other Young Folks.

L. W. Reilly has a very pleasing sketch entitled, "A Fortnight on the Farm," in the opening number of the *Ave Maria's* thirty-ninth volume. In the Young Folks' department it appears. It illustrates the value of a good word when even heedlessly spoken. One of his characters quotes Cardinal Manning: "Our thoughtless actions, random words, unguarded hints, our very tongue, even our gestures in our most relaxed hours, leave impressions on other men such as we neither design nor imagine." There's a striking thought for the soldiers of the Angelic Warfare.

Among the very many pretty things in *St. Nicholas* for July, we choose "The Punctuation Marks," a poem by Julia M. Colton, for special notice. In the quaintest way the six little marks . . . ; : ? ! tell the reason why they are always coming up among the words in the books we read, and then close thus:

"Six little marks! Be sure to hear us;
Carefully study, write and read us;
For you can never cease to need us.
Six little marks from school!"

The Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the pleasing issue at hand, contains a very pretty opening story by Edwin Angeloe, entitled, "Guy Mapleton's Banjo." In Flora Lingard is depicted a character often met in life, one who, though quick to follow a wrong impulse, is yet keensighted to measure the evil, and generous to remedy it, even at the cost of self humiliation. It is such characters that nobly develop under the influence of religious training, but without it become a trial to themselves and others.

"The Little Folks' Nook," is the pretty heading given a department for the wee readers of *The Young Catholic*, New York City. It always contains a picture and a story or a poem, in large type. In the issue at hand a bit of a fairy story is given that happily illustrates the value of a sunny disposition. The story says that A "cheerful child is a joy to his father

and mother." It is true, boys and girls; are you all cheerful children?

In an editorial addressed by *The Angelus* to its young readers, we find the following sound advice, which we wish our young soldiers to fix so firmly in memory that it will be present to them in every moment which they are tempted to spend with dangerous companions or books:

"Bad company and bad reading, dear children, are the two great enemies you have especially to beware of. Both of these you will frequently encounter, and remember, we give you fair notice, either one of them can, in a very brief time, undo the careful work of months, or even years. They can blast with one breath the fair flowers of virtue, yourselves, your parents, pastors, and all true friends, have been laboring so hard to cultivate,—casting over you a blight so deadly as to destroy not only your present innocence, but brightest promise for the future.

Will you not, then, resolve to avoid faithfully these two great perils? And then, having made up your minds, see that you put the resolution into practice. Do not, willingly, even glance at sentence or paragraph you would shrink from having parents or teachers see you reading. By this course you will prove that you are really able to take care of yourselves, as you would like to have believed generally."

Our Young People, Milwaukee, Wis., continues at its high standard, whether the articles be original or selected, and each issue comes with an equal division of both. Professor Egan's "Badgers of Belmont" closed not long ago, but he has begun a new serial, and a series of "Bed-time Talks." The serial, "Jasper Thorne," is a story of New York life; the talks, if we judge from the present one, are intended to show the thrilling interest of reading that young people look upon as "dry." "Cousin Adorine" takes good care of the children's "letter-box." Other well-known writers contribute in prose or verse.

SEEK we the Mother with the Son,
The Son beside the Mother,
For vainly would we bless the One
If we should slight the Other.

—Sister M. Alphonsus, O. P.



THIS month offers to Rosarians the special meditation and the special

grace of our Lady's triumphant Assumption. The spirit of this beautiful feast tells of heavenly joys in store for those who through this vale of tears walk bravely on, looking to the holy mountain and the new Jerusalem, where our Lady reigns as glorious Queen. Hope and courage are the virtues inspired by this day; and our Blessed Mother of the Rosary is anxious to secure these gifts for every earnest child of the Beads.

We publish the following edifying letter from an esteemed friend, lately returned from a visit to his native France.

ON BOARD *La Champagne*.

Dear Rev. Father:

You told me, some time ago, to send you for THE ROSARY, the flowers I might see on my way. Far was it from my mind that I could find any on the wilderness of the ocean; however, this morning, one offered itself to me, which, indeed, did not seem without charm to my sight. May it also please you!

I was sitting on the deck, rather sadly, before the grand spectacle which the immense expanse of the liquid plain presents to the passenger. In contemplating the big, moving waves, which, beaten by the wind, were sending their foam even to my face, I was somewhat disappointed, speaking to myself in this way: "It is now the month of May; if this whitening plain were a meadow, as it seems to be, I would be so glad to gather there a nice bouquet of flowers, and offer it to the Queen of Heaven! If, at least, I could offer her, more than usually, the spiritual flowers, which spring in her Rosary's garden." But, alas! navigation tells on the mind as well as on the

body, and seems at times to do away even with devotion.

When such thoughts were passing through my mind, a fellow-passenger, wearing a distinctively oriental dress, came and sat by my side. I had already

observed his ascetical and sympathetic face. I had been edified observing him making the sign of the cross, and praying without human respect amongst the crowd of indifferent people surrounding us. I was glad to hear from him that he was a Catholic Greek, and a pious one, citizen of the town of Soar, the ancient Tyre, in Phœnicia. His conversation has deeply interested me. Amongst other things, he told me the following story:

Three years ago, he said, one of my boys, then seven years old, fell very sick with typhoid fever, and soon his life was despaired of. In my village, (alas! the glorious city of Tyre is merely a village to-day), there was only a single doctor, and a Protestant he was. Putting aside my dislike, I called him.

According to the custom of my country, my pious wife had placed near the head of my sick child, a small altar, on which, surrounded with flowers and lights, stood a beautiful old picture of the Mother of God, a precious inheritance from generation to generation in my family.

The sight of this picture could not fail to excite the doctor's heretical instincts. In the presence of my wife and many other persons he forgot himself so far as to utter very improper, and even blasphemous words towards the Blessed Virgin Mary.

My wife, full of indignation, told him boldly that she had a right in her house to ask him to respect her faith. The physician was so ill-bred and impertinent as to make a mockery of her remark.

My poor wife turned to me and requested me in a low voice to send away the doctor, whose presence, she said, could only draw the divine malediction on us. I confess that having not the living faith of my wife, I was confused, and I answered her that I did not dare to do so.

Coming back then to the bedside of her child where stood the doctor, she

told him with determination: "Sir, leave my house, I pray; I cannot allow you to have anything to do with my son after hearing you thus insulting the holy Mother of God."

The doctor was surprised and visibly vexed at such words; he brutally answered with anger: "Madam, I leave on the instant; my presence here is quite useless. Your son is doomed; he will be dead before the night is over."

My wife replied with an expression of faith unknown even to me: "The Blessed Mother of God, sir, will cure my son. I am sure she will." At the same time, overcome by her grief, she fell on her knees at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, shedding very bitter tears. From her maternal heart was ascending one of those prayers which move the heart of God.

As for myself, I was crying also, but unable to pray. I looked at my child, and seeing his sad condition, I shared in the opinion of the doctor. I went to my room to hide my grief, and, exhausted with fatigue, I fell asleep.

Towards the middle of the night, I was suddenly roused by hearing somebody knocking at the door. I stood up, saying: "O my God, the child is dead." "No," said the joyful voice of my wife, "no, he is not dead! he is all right, come and see, and thank the Blessed Mother of God, who has healed him."

In less than a minute I was near the bed of my son, whom I saw smiling, extending his arms towards me. My emotion almost suffocated me, and I could only say: "You are well?" "Yes, papa," he answered, "I saw the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by a bright light; she has smiled on me and made me a sign with her hands, and I feel that I am well. I want to leave my bed and eat, because I feel very hungry."

"I cannot guarantee that the Blessed Virgin has appeared to my son," said this good man, "but what I affirm is that he was perfectly and suddenly cured without passing through a convalescence. What I have related to you, I told to the Archbishop of Tyre, who called also my son to his presence and asked him to narrate his vision in all its details. After hearing the whole story, and having minutely questioned all the persons who had seen the child during his illness, and who had witnessed the scene between the doctor and my wife, the venerable prelate requested me to send my picture of the Mother of God

to his house. I hastened to comply with his desire; I carried it myself, and I saw him venerating it, and praying to the Blessed Virgin with a touching devotion."

Alexander Farah (such is the name of this Greek,) holds this image, he told me, as the most precious treasure of his family. To acknowledge this blessing he made for it a crown of gold and diamonds, with different other precious ornaments. The picture is famous in the neighborhood. When any Catholic is sick, the holy image is sent for, and it is always a pleasure for him to lend it.

He speaks very favorably of his son, healed by the Blessed Virgin. He is very quiet and pious, he says, and he shows a great devotion towards the Blessed Mother of God. He likes to save something out of his pocket-money, and uses his earnings to buy candles that he puts to burn before the altar of the Mother of God. He is only ten years old, but has already a great desire of being a priest some day.

Our Holy Father St. Dominic, Founder of the Rosary, is honored on the fourth of this month. Every Rosarian should offer a prayer of loving gratitude to this glorious servant of our Blessed Lady, the chosen messenger to men, of the greeting of her Beads.

We have received from Father Corre, Missionary Apostolic in Kumamoto, Japan, an appeal for help in his arduous work. We present to our readers a few points suggested by this zealous priest that ought to be of interest to our Rosarians. Apart from the Dominicans and Rosarians martyred in Japan, and honored later, by beatification, we find other ties tenderly uniting us, in the spirit of faith, to this land evangelized by St. Francis Xavier. In 1847, Pius IX., who longed to see this kingdom again enlightened by the Gospel, declared our Blessed Lady the principal patron of Japan, under the title of her Immaculate Heart. In 1854, the year of the definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Japan again opened her gates to the foreigner, and to the preaching of the Gospel. It is said that at first the Protestant missionaries, who flocked to these parts, attracted to themselves some of the descendants of the ancient Japanese Christians, but these seekers after truth went away disconsolate when they found that the new teachers had no message or word of *Holy Mary*. In 1865 a church was dedicated to the twenty-six martyrs of Japan.

canonized in 1862. A statue of our Lady was placed over the altar dedicated in her name. On the opening of this church many of the natives visited it, and on finding *Holy Mary* there, they felt assured that they had found true priests, to one of whom they revealed the fact of their hidden but well preserved faith. This event is commemorated by a festival known as the "Discovery of the Christians," or the feast of our Lady of Japan. A vast province is specially dedicated to her under this title, but as yet there is no church or altar in this region which is in the heart of that portion of Japan where Christianity formerly flourished. That much work falls to the missionary of the Cross may be understood when we recall that Japan is an empire of more than 40,000,000 souls, of whom not 50,000 are Catholics. The labors of our missionaries are unduly increased because of the disturbing presence of the so-called Protestant missionaries. In the city of Kumamoto, from which Father Corre writes, there are more than one hundred temples dedicated to false gods. This appeal will touch many hearts, we hope; and should the charitably disposed wish to entrust their alms to THE ROSARY, we shall make due acknowledgment of them, and we shall promptly remit them to those who are in such sore need.

The feasts of this month include days that ought to be special to Rosarians. We remind them of St. Hyacinth, St. Joachim, St. Rose. We also request our readers to consult the Calendar with its list of indulgences, each month.

The following letter from the Bishop of Ogdensburg, puts in a brief but effective way, the purpose of our great devotion. We are glad to reproduce it for the edification of our readers:

BISHOP'S HOUSE,

Ogdensburg, N. Y., May 11, 1894.

Dear Father O'Neil:

THE ROSARY will always be a welcome visitor. It instructs and edifies its readers, and it will, we may trust, largely contribute, in the New World, to effect what the Rosary, for whose promotion it is published, did in the land where it first was recited, viz., the destruction of the heresies which deny the great mysteries of Redemption.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

† H. GABRIELS.

From a letter written by our good friend, Father Bertrand Cothonay, O. P., we publish the following extract:

"When in Caracas, a few years ago, I found in the public library an interesting manuscript of a Franciscan Father, Antonio Navarette, who lived in the last century. The manuscript might be called a "literary collection," because of its varied character. On page 45 I was much pleased to read the following lines concerning St. Dominic: 'I wish to record here *the prayer against fevers*, in honor of the holy Patriarch, St. Dominic, who daily works manifest miracles, as every one here knows. I am, myself, a witness of the efficacy of this prayer. When I was a boy, between thirteen and fourteen years old, I nearly lost my life through a malignant fever. A religious of the Order of St. Dominic came and recited over me this prayer, and I was cured. I am now fifty-four years old, and I have been many years in the Order of St. Francis, but I cannot forget, rather I gratefully acknowledge, that my holy Father, St. Dominic, healed me.' I urge all who suffer from fevers to invoke with faith, the great Patriarch, St. Dominic; and as a mark of my gratitude for blessings that I have thus received, I transcribe, for publication in THE ROSARY, the formula of this prayer, from the old manual of Vellado, now very scarce."

As this prayer is to be recited by priests we present it simply in the original Latin. Having recited the Gospel and the prayers given in the Roman Ritual, for the sick, the priest will add the following:

—Jesus, Mariæ Filius, sit tibi propitius et clemens et det tibi salutem et pacem.
—Amen.

—Benedictus Dominus qui, salutem providens hominum, sanctum Dominum misit in mundum.

—O Beate Dominice, qui tot signis claruisti in ægrorum corporibus, nobis opem ferens Christi, huic creaturæ medere languores.—Amen.

V.—Imple, Pater, quod dixisti.

R.—Pro nobis orando ante faciem Christi.

OREMUS.

—Concede, quæsumus, Omnipotens Deus, ut qui peccatorum nostrorum pondere premimur, Beati Dominici Confessoris tui patrocinio sublevemur, et hic famulus tuus febri et dolore sanetur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.—Amen.

—Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum, qui pro nobis natus, passus et mortuus est et

resurrexit, ipse à te omnem dolorem, febrem et infirmitatem repellat.—Amen.

—Surgens Jesus de Synagoga, introivit in domum Simonis. Socrus autem Simonis tenebatur magnis febris et rogaverunt illum pro ea. Stans autem Jesus, imperavit febrì et dimisit illam.—Laus tibi, Christe.—Amen.

—Jesus † Jesus † Jesus † qui te traxit ad fidem Catholicam, ipse te conservet in ea, et meritis Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ et Sanctorum Dominici, Hyacinthi, Raymundi et omnium sanctorum intercessionem, sanet et liberet te ab omni infirmitate et dolore.—Amen, amen, fiat, fiat.

—Fiat tibi sicut vis.—Amen.

—Benedictio Dei Patris † Omnipotentis cum Filio et Spiritu Sancto descendat super te et maneat semper tecum.—Amen.

We take pleasure in publishing the following account, sent to us by a worthy correspondent:

"Some years ago, a teacher in a public school of a country town, was accustomed, in order to obtain dryer walking, to go back and forth on the railroad track.

"Having a distance of about two miles each way to travel, her rosary beads was her daily companion.

"The track was a double one; one track leading to the city of S., the other to the city of B.

"It was her custom to take the track leading to S. till the train leading to B. had passed her; then to cross to the track leading to B. for the remainder of the distance.

"One morning, having started as usual, walking upon the iron rail, she was somewhat startled at the unusually loud shrieks of the engine whistle, and clangor of the bells, but feeling secure, she did not turn about.

"Suddenly, the beads dropped from her fingers and in trying to regain them, she lost her balance and fell to one side. Judge of her horror and amazement to see the train dash by, on the same track on which she but a moment before was standing! A change in the running order had been made. It was some moments before she could realize that she was uninjured, or regain power to move; but with that knowledge, came too, the understanding, that to our Blessed Mother and her beads she owed her life.

"Since that day these beads have been her most treasured possession. They will probably so continue till her death."

The death of Mother de Ricci, O. P., who passed to her reward on May 27, removes from the Dominican family a remarkable woman. Lucy Eaton Smith was born in Brooklyn, on March 22, 1845. Baptized in the Episcopal Church, she continued a member of that denomination till the age of twenty-one, when she was received into the Church, by Father Young of the Paulists. A few years later she went to Europe, where she remained five years. During a visit to Berlin she met Father Aquilanti, a well-known Dominican, who gave to her valuable direction in her soul's affairs. She travelled in Italy and France, and after a year's residence at Lyons, with the Ladies of the Retreat, where she studied their method of giving retreats, she went to Rome. She had been received as a Tertiary Dominican in Lyons; her profession was made in the hands of Father Aquilanti, whom she again met at Rome. He dissuaded her from attempting to join a regular community in the holy city, insisting that her vocation was with her own people, in the United States. This was in 1875. During the five succeeding years, while she remained at home, preparing to know and do God's will, she enjoyed the direction of Father Aquilanti, so that her Dominican spirit was well proved. In 1880, she consulted Bishop Gabriels, then president of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, and the late Bishop McNeirny, who authorized her to begin her work in his diocese. With two companions she made her first effort in the French Parish of Glens Falls, N. Y. Though she longed for the work of retreats, she agreed, in this case, to act as teacher of the parish school. For two years this life continued, and then the Bishop directed that she should attempt to realize her first aspirations, the mission of retreats, with the watchwords "Adoration, Reparation, Thanksgiving," ever before her Sisters' eyes. A house was bought near Albany. In two years the work had outgrown its modest surroundings, and a new site was secured in the Cathedral parish of Albany. This was according to Bishop McNeirny's advice and wish. Three years later, the foundations were laid for the fine convent and house of retreat on Madison Avenue, Albany, where a flourishing community carries on the work mapped out by their devoted founder. The congregation, under the title of St. Catherine of Ricci, was canonically affiliated to the Dominican Order, in 1887, by the late

Master-General, Father Larroca. In October, 1891, a second house was opened, in Saratoga. The convent of our Lady of the Star gives every promise of success equal to that achieved by the parent house in Albany. The life of Mother de Ricci was beset with trials and tribulations, but God sustained her through all. The friendship and support of Bishop McNeirny and Bishop Gabriels, who knew her spirit and her work, cheered her in every difficulty. She was a woman of singular talent for organizing, while her many accomplishments added grace to the position of leader, which Bishop McNeirny obliged her to hold during his lifetime. The testimony of her spiritual children, who mourn their heavy loss, is that she was the kindest of Mothers, and the gentlest of superiors. Patient amid many trials, with an unbounded confidence in God, a steadfast faith that never wavered, she was full of mercy to the unfortunate, and ever maintained an ardent charity towards all. Her spirit was of loving devotion to our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and to His Passion. She was a true Rosarian, and a faithful daughter of her great patron, St. Catherine of Ricci. Her portion of the work, for which she lived, was finished. In some future issue of *THE ROSARY* we may give a sketch of this institution that will present, in full measure, a record that ought to be preserved. This present announcement is a feeble tribute to one whose memory is dear, who was loved in life, and who will not be forgotten by those who had the happiness of knowing her soul. While conscious of a deep sense of loss, we feel that she is now even more powerful to advance the work that in her Dominican heart she loved so well.

The text of the Holy Father's latest Encyclical has been already published by the Catholic weeklies. We make a few extracts that we particularly desire our readers to study. Consider the love and tenderness of the following beautiful passage:

"Being as we are the Vicar on earth of Almighty God, who desires that all men should be saved and led to the knowledge of truth, and being brought near to the end of our earthly career, not only through our great age, but also through much grievous sorrow, we wish to follow the example of our Redeemer and Master, Jesus Christ, who a short time before His ascension to Heaven did most fervently ask of God the Father to make His apostles and disciples one in mind and soul. "I pray that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, even as we are one." This divine prayer not only embraced those who, at that time believed in Jesus Christ, but it included all those who would believe in Him in the future, and thus we have a sound reason

to tell you with hope and confidence of our wish, and to use all our efforts to call and urge all men, regardless of their nationality or their place of abode, to join the unity of faith."

He pleads with our separated brethren, Protestants and non-Catholics in general:

"We reach out our hands lovingly to you to invite you to this unity, which was never lacking in the Catholic Church, and never will be lacking. Long ago our common mother called you back to its bosom, and all Catholics long for you with a brother's love in order that you may worship God with us in holiness, and that we may be united in perfect love through professing the same Gospel, and through having one faith and one hope."

And to Catholics he sends this warning greeting from his fatherly heart:

"Since, by the infinite grace of God, they already belong to this holy unity, there is no need of special measures to bring them to this true and holy state, but they should be admonished to avoid all snares and perils, and particularly indifference and neglectfulness, which are invidious enemies of faith. Let them, therefore, be guided in their thoughts as in their actions by the true teachings of the Church, as they have been promulgated by us from time to time. Let them ever remember that their obedience and submission to the ecclesiastical doctrines and the authority of the Church should be not that of a narrow-minded and doubting man, but that of a trusting and sincere Christian, who obeys with his whole soul."

Would that the forgers of encyclicals would read the following:

"On the present occasion it is requisite to point out to them how the Christian unity is imperiled by various errors and heresies, which have tended to cast shadows upon the true aims of the Church, in many cases perverting them entirely. According to the intention and the express words of her divine founder, the Church shall be a society, perfect in its way, whose particular mission it is to instruct mankind in the laws and the Gospel of God, and by exhorting men to lead a virtuous and upright life, to guide them toward that blessed state which every man may reach in Heaven. Being, as aforementioned, a perfect body, the Church has a vitality which emanates from no outside source, but which springs from its own inmost nature, according to the will of God. From this very cause it follows that she has the power of making laws; as a lawgiver she must enjoy perfect freedom, as she is independent in all other things in her sphere or coming under her authority. This liberty cannot cause jealousy or envy, since the Church seeks not worldly power or influence. Nor is she guided by any interest foreign to her true calling. She knows but one aim, she is animated by but one thought, namely, to induce all men to lead virtuous and upright lives, thereby guiding them toward the goal of eternal bliss. She, therefore, very frequently feels constrained to be indulgent, like a true mother is to her children, sometimes even in cases where it is advisable for the best interests of all refraining from asserting rights she clearly possesses."

"As an obvious proof of this, we may point to the Concordats, concluded between the Holy See and certain states. Far be it from the Church to encroach upon the temporal power of any potentate or state, but on the other hand, the rights and privileges of the Church should not be infringed upon by those possessing temporal power."

The sect of the Freemasons, especially as they exist in France and Italy is denounced:

"Under the pretext to defend human rights and to regenerate society, it attacks the Christian religion in a hostile manner, rejects the doctrines promulgated by God, ridicules pious exercises, and denounces dispensations, the holy Sacraments, and everything sacred to the Church. This sect strives to rob wedlock, family, and the education of the young of their Christian character, and to tear out of the hearts of the people all belief in authority, be this of human or of divine origin."

He reminds citizens of their duties; he admonishes rulers of their obligations:

"As regards the social question, it has been treated by us at length some time ago, on which occasion we built upon the Gospel and the natural reason as our foundation. Concerning the political question, we should aim to reconcile it with established governments. Our Christian philosophy affords sufficient means to solve this problem. Admitting, as everybody does, that all authority emanates from God regardless what the form of government in any particular case may be, it will be seen that, for instance, one man is very properly endowed with the right of command, while the other is, with no less cause, bound to obey. Such obedience is in no way detrimental to the dignity of a human being, as in the end God is the one whose commands are obeyed. On the other hand, has God declared that His judgment will be terrible upon those that are called upon to administer right and justice, and prove unworthy of their charge."

He deplores the unhappy condition of Christian Europe, and eloquently sums up the evils of "armed peace":

"The situation in Europe is most grave and critical. Since many years the peace of this part of the world has been but a sham. The different nations, mistrusting one another, are incessantly preparing for war. The inexperienced youth of every land, being drafted for the army, is exposed to grave dangers, owing to the fact that the natural guardians, the parents, must be separated from the recruit. In the bloom and the vigor of their youth the young men are called from the fields, from their studies, and from their commercial or industrial pursuits. The enormous expenses of the army empty the treasury of the State, they reduce the wealth of the nation bearing the burden, and rob the citizen of his substance. This armed peace cannot be borne much longer. Such a condition of society is unnatural. But we cannot escape the logical consequences, we cannot reach enduring peace unless it be through the grace of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Nothing but the teachings of the Church can combat envy, false ambition, and the lust for spoils—causes which generally kindle the torch of war—and only true Christian virtues, justice above all, may be depended on to put an end to the desire for war. Justice is the only hope of nations."

He blames religious wars for the unfortunate condition of many still "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death." For Christian unity he longs, that the work of establishing firmly the Kingdom of Christ may go triumphantly on. The letter is a touching testament, the concluding prayer of which we add, urging our readers to present it, again and again, to our Lady of the Rosary:

May God, who is most merciful, and who alone knows the day and the hour when we may see our hopes realized, look with favor upon our endeavors, and in His unfathomable wisdom, grant that the words of Christ, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd," be speedily fulfilled.

In view of the respectful tone in which the press in general has spoken of this Encyclical, it is proper to mark the snarling spirit in which *The Observer*, of July 12, says that the Pope's appeal to Protestants "is characterized by sublime audacity and superb impudence." This glaring combination of adjective and noun reflects credit on *The Observer's* disregard of good English, while its attitude, throughout the diatribe it printed, is one that commends it to "the censure and the pity of mankind." This phrase is *The Observer's*; it was intended for the Holy Father; we refer it where it belongs.

The article by Reverend Doctor Brann, Rector of St. Agnes' Church, New York, which appears in the present number of *THE ROSARY*, is timely. We ask a careful reading of the words of this distinguished preacher and writer. Forgetfulness of the principle he proclaims is at the bottom of much that goes under the name of social discord to-day. There are lessons for rich and poor, for employer and employed.

The frontispiece of the present number is a copy of Fra Angelico's famous work. The scene is beautifully described in the poem by Father Kelly.

BOOKS.

OCCASIONAL SERMONS AND LECTURES is the modest title under which Reverend John M. Kiely, Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, Brooklyn, publishes a souvenir volume commemorating the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Twenty-five discourses appropriately find place here, and their diversity, covering as they do, biography, travel, history, poetry, the fine arts, besides several addresses for special occasions, gives an element of agreeable-

ness to the work that must win many readers to whom a regulation book of sermons or lectures would not be acceptable. Father Kiely is a man of scholarship and culture. He knows well the field he cultivates, and being a finished writer, his presentation of a subject is happy. Such a method of celebrating a jubilee, as the publication of so meritorious a volume, is not only refined and elegant, but it is an admirable proof of years of generous priestly work in the cause of

Religion and letters. It is a genuine pleasure to commend to our readers Father Kiely's book. D. Appleton and Co., New York, are the publishers. They have produced a solid, attractive volume.

Through the courtesy of Doctor A. J. Faust, of Washington, we have received a copy of "ADDRESSES AND LETTERS READ AT THE MEMORIAL MEETING IN HONOR OF BROTHER AZARIAS," which was held in St. John's College, Washington, on May 17. Besides the honor which this publication renders to the memory of the distinguished scholar, whom we still mourn, there is a special value in this small volume, as it furnishes an excellent picture of Brother Azarias as a Man, as a Religious, as a Teacher, as a Philosopher, as a Literary Artist, as a Critic, as a Religious Educator. Father John T. Smith furnishes, in the introduction, a solid estimate of Brother Azarias' life and work. The funeral oration, preached by Father Joseph McMahon, in St. Patrick's Cathedral last year, is appropriately reproduced. The addresses were delivered by Doctor Faust, Father McCluskey, S. J., General Eaton, Commissioner of Education Harris, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Father Tarro, Bishop Keane.

"MOLLIE'S MISTAKE, OR, MIXED MARRIAGES," is another of Father Book's practical works. In a running and lively dialogue between "Mollie" and her pastor, the question of mixed marriages is vigorously discussed. Facts are sought by the author, and he presents them in a homely and striking way. We advise our readers, especially those contemplating marriage, to read this little pamphlet. A line, with twenty cents to Father J. W. Book, Cannelton, Indiana, will secure a copy. The good priest is his own publisher.

It is six years since D. Appleton & Co., New York, published in elegant form, "CHRISTMAS CARILLONS, AND OTHER POEMS," by Annie Chambers-Ketchum, but we question if Catholics are familiar with the true, poetic work of this gifted Catholic. Mrs. Ketchum's poems are worthy the name. Scholarly, finished, classic, the genius of the "divine fire" is hers. We do not attempt a review of the various poems that comprise the volume before us, nor may we gratify our desire to present a few of her "gems." We merely make one extract from the beautiful poem "Semper Fidelis—Ever Faithful." It is of singular charm; it suffers no comment:

Black as jet, in the sunset's gold,
Loom spire and buttressed wall;
Soft as a veil, o'er the tangled wold,
The twilight shadows fall,
While the white mists rise from the valley cold,
And climb to the mountains tall.

Mrs. Ketchum is an adept in botany and astronomy; she is familiar with ancient and modern literature; she is a linguist of considerable range. Her work is enriched from all these sources, while the spirit breathes in every stanza, quickening the verses into the beautiful life of genuine poetry. With much pleasure we commend this volume to our readers.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received, (1) "THE LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK OF THE SACRED HEART," by Father Hammer, O.S.F. This is rather a book of spiritual reading than a mere prayer-book. A few figures on the number of prayer-books and "pious" books published, and the number of people who read them, and the number of people who are benefited by such reading, would be of interest. (2) "PEARLS FROM FABER," which is good because it is Faber's. The selections are well made, and the little book is well printed. However, Faber cannot be studied in scraps, though the reading of such a collection will be of pleasure and profit to those somewhat familiar with his writings. (3) "WIDOWS AND CHARITY—THE WORK OF THE WOMEN OF CALVARY AND ITS FOUNDRESS." It is well that this work has appeared in the English dress. It will make known the career of a saintly widow, the beauty of whose life-work lives and flourishes in the city of Lyons. The story of the hospital that Madame Garnier there established for incurables, and of the devoted widows she gathered around her to develop and continue her mission, is well told. A beautiful introduction prefaces the life. We take pleasure in repeating the words of Archbishop Corrigan, "May the Christian charity which the work so eloquently advocates, find generous imitators in this country, as it has already had in Europe."

From the Cathedral Library Association we have received "THE ORDER FOR THE DEDICATION OR CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH." This publication is an excellent piece of book-making, presenting the full text, in Latin and English, of the beautiful ceremony of the dedication of a church. The issue of this book shows enterprise that we are glad to commend.

From Doyle & Whittle, of Boston, we have received, "AN EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS," edited and revised by Bishop Howley, of West New Foundland. We understand that this little book goes back to the penal days of Ireland, and that Bishop Howley, recognizing its merits, determined to preserve it by revising it, and issuing it in its present attractive form. There are many books on the subject, but there is room for this, with its simple yet thorough instructions and explanations of the essence, the ceremonies, the prayers, the vestments of the Mass.

From the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana, we have received "SOME LIES AND ERRORS OF HISTORY," by Doctor Reuben Parsons. It is more than a year since this volume appeared, but a notice of it at the present time will serve, we trust, to introduce it to many new readers. No Catholic writer in this country is so well equipped as Doctor Parsons, for the treatment of such subjects as he has discussed in these pages. We have not space to enumerate the various titles of the papers contained in "Lies and Er-

rors," but we earnestly say to every reader of THE ROSARY not already familiar with this volume: Buy a copy; read it; study diligently its valuable contents.

From Pustet & Co., New York, we have received the announcement that the second volume of "STUDIES ON CHURCH HISTORY," by Doctor Parsons, is almost ready. Awaiting its appearance with the confidence inspired by the author's name, we would say that if the first volume, which was issued eight years ago, be taken as a specimen of Doctor Parsons' work, we may justly look forward to an excellent publication. In the first volume, the author includes eight centuries of the Church's life. Great industry, painstaking research, special learning, have peculiarly qualified Doctor Parsons for this work; and when he presents the results of his labor in his agreeable and vivacious style, the combination, literary and historical, is of undoubted value. We hope that these "studies" will have many students, that author and publishers will receive a practical and gratifying recognition of their enterprise, in large sales of this praiseworthy volume.

MAGAZINES.

In *The Review of Reviews* for July, "Coxeyism—A Character Sketch" by W. T. Stead, is an article that deserves careful consideration. Mr. Stead is in line with many others who think ahead, and who have love for the poor, when he writes this concluding sentence:

"A revival of trade may postpone further developments at present, but unless all the lessons drawn from past history are mistaken, Coxeyism will in future assume much more menacing dimensions, unless forestalling the evil betimes, the Americans decide upon adopting a policy which will give the workless something better to do than the organizing of petitions in boots." The recent so-called "insurrection" attending the great railway "strike" is another sad evidence of discontent, not without foundation, that needs other treatment than proclamations and soldiers, and the arrogant refusal of corporations to allow any power, municipal, state, or federal, to interfere with "our" business. It is like the famous profane utterance of Vanderbilt, as to the public. We hope that Senator Sherman's proposition looking to the supervision of sleeping cars, by the

United States, will be effectively entertained.

In *The Seminary* for July, Doctor Brann has a strong paper on "The Modern Three-Headed Monster: Socialism, Communism, Anarchism," that may be considered a vigorous development of the subject of his ROSARY article. The Church is the guardian and expounder of the true principles that must govern society if men will enjoy that peace which Christ our Lord brought to earth. Only by the Church can these principles be taught. To her, therefore, should the nations turn.

In the July number of *Harper's Magazine*, Charles Dudley Warner presents the opening chapter of "The Golden House." It would not be fair to pass final judgment on this serial just begun. It is a story of that part of New York society life, whose members bow before the shrine of æstheticism. In pursuit of her charities, the heroine, "a very sincere person with a strong sympathy for humanity," throws a strong light on the "East Side," affording a sharp and rather clearly portrayed contrast between

the modes of life in New York. From the opening chapter it is evident that the "problem" of marriage, as the modern cult puts it, will play a conspicuous part. The story promises to be interesting.

"The Revolt of the——"; a page from the Domestic History of the Twentieth Century," with capital illustrations, is a clever bit of satire that *McClure's Magazine* for July publishes on the irrepressible women's rights women. It makes refreshing reading—for men and woman, ly women.

When we note the fact that W. J. H. Traynor, President of the A. P. A., is Vice-President of the Imperial Grand Orange Lodge of the world, that he edits in Detroit the A. P. A. organ, *The Patriotic American*, and that he is a British Canadian, having been born in Ontario, we can understand what a choice spirit he is, and how well fitted he is to speak for American interests. His article on the infamous A. P. A., published in the *North American Review* for July, lacks even the quasi merit of being a crafty presentation of the case. In its mistranslation of the text of St. Thomas, wrenching of sentences from the body to which they belong, and thrusting a few disjointed and distorted words conspicuously forward, this article is as flagrant a forgery, in morals, as the stupid fabrications of encyclicals, etc., put forth by the bungling A. P. A's. It is quite evident that Mr. Traynor is as ignorant as he is vicious, despite the clipping "coaching" that some industrious copyist gave him. When he talks about Wycliff, Huss, and Bruno, and the victims of the Spanish Inquisition, he offers credentials that absolutely qualify him for a leading bench among asinine scribblers. He says that he speaks for two millions! We feel satisfied, that though this is a large body, their mere number will not be sufficient to conceal their monumental stupidity, or the infamous rascality of their dishonest leaders. It is not altogether encouraging for those who desire to see a high standard of magazine literature maintained to witness so strong a periodical as the *Review* printing such rubbish as Mr. Traynor has raked together, by bigotry, dishonesty, and gross ignorance. It is a pleasure, however, to mention a very interesting article in the same number of the *Review* on "Life at the Holy Sepulchre," by a Franciscan, Father Schilling. Other pa-

pers in this number are also worthy of commendation.

An article appeared in *The Independent* for June 14th, on Cardinal Lavigerie, which was notable for its broad spirit and its warm appreciation of the great Cardinal's noble work. We quote the closing sentence: "The slave trade in Africa has received heavy blows, but from no source has a stronger or more ringing stroke been dealt than that by another Hildebrand, Cardinal Lavigerie."

The New York Observer of June 21st, has a fine editorial on "Demoralizing Newspapers." We agree with the *Observer* that recent events force, once more upon the Church of Christ, the problem of suppressing impure reading in our daily newspapers. Frequently we have referred to this matter, and again we urge upon Catholic parents an earnest consideration of the grave obligation resting on them, for the welfare of their children, in regard to the daily newspapers. The support of Catholic periodical literature is one great means of helping the young, that ought not to be neglected.

The Sacred Heart Review, in its issue of June 17, made strong editorial comment on Professor Egan's "College Endowments" paper. The *Review* is in entire agreement with the practical suggestion of Professor Egan regarding popular subscriptions for scholarships. We are pleased that so able a journal, with its large and constantly increasing number of friends, lends its vigorous help to the cause advocated in THE ROSARY for June and July.

The Catholic Columbian of June 23 also devoted an editorial to the same cause. We feel satisfied in having awakened some interest in this matter. The *Columbian* is a journal of weight and influence; it can help efficiently. With the exception of these papers, we do not know of any others that referred to the subject; but we trust that, after the heated term, the timeliness of the discussion will be more generally recognized.

The Christian Intelligencer, of June 27, published a temperate, yet strong paper, on women in the Church. The writer is evidently not a "woman's rights" man, in the vulgar sense of this word; but he has a purer, a more spiritual understanding of her place and power. His rebuke to the "Amazonian preachers" is well deserved.

The issue of this journal for July 4, utters, however, a sentiment that can have no explanation save that vouchsafed by arrant bigotry.

Commenting on the railway strike, or boycott, precipitated by the American Railway Union, the *Intelligencer* says: "The boycott is the device of Irish Romanism, and is an adaptation of Papal excommunication to business transactions." This is vicious, rabid. We do not propose to defend the action of any rioters, nor do we hesitate to say that the strike or boycott was unwise and wrong, at least in the manner of its conduct. We are not here discussing the merits of the unhappy occurrence; we are assured that the wrong is not one-sided. We do not care whether the president of the A. R. U. is of German extraction, as has been claimed, or whether he is an American (Indian?) or a Mongolian; we care nothing about this phase. Rather, we emphatically declare that the intrusion of any suggestion of religion or nationality into this matter is of very bad manners, and the reference to Papal excommunication, absurd.

In *The Outlook* for June 30, Katharine Tynan Hinkson (we prefer the old form, Katharine Tynan, and we shall so use it), presents a sketch on the "Literary Revival in Ireland" that makes delightful reading. The appearance of this article will bring to many Americans a revelation as to some of the Irish writers whose names are familiar only in the train of English *litterateurs*. Ireland has suffered keenly in the cruel effort that England has made to quench her national life, as well as her national language. Her writers have been absorbed under the name British, or English, and few compilers of the history of literature have been sufficiently clear in making the proper distinction. The movement so gracefully sketched by Katharine Tynan, herself one of the brilliant band, is full of promise to lovers of Irish literature, even if written in the English tongue.

The latest literary venture in the form of a Catholic magazine, is that issued by the Augustinian Fathers, under the name of *Our Lady of Good Counsel*. Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly is editor. It is published by D. J. Gallagher and Co., 245 North Broad St., Philadelphia, at the low rate of fifty cents a year. We bid the young magazine "God speed," and we hope it will have a long and prosperous career.

"Pope Leo XIII. and the Consistory" is the title of a rambling article in *Godey's Magazine* for July. The illustrations are beautiful, if beyond the scope of the subject. The writer is perhaps more boyish than bad-mannered in his reference to one of the Pope's chamberlains. "Confessional" for "Confession" might be passed over as a "slip," but we presume the dapper writer with his kodak, which he used contrary, to the rules, did not know the difference between "Confession," and "Confessional." He is further in error when he describes the "priests," who carry the Pope's "Sedes Gestatoria." His concluding sentence may not have been inspired by bigotry, but ignorance is clear. He partly saves himself, by a wretched device: "to the best of my recollection," a subterfuge to which no writer dealing with "facts" should have recourse. His assertion that John H. Surratt was concealed in the Vatican as a member of the Swiss Guard, needs this important amendment: Substitute "Papal Zouaves" for "Swiss Guard," and omit concealment in the Vatican. What historians are some of our magazine scribes!

The Colorado Catholic, July 7, published an edifying and valuable article on "The Blessed Virgin, Patroness of the United States." What might be called the history of the public growth of devotion to our Lady in this country is traced in an interesting way.

The Quarterly Illustrator, number 7, affords a rich and varied view, in more than three hundred illustrations, of some of the best work of living artists. *The Illustrator* covers a wide range, and presents to its readers, at a trifling cost, "a bird's-eye view," in finely-executed engravings, of many works not easily accessible to the general public. Accompanying the paper, "The Influence of Dutch Art," the two illustrations, "Returning Thanks," and "The Good Book," deserve special commendation for the treatment of the subjects.

Frederick R. Coudert's article on the A. P. A's, published in the *Forum* for July, is incisive, pungent, dignified. We agree with him in the opinion that A. P. A-ism will be short-lived, but this will not be solely because of its innate corruption, but largely because of the vigorous blows it has received and will receive from honest men. Mr. Coudert's arraignment of the A. P. A's is presented in such a manner that it must have a good effect. For Mr. McMaster's article in

the same nun bar, "The Riotous Career of the Know-Nothings," we would have only words of praise, if this writer were not guilty of two serious errors that are "honored" falsehoods and calumnies kept in stock by rampant bigots, among whom Mr. McMaster, as an historian, ought not to hold place. Speaking of the foreigners in the early years of the century, he writes, they "cast a united vote in behalf of whichever party would buy it at the highest price; and—what was more offensive—were all members of the Roman Catholic Church." Further on he speaks of this "great Church hierarchy whose ruler was a foreign prince *claiming and exercising* both spiritual and *temporal* jurisdiction." We italicize the words that express an absolute untruth. What can we expect from an unthinking mob inflamed by passion and deluded by vicious leaders, when an historian (?), in the quiet of his study, will write such stuff for "a leading magazine"? Mr. McMaster's statement about Catholics selling their votes, in the manner named, is a wanton and cruel calumny. History, alas!

We had intended to dissect a quibbling article, on this subject, that appeared in the June *Forum*, but several of our Catholic weeklies have disposed of Mr. Winston. It would be unkind to add to his discomfiture.

In the July *Forum*, Frederic Harrison estimates Carlyle's place in literature. The bigotry of the burly Scotchman, against the Church, is justly scored by Mr. Harrison. "The Ideal training of an American Boy," in the same number, has some good points, but religion is utterly ignored in securing what the writer calls "moral autonomy." We could expect little for religion from a man who makes a list of biographies in this fashion: "Confucius, Çakya-muni, Themistocles, Socrates, Julius Cæsar, Jesus, Paul, Mohammed," etc. Our Blessed Redeemer ranked with Confucius and Mohammed! Why will not non-Catholic parents realize that the Church is the only salvation for our youth, that only her position on education is sound, unassailable?

Among the interesting July articles of that always interesting magazine, *Outing*, "The Ape that Talked," we read with special care, because of the excellent manner of its telling.

The A. P. A's are getting desperate. The vice-president claims a hearing in the July *Century*, in answer to Doctor

Gladding's exposé, in the March number. We are much pleased to find that Doctor Gladding makes a brief but effective rejoinder to Mr. Fawcett's paper, which, in the language of the Doctor, we stigmatize as "a characteristic falsehood." The vice-president is a good (?) second to his superior officer, in the peculiar infamy of the A. P. A., but neither can stand the fire of Doctor Gladding. God bless the Doctor for his manliness and love of truth!

We are indebted to *The Catholic Times*, of Philadelphia (July 7), for the publication of a beautiful pastoral by Bishop Belckmans, of Lahore, India, on devotion to our Blessed Lady. The following extract expresses, in clear words, the necessity of true devotion to our Blessed Mother, which THE ROSARY earnestly endeavors to propagate:

"It is a well-known historical fact that devotion to Mary has ever been a real defense of true Catholic doctrine; for, as we have known erstwhile pillars of the Church to have become heresiarchs, and lost belief in Jesus Christ by attacking His Holy Mother, so have we likewise witnessed the prodigal sons returning to their Heavenly Father by a sincere return to the devotion to the Mother of God. Surrounded, as we at present are, by an external appearance of triumphant infidelity and heresy, devotion to our Blessed Lady becomes not only a sure refuge, but also an invulnerable safeguard for piety and faith. And, in fact, by frequent meditation on her grandeur, by an intelligent imitation of her virtues, by enrolment in her confraternities, by the habitual recitation of her Rosary, and by wearing her scapulars, we are perpetually fortifying our faith, increasing its quantity, and quickening its intensity. No wonder, then, that in the Church, from the time of the Apostles to the present day, Mary has ever been the object of a special devotion, second to none but to the adoration due to God alone."

"Missionary Work for the Laity—A Word to our Young Men and Women," is the title of a capital paper in the *Ave Maria* for July 7th. The distribution of such a practical bit of advice, clearly and pointedly put, in the shape of a leaflet would do more good than the scattering of a great many of the bulletins that often litter our church floors and pews. We suggest this because we know that thousands, who ought to be benefited by

such reading, are not friends of the *Ave Maria*, or of any other Catholic publication.

From a well-written paper in *Scribner's Magazine* for July, on "The New York Tenement-House Evil and Its Cure," we quote a few sentences. "Great sums of money are yearly squandered upon making the structures unfit to live in. Then other great sums are contributed by charitable people to relieve the distress which these horrible structures engender. Hospitals are kept full, children die, misery, disease, and crime flourish, because the people are huddled together without light and air." We do not agree with the writer that "all this happens simply because the principles of economical planning are not understood." Readily we repeat, "Verily, ignorance is expensive." But we believe that inhumanity has more to do with the wretched condition of the average five-story, twenty-family tenement, than has ignorance. The owners of such dismal piles, with their swarming multitudes of men, women, and children, who are systematically robbed of God's free gifts of light and pure air, act on the usual plan of a grasping world: "Get all you can for as little as you can." The pulpits can with propriety take up the cause of the poor in this way.

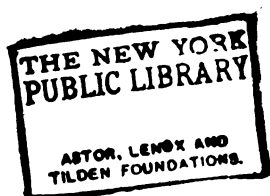
The *Scribner's* paper will do good, because it offers practical remedies in connection with its just denunciation of existing abuses. The poor we shall always have with us, but the teaching of our humanity, apart from the obligation of our Christianity, is that we should do what we can to alleviate the sorrows and miseries of their life.

In the same number Agnes Repplier writes pleasantly on the "Woman Question," though why there should be any woman question at all is not quite clear to us. One quaint remark of old Doctor Johnson on women preaching, which Miss Repplier quotes, we reproduce: "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

"Christian and Patriotic Education," is the title of the opening paper of the July *Catholic World*. It is from the advance sheets of Father Alfred Young's forthcoming work, "Catholic and Protest-

ant Countries Compared." Judging the book by this glimpse, we can cheerfully expect something that will be vigorous. In the article under discussion, Father Young exposes the duplicity of Dr. King, the secretary of the National League for the Protection of American Industries, an organization that is in close touch with the A. P. A. Dr. King was a conspicuous pleader before the Constitutional Convention of New York State, in an effort to injure Catholic institutions, though, of course, the purpose was otherwise worded. Father Young has done a good work in showing the manner of man Dr. King is. But the further value of the article lies in the statement well sustained that Protestantism has practically leagued itself with infidelity in betraying this country, into the hands of unbelievers, on the vital point of education. Quoting the words of a former Prime Minister of France, M. Thiers: "We must make education more religious than it has been up to the present moment. We must put it upon its former basis; and if we do not, *I tremble for the future of France*," Father Young adds a few sentences that have great force and special meaning in view of the recent murder of President Carnot: "France, or at least the powers that have been ruling the country, turned a deaf ear to the counsel of this wise statesman, banished every word and sign of religion from education, whether popular or of the higher grades, and what is the consequence? Infidelity has spread over that once Christian land like a plague, and anarchy, with its dynamite bombs, is threatening the overthrow of all order and government and the inauguration of another and more devastating Reign of Terror." Catholics who are true to the principles of Christian education are the real patriots, whose love for country is a sacred part of their love for God and Holy Church, whose anxious thoughts turn to the future, for we would, at any sacrifice, ward off from our beloved land, dangers that are threatening through the spread of infidel instruction.

Honest Protestants stand with such Catholics for the great cause of country that is involved, and we hope that they will recognize that only the Catholic position is just, and full of bright promise for the future.





REVEREND MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL, O. P.
(AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE.)



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REVEREND MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL

DRANE, O. P.



BY the death of the late Mother Francis Raphael Drane, for many years Prioress-Provincial of the English Congregation of St. Catherine of Siena, who gave up her soul to God on the 29th of last April, not only the Dominican Order, but the whole Catholic world, both religious and secular, has sustained a great and irreparable loss. The readers of **THE ROSARY** are already acquainted with her "Life of St. Dominic," which has recently appeared in these pages, and in which she has drawn the portrait of our holy Founder with a tender delicacy of touch and a reverent piety that reveal no less the poetical genius of a highly-cultivated mind than the affectionate heart of a faithful and loving daughter.

For more than thirty years the name of Mother Francis Raphael—or Augusta Theodosia Drane, as she is better known in the literary world—has been acknowledged and revered as that of a writer of no ordinary merit. Her works have had an immense circulation, both in England and America, and many of them have been translated into French, German, and Italian.

Had she chosen to remain in the world and devote herself to a life of literary labor, there is no doubt that she would have

attained to a high position amongst English writers. But God had called her to a nobler destiny; she was to seek a higher end than the fleeting praise of men, and in the summer of her life, when her great mental gifts and powerful character were in their full vigor, when the whole world smiled upon her, and the prospect of a useful, and, perhaps, famous career must have been open before her, the voice of God spoke to her soul, and those words, which, for eighteen centuries, have had power to work miracles of sacrifice in countless hearts, sounded in her ear: "Hearken, O Daughter, and see, and incline thine ear; and forget thy people, and thy father's house." "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell all that thou hast, and come follow Me." She heard the call and obeyed it, and gave up everything, father, mother, friends, home, family life, literary fame, all that the world could give, counting it all but dust and ashes, if so she might gain Christ.

That she understood the sacrifice, had counted the cost, and, at the same time, knew the real emptiness of earthly things, is evident from the beautiful poem, *Loss and Gain*, which she wrote later on.

"Thou hast lost what can never return,
A handful of crumbling earth:
Oh, what was its weight and worth
Thus to make thy poor heart yearn?

"Count up thy loss and thy gain:
Thou hast lost the joys of thy youth;
'Thou hast grasped th' eternal truth;
Oh, why shouldst thou reckon the pain?

"Thou hast lost what the world holds dear;
Oh, well for thee that it died!
Fold it up and put it aside,
And weep for it never a tear.
O empty heart! O weary breast!
Never below shalt thou make thy nest.
It must not be:
The human home, the earthly rest
Is not for thee!

But oh! what hast thou won?
A love that is ever pure,
A love that shall aye endure
When the sands of life are run:
'Then, mourner, from the dust arise!
'Thine are no fragile, earth-born ties
Which part and sever,
But Love Divine, which never dies,
Is thine forever."

The first sacrifice was that of conversion from Anglicanism to the Church of Christ. Mother Francis Raphael was born and educated in the Protestant creed, and had, as a child, received little dogmatic teaching, though her mother was a lady of peculiar beauty and nobility of character, and was loved and venerated by her daughter with intense tenderness.

"Her first religious impressions," says Father Wilberforce, O. P., in the beautiful discourse that he preached at her funeral, "seem to have been almost entirely those of *fear*; but this fear, which is the beginning of wisdom, was combined in her with intense belief in God, as the Infinite Spirit, the Creator and Governor of all." She had a great love for the words of Holy Scripture, which seems to have begun even in her childhood, and, as those who knew her intimately can testify, increased with every year of her life.

At the time of her birth, the Dranes were living at Bromley, near London, but when Augusta was about fourteen, the family removed to Babbicombe, in Devonshire—curiously enough, not far from the future site of one of her own Convents. The beauty of her new home may be best described in her own words:

"I remember
A green valley by a sunny bay;
How the birds sang there together
In the beautiful spring weather,
All through the livelong day!
The long glades and the evening shades,
And the voices full of glee
Floating there on the balmy air,
How they all come back to me!

I remember
My own home in that fairy dell;
The look of the dewy lawn
In the light of an early dawn,
I mind it all so well!
And still in my ear I seem to hear
The wind in the old fir-tree,
The sounds from the shore, and the dipping oar,
And the murmur of the sea!'

The natural beauty of God's world always had immense power to move the sensitive and delicately-strung temperament of Augusta Drane. She seemed to comprehend—as far as creature can do—something of what must have been the thoughts of the Crea-

¹ *Loss and Gain*; see *Songs in the Night*.—Burns and Oates.

tor of all things, when He looked upon the world that He had made, as it lay before Him in the early dawn of its creation, with the blue sky and the green earth, the sea sparkling in the light of the newly-created sun; the mighty mountains and the shady valleys; the birds singing in the trees, and all creatures "rejoicing in the Lord that made them"—all as yet untouched and untarnished by the sin of man—and "saw that it was good."

The natural creation was always "good" to Sister Francis Raphael, and there is no doubt that God made use of her love for these "visible things" which He had created to raise her to a closer knowledge of and union with Himself. In one of her poems, written long after her conversion, she describes how the gift of Faith had made the beauty of earth and sea and sky appear, not less, but more lovely in her eyes.¹

During her residence at Babbicombe, she came under the influence of the Tractarian movement, that was sweeping like a great wave from one end of England to the other, stirring all hearts with deep and strong emotions, and, together with many other great souls, Augusta Drane went through a phase of "Puseyism," followed by a period of much interior trial and doubt, ere she was at last safely landed on the Rock of Peter, and entered the haven of the Catholic Church. She was received into the true fold in 1850, and then, for the first time in her life, experienced perfect peace of soul. "The intense peace of that return journey," she herself wrote, "I shall never forget; it was not excitement, nor joy, nor high spirits, but *peace*. I could say nothing, think nothing, but *I am a Catholic!*"

After her conversion she went to Rome and placed herself under the direction of Père Besson, the friend and disciple of Lacordaire, who was then novice-master at Santa Sabina, and whom Mother Francis Raphael always spoke of as *a saint*. Here, at the very fountain-head, on the spot sanctified by the life and miracles of St. Dominic, she drank in the true spirit of his holy Order, the love of which was afterwards to become such a marked feature in her character. It was during a retreat made under Père Besson that she finally decided to give herself entirely to God, and enter holy Religion.

¹ An April Day, see *Songs in the Night*.

But her attraction to the Dominican Order had begun long before this, and of its origin she herself has given a beautiful account to an intimate friend. "Before her conversion," writes the latter, "she had learned somewhat of the meaning of the word 'Vocation,' that something besides becoming a Catholic lay before her, and that the one great change and separation and death to domestic ties would only be the fore-runner of another more complete. "I thought a good deal about it," she told me; "and I saw that as Anglicans at that time had no convents, so long as I remained Anglican, I could not enter one. But *Religious life*, I thought, is not necessarily *Convent life*; perhaps what I am meant for, is to lead a "religious life" in the world. What is "religious life?" The three vows, and with them (I supposed) separation from the world, devotion to the poor, to souls, to charity. I thought it all out on paper, and sketched the ideal of a Religious Order, which should give a rule and a bond of union to persons desirous to belong to God, but unable to enter a Convent. It was to have *Constitutions* (I do not know where I got hold of that word), and Superiors, and so on. It was to have work, and Institutes of charity were to be aggregated to it. I gave my sketch to Mr.— and asked him to read it and tell me what he thought of it. Standing by a myrtle tree, in our garden, one day, just as we were going out, he said: "By-the-by, I have read your sketch. Do you know that an Order exists among Roman Catholics, very like what you describe?"

"Indeed!" I said; "I know nothing about it. What is it called?"

"The Third Order of St. Dominic."

As he said the words, they made such an extraordinary impression on me, that I almost felt as if I should have fainted, and caught hold of the myrtle to steady myself. I went in-doors, and wrote down the name in my pocket-book, saying to myself: "Some day I shall belong to the Third Order of St. Dominic!"

This impression seems never to have left her, and when, after her reception into the Church, she went to Clifton to be confirmed, she asked the Bishop (Dr. Hendren) if he could give her any information about "The Third Order of St. Dominic." Now, as it happened, a Convent of Dominican Tertiaries had, not so

very long before, been founded at Clifton by Mother Margaret Hallahan, and the Bishop naturally supposed that Miss Drane was alluding to them; "whereas," she afterwards wrote, "I did not so much as know there was a Convent there at all."

Armed, therefore, with a letter of introduction, she presented herself at the Convent gate. Mother Margaret was away, but during that short visit she made acquaintance with one whose life and heart were destined to be so closely united to her own, whose work she was to share, and whose mantle of office was to be laid on her own shoulders later on,—Sister Mary Imelda Poole, then a novice on the eve of profession, Mother Margaret's assistant and right hand, and after her death, the second Prioress-Provincial of the Congregation.

When Augusta heard that she was actually under the roof of a Convent of this mysterious "Third Order" of which she had so long been thinking, and that she was speaking to a living member of it, she describes herself as "feeling caught in a wonderful maze." Sister Imelda soon enlightened her as to the object, work, and rules of the said Order, and in the following summer, Miss Drane was received as a Tertiary, together with a very dear friend who had entered the Church at the same time as herself. This admission into the Third Order was a great happiness to her, and she always looked back on that day with gratitude and pleasure.

It was after this that she went to Rome, and on her return, both she and her friend entered the Convent at Clifton as Postulants, on which occasion she took the name of Francis Raphael. In the December of the same year she received the white habit of the daughters of St. Dominic, and in 1853 was admitted to holy profession.

A short account of the Congregation to which Sister Francis Raphael had been thus, we may almost say, divinely led, will not, we think, be out of place, or uninteresting to the readers of *THE ROSARY*, and will serve to give them a clearer idea of the sphere of work that had now opened out to its new member.

The English Congregation of the Sisters of Penance of the Third Order of St. Dominic (bearing the title of S. Catherine of Siena), took its origin in a small Community of Sisters of the

Third Order, founded at Coventry, in Warwickshire, in the year 1844.

The foundress of this Community was Mother Margaret Hallahan, who, after residing for several years in Belgium, where she had been professed as a Dominican Tertiary, came over to England, in 1842, in order to take charge of the Poor Schools of Coventry, the Catholic mission of which place was at that time under the direction of the Rev. Father Ullathorne, O. S. B., afterwards Bishop of Birmingham.



MOTHER MARGARET MARY HALLAHAN, O. P.

The first four Sisters received the habit on the 11th of June, 1844, and were professed on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in the following year; the necessary authorization being granted by the Very Rev. Father Nicholds, O. P., Provincial of the English Province, in concurrence with the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of the diocese, the direction of the Sisters being left in the hands of Dr. Ullathorne.

The Community thus founded continued at Coventry, in great

poverty and simplicity, until July, 1846, during which time much good was effected by the labors of the Sisters amongst the poor and ignorant. In 1846, it was removed to Bristol, and thence to Clifton, where the building of a Convent was completed in 1849. The Community continued to increase, and received the charge of the Poor Schools attached to the Pro-Cathedral at Clifton. An Orphanage of girls was attached to the Convent, and the Sisters were likewise employed in visiting the sick and poor in and around Bristol.

During this period, Dr. Ullathorne, who had been the faithful protector of the infant Community, and who has always been venerated by Mother Margaret and her children as their Father and Founder, was made Bishop, first of the Western District, and afterwards of the Diocese of Birmingham, and in 1851, he was appointed by Apostolic authority, Superior during his life-time, as delegate of the General of the Order, over the Convent of Tertiaries then founded, as well as of all the Convents thereafter to be founded from it. Later on, however, with the approbation of the Holy See, the Congregation passed under the immediate government of the Bishops of the different dioceses in which the Convents are situated.

In the meantime the number of Religious had considerably increased, and it was considered advisable to extend their work. In 1853 the Novitiate was removed from Clifton to Stone in Staffordshire, where a church and Convent were built, which has since become the Mother-House of the Congregation, and place of residence of the Provincial.

Subsequently foundations were made at Stoke-upon-Trent, a town in the midst of the great pottery district; at St. Mary's church in Devonshire, where there is now a large orphanage for girls; and finally at Bow, in the east end of London and in the neighborhood of some of the poorest districts of the city.

The constitutions of the Congregation are founded entirely on those of the great Order, and were prepared with the greatest care and diligence by Mother Imelda Poole, assisted by Sister Francis Raphael, as during Mother Margaret's life the government had been a provisional one. These constitutions have received the fullest approbation, both of the General of the Order

and of the Holy See, and the Congregation has therefore now, by the blessing of God, arrived at a state of permanence and stability, which, humanly speaking, could scarcely have been looked for in its first beginnings. Its chief works are the care of orphan girls, Homes for incurables, whether girls or women; Poor Schools, High Schools, and Young Ladies' Boarding Schools; Church and other needle-work; and visiting the sick and poor, besides saying the Divine Office. At the time of Sister Francis



MOTHER M. IMELDA POOLE, O. P.

Raphael's entrance into the Clifton Community, however, all these works were in a very embryo state, and what the Congregation went through during the process of consolidation: the heroic labors and self-sacrifices of the first Sisters, the poverty they cheerfully endured, and the difficulties they encountered and overcame in their attempts to keep up even "a charcoal sketch of regular observance," as she herself playfully described it, are portrayed with a life and power by the pen of Augusta Drane.

in her "Life of Mother Margaret," of which it would be impossible for us to give an idea in an article such as this.

Here, then, at the age of twenty-eight, did she come, at the call of God, to "bury herself and her talents," as the world would have said, and no doubt did say of her, at the time. And in one sense it may have been true. There can be no kind of doubt that to a strong and richly-gifted nature like Augusta Drane's, the sacrifices demanded by that complete holocaust of self in which religious perfection consists, must have been very costly, and have pierced to the very marrow of the human soul and spirit. Possibly, too, in her ignorance of the future, and of all things connected with Religious life, she may have herself thought that all her natural powers and talents *were* to be buried and lost for ever. God may have willed it so in order to make her sacrifice fuller and more meritorious in His sight.

But, however that may have been, she did not hesitate; she cast her grain of wheat into the ground, in obedience to the call of God, that it might die if such were His will. And it did die; and then, springing up, it brought forth fruit a hundredfold. "A very favorite parable of Mother Francis Raphael's," writes one who knew and loved her, "was that of the grain of wheat, which must *die* if it would not remain alone, but would bring forth fruit for God; and I have always thought what a striking example she herself was of the truth of the words. She gave up everything for God, and in return she has been allowed to do a work for the Order and the Catholic Church, which, had she not entered Religion, she could not possibly have done. She sacrificed earthly fame, and her writings have been singularly blessed in bringing souls nearer to God, and teaching them to know and love His saints; she renounced the happiness of domestic ties, and God made her "the joyful mother of many children," through whom "Virgins should be brought to the King." She buried herself in the obscurity of a Convent, and there, unconsciously to herself, helped to make the Order she so tenderly loved and labored for, better known and honored both in England and America.

Mother Margaret, indeed, was not the one to allow any person's light to be hidden under a bushel, if there was any possibility of its being used for the glory of God. She soon discovered

the unusual gifts of her new postulant, and employed her in a variety of ways.

"Every interval left free from religious exercises, community duties, domestic work, and teaching in the orphanage, was spent in such varied occupations as painting altars, manufacturing figures for the Christmas crib, translating and versifying the hymns of the Breviary, or assisting Sister Imelda in the compilation of the constitutions."

"The gift of writing bright amusing letters," says one of her religious Sisters, "illustrated by clever sketches, was one in which Sister Francis Raphael excelled, and she was always willing to exercise it for the entertainment of her absent Sisters, whenever any unusual little episode diversified the ordinary routine of conventual life. Her lively imagination and keen sense of humor enabled her to make fun out of the most trivial occurrence; needless to say, she never used the gift in a way that could be in the slightest degree wounding to anyone."

There cannot, however, we should think, have been much sameness or "routine," in those early days, when the newly-established novitiate at Stone was, as she herself describes it, "begun in a chaos of confusion;" with the house full of workmen; no choir or chapel—Mass being sung on the feast of St Dominic, in the Community Room, fitted up as a temporary choir, noviceship instructions given in the garden or dormitory, and the novices as well as the professed employed, now in chopping wood or carrying coals, now in teaching the catechism to poor children, now translating Latin, learning French, or studying plain chant!

In one letter she describes the beginnings of the Convent at Stoke, which, she says, "is built upon a step-ladder; we sleep at the top of the ladder, and eat at the bottom. The means of getting from the sleeping to the eating apartments is a certain wooden construction, to which the piety of our Sisters has given the name of "Jacob's ladder." I suppose from the perpetual going up and down of those beings, who, so Sister —— says, are, or ought to be, angels in human form,—nuns! For my own part however, I have from the first associated it with Noah's Ark, partly from its timber material, partly, that whereas it lets in the rain at every crack, it strikingly reminds one of the Deluge!

However, either way, you see, we cling to the Patriarchal times!" In 1857 Père Jandel came to England, and paying a visit to Stoke, was both amused and edified at the primitive surroundings in which the Sisters were doing their best to keep up Community life.

Gradually, however, all things took due shape and order, and with the completion of the Conventual buildings, regular observance was permanently established.

(Conclusion in October.)

OUR LADY OF PITY.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

SHE stands, the Lady of Pity,
Over the old church porch.
Outside the walls of the city,
The sea creeps up to the church.

She is stained with the wind and weather;
No Baby is at her breast;
Her crown is browner than leather,
Where swallows have made a nest.

Your Lady of marble is fairer,
Your Lady of silver is fine,
But the Lady of Pity is dearer,
Stained with the rain and brine.

So lonely she leans for ever,
Her arms outstretched to take in
The city with woe and fever,
The city with want and sin.

The old folk say, and aver it,
Her hands were clasped on her heart,
Till the cry of a broken spirit
Brought them in blessing apart.

Was a young maid, wailing and crying
In her chamber under the moon,
With a hurt heart, hurt and undying,
That must be hid at the noon.

Her cheeks grow grayer and grayer,
Her hands are fevered and dry,
Her lips would utter a prayer, —
They only fashion a cry.

She is hurt past human recover,
With a mortal pain in her side;
And she dare not think of her lover;
Her lover is with his bride.

She said: "I will out of the city,
Where nought of comfort is found,
And the dear, dear Lady of Pity
Will give me staunch for my wound."

The wind is moaning, and blowing
The snow on her soft fair head.
No light in the casements showing;
The good townfolk are in bed.

She steals through the gates of the city,
And out where the breakers roar,
And the lonely Lady of Pity
Is over the old church door.

She sobs her pitiful story
To the lonely Lady of stone:
The stars look down in their glory,
The wind goes by with a moan.

The stars gaze down in their splendor,
What marvel now doth betide?
The Lady of Pity, most tender,
Has opened her arms out wide!

The heart that hath suffered and striven
Is filled with a sudden peace;
"Oh, 'tis the rapture of Heaven!"
She cries in her pain's surcease.

In the early morning they found her,
Dead as a frozen bird,
And the snows had drifted around her,
Like the ermine cape of a lord.

Our Lady of Pity be praised!
She leant from her place above,
Her arms outstretched and upraised,
As though in blessing and love.

See! yonder she is leaning for ever,
Her kind arms stretched to take in
The city with woe and fever,
The city with shame and sin.

GOD has never made or formed but one enmity; but it is an irreconcilable one, which shall endure and develop even to the end. It is between Mary, His worthy Mother, and the devil—between the children and the servants of the Blessed Virgin and the children and instruments of Lucifer. The most terrible of all the enemies which God has set up against the devil is His Holy Mother Mary. He has inspired her, even since the days of the earthly Paradise, though she existed then only in His idea, with so much hatred against that cursed enemy of God, with so much industry in unveiling the malice of that old serpent, with so much power to conquer, to overthrow, and to crush that proud impious rebel, that he fears her not only more than all Angels and men, but in some sense, more than God Himself.—*Blessed Louis Mary Grignon De Montfort, O.P.*

THE GOLD PLAGUE.

GEN. HUGH EWING.

CHAPTER XII.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

THE blow that fell upon the firm in Fincastle, was annihilating. Though the Register had not overestimated their financial standing, yet the low prices obtained under a forced settlement failed to realize the face of the note, and after the sale even of the residence and household effects, of everything they possessed in the world, personal and real, they were still a trifle in debt.

They would have been literally turned into the street, as Alonzo, in his melancholy musing had anticipated, but for the friendly hand held out to them by Utter. He owned, and with his widowed mother, occupied a small cottage in the outskirts of the town, and to this he cordially invited his old employer and the ladies.

Mrs. Utter, though a parsimonious woman, was at first overawed by the rank of the persons who came under her roof. But, as time wore on, she fretted at the outlay their presence occasioned, and made it apparent by her manner, that their prolonged stay was unwelcome. Utter had found employment in another establishment. Faber had sought a position, but found none; the ladies had secured two or three music pupils, but the honorarium received from them was very inconsiderable. In the meantime their position in the house of Utter was becoming quite unbearable.

In this state of things, a rumor reached the widow Redway, that the body of her son Alonzo had been found in the river, below Cincinnati. The following evening she appeared at the Utter cottage in Fincastle, and introduced herself.

"My dear," she said, addressing Paula, with tears in her eyes; "I have come over to enquire if you have heard anything of Alonzo."

"No, Mrs. Redway," she answered, "not a word, nor have we any idea where he is. An idle rumor, that no doubt brought you

over, is untrue; we have made inquiry ; there is nothing in it,—nothing whatever.” The widow rose from her chair, crossed the room, and embraced her.

“ My daughter,” she said, “ I want you to love me.”

This took Paula by surprise, and brought the tears to her eyes; though she failed to respond with any show of affection. Faber was quite touched, as was Kitty, and conceived on the spot a favorable opinion of the widow.

“ I cannot help thinking,” she said, after her composure was restored, “ that Alonzo has gone out to California to join his brother. John must be doing well there, for he recently repaid the money advanced him by Mr. Aubry, threefold, and sent me a draft for a large sum.”

“ What is he engaged in ? ” enquired Faber, with interest. “ Digging for gold ? ”

“ No, he failed in the mines; he says they all fail there, or nearly all. He is in business in San Francisco, and, as near as I can make out, is leasing property, and sub-letting it,—to banks, I think he said, though I could not quite understand it; at any rate, it must be profitable.”

“ I would go out myself,” responded Faber, “ if I had the means; there is an opening there.”

“ Papa ! ” exclaimed Paula; “ at your age; you would die from exposure.”

“ Better die,” he replied, “ than endure this wretched life.”

This remark, with the entrance of Mrs. Utter, which cast a gloom over the little company, like the sudden pouring in of frosty air, attracted the attention of the widow. In the short remarks that ensued, she read the situation accurately.

The conversation became animated and friendly on the departure of Mrs. Utter, and, when the widow rose to take her leave, she said:

“ I am lonely in my cottage in Sunbury. I will consider it a great favor if you will all ride over with me, in the carriage to-morrow, and make me a visit. I will send you back when you get tired, but I hope that will not be soon.”

“ Is there a chance for a person to give music lessons over there ? ” enquired Kitty, quickly interposing her question.

"There may be," answered the widow; "we can look about and see. There is an organist needed in the church. The old one has recently left us; that place might be had."

"Then," said Kitty, with decision; "I will accept your invitation with pleasure. At what hour will you leave?"

"At any hour that will be convenient to you; but my daughter and her father must come with us. Without my daughter I will positively not stir out of Fincastle; and it will never do to leave her father here alone."

"How can we all go?" said Paula; "we will overrun you."

"Leave me to care for you; I have plenty of room. Come, you must all go with me. I will ensure you a pleasant time."

"If you are sure we will not be imposing on your hospitality," said Faber, "I will go; a change, I think, will do us all good. I know it will be pleasing to me."

Paula could interpose no objection after this, and assented.

"Come prepared for a long stay," said the widow, as she parted with the ladies at the door, "for in Sunbury short visits are unknown."

Faber escorted her to the hotel; the early hour of seven in the morning was fixed for the departure. The ladies were charmed at the prospect of freedom for a time, from the tyranny and cutting insinuations of Mrs. Utter; charmed to get out of sight of Fincastle, in which everything reminded them of the state from which they had fallen; charmed to relieve the father from the daily mortification inflicted upon him by the parsimonious woman, which he bore with the silent philosophy that comes to those who see before them no remedy.

The following day was bright, and the drive over, in the bracing air, exhilarating. It seemed so long to the unfortunates, since their fall; so long since they had laughed. They were pleased with the quiet of Sunbury; pleased with the cottage, with its lawn and garden; pleased with the comfortable rooms assigned them; pleased with the well-cooked supper, that threw the table of Utter in the shade, and brought to mind their own in the past, never to return. Father Dominic, on the recommendation of the widow, and a trial of her skill, appointed Kitty organist; and her delight to be thus made independent, knew no bounds; to be

able to cast off the galling chain of Utter, gave her new life.

The widow, by indefatigable drumming, secured a few music scholars for Paula; and it soon settled itself, without words, that they were never to return to the thralldom of the woman Utter; that their future home, and a happy one to all, was the cottage of the Sunbury widow.

"Are you going to meeting to-day, Papa?" enquired Paula, at the breakfast table, on the Sunday following their arrival.

"No," he answered, "I am tired of going to meeting. I will stay at home and read; I want to be quiet."

"But I cannot go alone; I need an escort."

"Well, stay at home," he answered; "what difference does it make? You can pass the time in reading; you are under no obligation to go, you can do as you like."

"But I want to go," she persisted. "I am in the habit of going. I shall feel uncomfortable if I stay at home, and not enjoy reading in the least."

"Well then, go with Kitty; you can escort each other."

"But Kitty is going with Mrs. Redway."

"Suppose she is," he replied, with irritation in his voice. "Mrs. Redway's church is as good as any; better than one which breeds such men as Deacon Eli Plumb. Besides, politeness requires you to go to church with your hostess."

"Very well," she responded, "but I shall feel strange and uncomfortable, for I have never attended Mrs. Redway's church in my life."

"I will give you, ladies, a prayer-book apiece," interposed Mrs. Redway, "and you can follow the service; you can stand and kneel as I do, and you will not attract attention."

The small library of the widow, contained valuable books relating to religion, and Kitty read them with care, determined, as she said, to get at the bottom of the subject. She questioned her hostess when she encountered any difficulty; and, after some serious reflection, announced to the family that she was on her way to Rome. Her friends did not follow her as promptly as she wished, though they had dropped the sect to which they had formerly belonged, and attended High Mass frequently. This was the subject of talk in the village, and, at length, a

deacon, thinking himself inspired by an Apostolic Mission, ventured into the cottage to remonstrate.

"Brother," he said, on introducing himself, "I have come to take council with you."

"I am not your brother," replied Faber, "you are a stranger to me."

"Brother in the Lord—spiritual brother, I mean," replied the deacon, somewhat taken aback.

"In a general sense, yes. The Chinese say, 'Religions are many; reason is one; we are all brothers.'"

"But in a restricted sense," insisted the deacon, "you and I are brethren; you belong to the fold."

"I was in the fold at Fincastle," replied Faber, "but do not desire to renew my relations with it at Sunbury. The brethren did not stand by me in my trouble; indeed, it was a wolf in the fold that brought it on. I have made up my mind to let religion go, and pick up what comfort I can in the world without its aid."

"This is deplorable," replied the deacon, with a sigh. "One would think that you had never experienced religion."

"On looking back, Deacon, I can see that I never had any well founded belief; my religion was emotional,—and the emotions have subsided. You may put me down on your black list, if you please, and count me out."

"May I speak to the young ladies?" enquired the deacon after a long pause.

"It will be of no use," he answered. "Wait," he added, with a smile, "I will call one of them." Presently Kitty entered, and was introduced.

"I have called to have a little religious talk, my dear Miss Lawson," began the deacon; "we deeply regret your non-attendance at our meetings since your coming to Sunbury. I hope you are not overlooking your spiritual interests."

"On the contrary," she replied, "of late I have given the question of religion special attention."

"You delight me," he responded, "this is indeed good news; I had hardly hoped for it. And your cousin: how is it with her?"

"Oh, as to her, I can hardly answer; but I fear she is not as deeply interested as myself."

"I will talk with her; together we will urge her on. You have not received religion as yet?"

"No, not yet."

"It will be a triumph to Sunbury to bring you ladies in; truly, a cause of rejoicing. We will confidently expect you on next Sunday, when I will introduce you to our sisters. It will be a joyful Sabbath morning."

"Sabbath is a misnomer," she replied, smiling. "It means Saturday; but I cannot attend. You know, perhaps, I play the organ."

"Sabbath a misnomer," he repeated in a daze; "and you put the organ, a worldly instrument of music, before the safety of your soul! You puzzle me."

"To enlighten you, then," she responded, smiling, "as I told my friends not long since, I am on my way to Rome; our paths to Heaven, you see, diverge."

"Oh," exclaimed the deacon in surprise, rising, and taking his leave, "I see, I have been wasting my time; this has, indeed, been an unfruitful visit."

Then the rumor spread through Sunbury that Faber was an infidel, and the ladies had gone to Rome.

To the south of the village, a few miles from it, stood a Dominican Convent where the country youth received, for a small consideration, a collegiate education. Here the children of the widow had been taught. The building stood in the midst of about five hundred acres, which had long before been presented by the father of the Aubrys, and which was tilled by lay-brothers. From this, as a centre, the friars went out in every direction to attend missions and sick calls in the country and adjoining counties. Father Dominic had charge of Sunbury, and occupied, when not abroad on the Mission, a small brick house of two rooms, across the road from the church. It was here that the ladies of the Faber family, often accompanied by Faber himself, came to receive instruction. This house stood several hundred yards from a Convent of Dominican Sisters, who sent his meals to him by an assistant lay-cook.

One day, some one passing, brought him a letter from the post, and handed it in at his open sitting-room door. It was from Redway in California, and contained a draft on New York for a very considerable sum. It concluded as follows:

"Alonzo is here, and bitterly repents the false step he took in Fincastle. He has retraced it, and attends to his duties with regularity. He sends you the enclosed draft, and wishes you to purchase with it a half interest in the store of Robert Aubry, and to keep what remains as a present to yourself; or, as you are vowed to poverty, present it, in his name, to the Convent. If Mr. Faber will accept the interest in the store, buy it in his name; if not, then in the name of Alonzo. I think he intends returning to Sunbury before long; when, though, I am unable to say. Please answer immediately as to the purchase."

Father Dominic was so excited, on reading this letter, that he started to the door without his hat, in his hurry to carry the good news to the cottage. The joy of the inmates was very great, and no one made even a pretense of concealing the tears they shed. The widow went down on her knees before them all, and with clasped hands and bent head, silently offered up her heartfelt thanksgiving.

Faber was delighted; he had suffered under the enforced idleness; he felt it even more keenly than he had felt the tongue of Utter.

"I will go with you," he said, "and assist in the negotiation. I know the value of goods. It will be a splendid thing to get to work again. I am glad to owe this reparation to my son Alonzo."

"Thank you, Papa," said his daughter, tenderly, giving him a kiss. It was the first allusion he had made to her husband since the house went down.

The interest was bought, and Faber went actively to work, as happy in his revulsion of feeling, as he had been in his palmiest days.

"It reminds me, Mr. Aubry," he said, "of the days of my youth, when I worked in a very much smaller way than we are doing now. I really feel rejuvenated,—quite happy and content."

"I have all my life been content," responded Aubry; "I have

never cared for superfluous wealth; it seems to me to be a phantom,—a mere entry in one's bank book."

"So it is," he earnestly replied; "adversity has taught me to despise it. One wants occupation and a comfortable living; when that is said,—all is said."

The draft furnished quite a sum over and above the cost of the interest, and was handed over by Father Dominic to the Provincial of the Order. It came at a time when money was much needed, and a warm letter of thanks was despatched to Alonzo, the donor.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LION IS TRANSFORMED.

The profit of Redway was so large, that one by one he was able to buy out the tables in the El Dorado, until he owned them all, and was supreme in that temple of chance. So high did he hold his head that men accused him of assuming regal airs, and finally fixed on him the title of "The Lion of the Ten Tables."

One evening, as he stepped out on the pavement, on his way to his lodgings, he was accosted by a man in shabby attire, who had been lounging about, waiting for him. At first he did not recognize him; it was Alonzo, in forlorn condition. By chance, on a boat on the Mississippi, he had heard his brother alluded to as king of the ten tables, and had worked his way out to get within his influence and help.

They looked about for several days, in search of some paying business in which to buy an interest, but were unsuccessful; trade was stagnant, and the enormous rent the merchants were obliged to pay made it imperative that the profits should be rapid and large.

"I know of but one place," said Redway, as they were discussing the situation one evening, in his apartments, "in which the rent is low, and it is entirely safe to the business."

"What place is that?" enquired Alonzo.

"Sunbury."

"But the profits there are small."

"Small, I grant you; but sure."

"It would take time to build up a trade in Sunbury," objected Alonzo; "the ground is occupied."

"Why not buy out a half interest in the store of Aubry? he has an established trade, and I believe he would sell. If you say so, I will write him to-morrow. Your wife and her father are there; you can go back and take care of them. I have plenty to spare. I will present you with that half interest. What do you say?"

"I would rather you would present it to Mr. Faber. That would be the true way to help me."

"I believe it would, indeed. Well, I will present it to you, and you may give it to whom you please. But I want you to go home. I will furnish you with money on your own account, and you can trade in one way or another, and look after mother's affairs."

"Will you mention my name to Aubry?"

"I want to tell all about you in my letter. On second thought, I will write to Father Dominic. He can buy the interest, and show my letter at the cottage. But it will be understood that you are buying and presenting the interest; this shall be a secret between us."

The letter was accordingly written, the receipt of which threw Father Dominic into such a flutter of excitement, and caused such profound emotion at the cottage. In due time, an answer came, announcing the purchase of the interest, and Alonzo, furnished with a handsome sum by his brother, returned to Sunbury, and was received with open arms. The town of Fincastle and the city of Cincinnati were blotted from the cottage map. The Provincial made a formal call on Alonzo, to thank him for his liberality, much to his own confusion, but to the delight of the widow. It went down in the history of the family that Alonzo had acquired his money in San Francisco, as indeed, he had; but the share that his brother had taken in the acquisition, was never known. Alonzo reported him as having made money, but in what precise business was never clearly defined further than that, in a general way, it was connected with banks. A rumor reached the village, it is true, but it was not credited, that he was connected with a gambling establishment; but, as far as that was concerned, all business carried on in California was considered

as neither more nor less than gaming, and there was much truth in the opinion.

Dole renewed his suit for the hand of Kitty, by letter; but, on being informed that, before an answer could be given, he would be under the necessity of making a journey to Rome, a mixed marriage being, in effect, forbidden by the Church, he withdrew in a state of despair. While the blow was recent, he thought seriously of going to the Island of Formosa, and offering his person as a target to the poisoned arrows of these distant mountaineers; but, on calm reflection, he abandoned this project as savoring of the impractical, and confined himself to lecturing on the subject with renewed fervor. The lady never married, but, after a time, joined the Sisters across the road from the church where she had gained her first independence by playing the organ.

Mrs. Rosanna Plumb, on the Kentucky plantation, received a copy of the Cincinnati Commercial, containing a marked article, headed, "Let the blame fall where it is due." It caused her great consolation, inspired her to assume an air of martyrdom, and cleared up what had heretofore been a mystery to her, the sudden and unaccountable fall of her husband. After some preliminary observations on the subject of honor among business men, it concluded as follows:

"Had Faber & Redway promptly met their obligations, the house of Plumb would have been standing to-day; it was their delinquency that caused its fall. So far from standing up like men, they suffered their note to go to protest, and put in the child's plea that they had given their signature in blank, and that the note was filled in for a larger sum than had been agreed on. This reprehensible action on their part, plunged them into bankruptcy, and involved their correspondent, Plumb, in a common ruin. When will men learn that honesty is the best policy? At the very moment they were contemplating this piece of treachery, the Redways were being entertained by the Plumbs in a most sumptuous manner. Such conduct causes one almost to lose faith in human nature. We may add, to heighten the picture, if aught can make it more deplorable, that the families were co-religionists; it was like a brother stabbing a brother in the dark."

The bankers laughed at this article when they read it, as did a few others who were well informed; but the public accepted it as a fair statement of the case. They pitied the Plumbs, whom they knew, and cared nothing for the obscure Redways, whom they did not know. The article stood unchallenged and unanswered, and became history. There was no one to answer, the assailed having left the world, and retired to Sunbury, where the Commercial did not circulate.

The forty thousand dollars handed over to Rosanna, on the morning of her departure for Kentucky, was actually in excess of the amount, compounded, that came from her father's estate. In point of fact, one-fourth of that sum would have handsomely covered the income from that quarter. But, in the agitation of the moment, and perhaps in somewhat moved by affection for Rosanna, he had made, as he said, a rough calculation, and one much in her favor, treating her, indeed, as a favored creditor. This generosity, however, failed in the end to benefit himself, or help him on his feet again, as he had fondly anticipated. He drifted to St. Louis, but before starting out on his renewed search for fortune, had called at the plantation, and requested a loan of half the amount to invest in an enterprise that was certain to bring in immense profits. But his wife declined; she "would not risk her patrimony again in trade; it was vulgar, to say the least, and sure to end in ruin. Had she not experienced it in her own unfortunate life? It was demoralizing to the last degree; witness those unhappy Redways: if he would abandon trade, and live in the country like a gentleman, she would gladly share the income with him, but the principal she would never touch." Several times, at intervals of two or three years, he had returned, and renewed his application; then he was seen no more, and the memory of him faded away.

Redway became dissatisfied, after the departure of Alonzo, and entertained serious scruples concerning his occupation. He reflected that, though it was lawful, it was more or less disreputable, and was certainly not commendable. His sudden and wonderful success had dazzled him, and, in a manner, blinded him to its moral aspect. He consulted the Bishop, the saintly Alemany, whom he had had the honor to meet at the Convent near Sunbury,

when recently from Catalonia; one on whom the shadow of sin, perhaps, had never fallen. He advised him to relinquish his pursuit, and to make reparation, where it was in his power, and return to Sunbury. He promised to follow the advice, and to abjure cards for the future. In a fortnight his lease of the *El Dorado* would expire, and he would give notice to his employees that at the expiration of that period, he would require their services no longer. He felt that some notice was due before casting them adrift.

The evening following his interview with the good Bishop, whom to meet was a benediction, Redway was seated in his apartment, absorbed in arranging his affairs, when Von Tilly entered.

"There is a rumor on the street," he said, "that Paul Kidd is coming down on the steamer to-morrow."

"Do you think he is coming to give us battle?" enquired Redway.

"That is what everybody says; the bankers in the *El Dorado* are trembling in their boots already. They say that until his luck runs its course he will prove irresistible."

"I think the *El Dorado* will prove his Waterloo," said Redway. "He will find it not so easy to deal with as the little banks of the Upper Country."

"He is coming down loaded with spoil," replied Von Tilly, "and will make a desperate fight; they say he is audacity itself; that in two nights he cleared out the heavy banks of Sacramento. I must say, I am afraid of him."

"What superstition!" exclaimed Redway. "Because he won in the Upper Country, he will win here! there is no reason in that."

"Call it what you like," responded Von Tilly, "but instances are well attested at all the gambling houses in Europe, of men like this Paul Kidd, passing from Coursal to Coursal, and wrecking them one after another. When one of them starts out there, in his career, he creates a terror."

"Who is this man anyway; is anything known of him?"

"Very little; it is thought his name is an assumed one. He first appeared in the Upper Mines, a few weeks ago; but it was

not until he reached Sacramento that we heard of him here. There is no doubt in my mind that he is in league with the Old Nick. They all are; there is no other way of accounting for their unbroken run of luck. If you will take my advice you will fight shy of him. Put half the usual limit in your banks, and if he breaks them, as he is almost sure to do, you will have half your capital left."

"On the contrary, I will put the last dollar in the banks to-morrow evening, and fight to the death. I do not fear the luck of Paul Kidd, and shall be very much astonished if the ten tables of the El Dorado do not crush him. Tell our bankers it will be the last fight before we close out, and I will expect them to keep their courage up, and not lose their nerve at the sight of lucky Paul. His fortune may change at the first bank he attacks, and if they break him, they may share his spoil among them; I will touch none of it. That ought to give them courage, I think."

"If anything will, I think that will," replied Von Tilly, taking his leave. "I will tell them."

On the following evening, soon after the El Dorado was lighted up, Paul Kidd stepped in at the doorway, and stood looking about him. He was heavy set, slightly bow-legged, clean shaved; his hair of light brown, cut rather close, stood out from his large head in all directions; a man of powerful physique, with a laughing grey eye that charmed wherever it fell. He was evidently of pre-eminent good humor, not at all calculated to frighten the most timid, but behind it all stood his terrible reputation.

Presently he moved in, and walked slowly down the line of tables, looking with a friendly smile, in the faces of the bankers as he passed them. All eyes were on him, and everyone gave way. He turned, on reaching the tenth table, and retracing his steps, halted before the banker he had selected as his first victim, and, with a bow, seated himself opposite, took off his hat, and placed it on the floor beside him, and turned up his cuffs above the wrists. Two men, who had followed him at a little distance, took seats on either side, and placed on the table before him, bags of gold dust, labeled with the pounds they contained. The banker, noting these preparations for battle, turned pale, and dealt the cards with a beating heart. A dense crowd surrounded

them, and the play began. The silence was painful in its intensity, broken only by the subdued movement of the bags of gold that were pushed across the board, and the light fall of the cards. Paul rapidly increased the magnitude of his bets, until at length he placed a sum upon a single card that sent a shudder through the frame of the unhappy banker, from whose hands the cards fell trembling. A sigh of relief was suddenly emitted by the spectators; a murmur arose, followed by a shuffling of feet,—the bank was broken.

Calling for a glass of water, Paul took his seat before an adjoining table, and the play went on. The house was crowded to the close. At half past three in the morning, the last bank succumbed,—the *El Dorado* was a wreck.

Two years after this eventful night, a knock came at the door of the widow in Sunbury. She opened it in person, and there stood before her, with a smiling face, dressed in the white and black garb of a Dominican lay-brother, the ex-Lion of the Ten Tables.

THE END.

THE ROSARY FOR THE HOLY SOULS.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PART I.



Lo! the suffering souls are calling
From dread prison walls enthralling
Them in Purgatorial pain.
By that bless'd Annunciation,

And that wondrous Incarnation,
Oh, we never plead in vain!
Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
Help these blessed ones in pain.



Lo! in suffering expiating
Life's transgressions, souls are waiting
For the hour of pain's surcease.
By that wondrous Visitation,
By that hymn of glad elation,
Give them, Lord, Thy joy and peace
Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
Hasten, hasten pain's surcease!



Lo! by Love divine forgiven
Yet are souls withheld from Heaven
Through a justice that needs be!
By that ever blessed birth,
By that "Peace" bestowed on earth.

Give them endless life with Thee.
 Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
 Let their birthright Heaven be!



From the suffering souls is shrouded
 Light the Blessed see unclouded,
 Through a justice all divine.
 In Faith's blest illumination,
 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,
 Let Thy light upon them shine.
 Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
 Justice change to love divine.



Till each fault is expiated
 Souls from Thee are separated,
 Jesus, by a wall of pain.
 By that blessed search for Thee,
 And that joyous Finding, we
 Endless vision would obtain,
 Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
 For these prisoners of pain.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

JOHN H. O'NEILL.

IV.

IN support of the assertion that common schools for the gratuitous education of children originated in the bosom of the Catholic Church, many ages before the birth of the Reformation, I appeal to learned Protestant authority—I quote from the author of the article on “Common Schools” in the *American Cyclopædia*. He says: “After the introduction of Christianity and its accession to power, the duty of the authorities to educate the young was specifically recognized by the bishops and clergy.*** As early as the year 529 we find the Council of Vaison recommending the establishment of public schools. In 800 a Synod at Mentz ordered that the parochial priests should have schools in the towns and villages, that the children of all the faithful should learn letters from them. Let them receive and teach these with the utmost charity. Let them receive no remuneration from their scholars, unless what the parents through charity may voluntarily offer.

A council at Rome, in 836, ordained that there should be three kinds of schools throughout Christendom: episcopal, parochial in towns and villages, and others wherever there could be found place and opportunity. The Council of Lateran in 1179 ordained that there should be a grammar school in every Cathedral for the gratuitous instruction of the poor. Thus originated the popular or common school, as an outgrowth of the Christian Church.” Such is the testimony as to the solicitude of the Catholic Church in behalf of popular education. It is also a matter of history that subsequent councils of the Church, in every age, have repeatedly enjoined and enforced on the bishops and clergy the orders and decrees of these earlier councils in regard to education. These schools were the instrumentalities provided for the education and civilization of Europe—presaging under ordinary circumstances speedy and complete success. But in the beginning stormy centuries lay in the pathway of success. Not to destroy the learning of past ages, but to rescue and preserve ancient civilization, and

send that brilliant pagan, converted and Christianized, down the ages, was the mighty work on hand. And when we throw a glance back over the intervening gulf, the wonder is that the task was ever even partially accomplished, and we are tempted to cry out in the swelling but despairing language of another: "Whose is the *aes triplex* and the '*os trilingue*'—the brazen throat and the three-tongued mouth—that shall fling us the remnant of this almost forgotten story across the chasm of ages and the roar of revolutions." The Catholic Church was the only agent equal to the mighty effort.

When Constantine removed the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, the legions were withdrawn, and the frontier exposed to invasion. From the death of that emperor, which cast a divided empire upon his sons, to the fall of that empire in the West, it never ceased to be disturbed by internal commotions and barbaric invasions. Two hundred years more of invasion followed the fall of the empire. A picture of that long invasion is the despair of language. Fierce and barbarous nations—Scandinavian and Scythian—from the shores of the Baltic to the base of the Ural mountains, followed each other in successive invasions, as one wave displaces another on the bosom of the ocean when smitten by the tempest, and numerous as the countless hordes that later, under the conquering banner of Timour swept down from the steppes of Tartary upon the plains of Anatolia and the shores of the Mediterranean. They came with sword, battle-axe, and fagot, carrying havoc, ruin, and conflagration whithersoever they went. Franks, Goths, Vandals, Huns, Lombards, Danes—all the barbarous tribes that the wild and savage regions of the North nurtured into ferocity—followed each other in successive eruptions into the genial South and athwart the remains of antique civilization, until all the Western empire was occupied by these fierce invaders, Alaric and Attila, Genseric and Totila—names at which the world grew pale—desolated with fire and sword the fairest regions of Europe, and smote the shores of Africa in their career of devastation and blood. Men, women, and children were given to indiscriminate slaughter; cities sacked and pillaged and burnt; fields laid waste and crops destroyed; churches, monasteries, and schools demolished; libraries given to the flames, and everywhere

the monuments of science, art, and literature swept away. Agriculture, commerce, industry, arts, science, literature, everything perished, or decayed, and for more than two hundred years Europe was rocked by the convulsions of this tumultuary upheaving of commingled nations—this long revelry of blood. The former inhabitants of the conquered countries, who had escaped the sword of the barbarian, were reduced to slavery, their lands parceled out among the chiefs of the victorious clans, and the despotism of the feudal system everywhere introduced and established. The old inhabitants were supplanted by new races. Old institutions gave way to new systems, laws, manners, and customs. The whole face of Europe was changed. Feudality meant despotism, slavery, and perpetual strife. All the people were serfs, and every petty chieftain an absolute despot who owned no master and feared no foe. Continual strife among these chiefs and feudal nobility kept Europe in a state of perpetual internal commotions and civil wars from the end of the barbaric invasions to the period of the crusades. Add to this, that the hoofs of Arabian horses had struck the streets of Alexandria; that the Saracen had burned the celebrated library in which were garnered the intellectual treasures of the world; had conquered Egypt, and extended his dominion in Africa along to the straits of Gibraltar; had crossed the sea and pillaged the cities and towns of Sicily, Calabria, and Campania, and destroyed their libraries and monasteries; had kindled his watchfires on the slopes of Andalusia, overthrown the Gothic empire in Spain, founded a dynasty and reared the palace of the Alhambra, from which he swayed for centuries after the sceptre of Islam. It was in the face of all these adverse circumstances—in the midst of the destructive ravages of a barbarism which shrouded the world in Cimmerian darkness, that the Church was engaged in converting the nations—in the task of secular education under multiplied and almost insuperable difficulties—in rescuing the remnants of ancient art, science, and letters—in guarding and preserving all the monuments of ancient learning—in constructing, developing, and unfolding the magnificent Christian civilization, which is the glorious inheritance and noblest pride of modern times.

The difficulty of the task and its results vindicate the industry

and heroism displayed in its accomplishment. The Church labored through all these long and weary ages to convert the savage, to enlighten his mind, to subdue the ferocity of his fiery heart. She gradually elevated the individual by teaching him his nature, his origin, and his immortal destiny; declared his rights and pointed out his duties as a social being; loosened the chains of his slavery; broke the power of the feudal despotism; lifted woman from slavery to equality with man, and made her the ornament and noblest hope of society; redeemed Christian captives from the Corsairs; instituted the "truce of God;" proclaimed asylums for the weak against the vengeance of the oppressor—in a word, did all that was possible to mitigate the turbulence, feuds, and strifes, incident to a society yet ruled by the fiery instincts of barbarous races in a state of transition to a social condition, in which reason and meekness of the Christian religion were to be the controlling elements. She preserved letters, founded institutions of learning, built churches, monasteries, and cities, established universities, obtained for the people municipal franchises, taught them agriculture and the industrial arts, promoted commerce, fostered science, and preached peace, charity, and brotherhood among men. The first achievements of education had been retarded, and the progress of intellectual culture among the people ceased on the continent with the declining years of the fifth century. Learning had been blotted out by the ravages of war, or been driven with the monks into the retirement of the cloisters in the almost inaccessible ravines and gorges of the mountains. But, when banished from active operations in one quarter, it reappeared in another. When the continent was enveloped in darkness and blood, learning fled to the British isles and the stormy North for shelter. Ireland and England began to blaze with intellectual light. St. Patrick and St. Augustine had been there. Seminaries and monastic schools sprang up everywhere in England, Scotland, and especially in Ireland, where theology, philosophy, the physical sciences, astronomy, geography, mathematics, medicine, grammar, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, music, painting, in fine, all the branches of education were taught to the thousands of students, who flocked to these noble institutions from every country in Europe, and even from

distant Egypt. The ingratitude of the world may forget them, but the Catholic will ever turn, as to Meccas of the mind and heart, to the schools of Canterbury, Lindisfarne, and Yarrow; of Armagh, Lismore, and Cashel; of old Iona—that fortress of learning erected by Columba on the barren rocks of the Hebrides, in whose caverns the regurgitating waves gave mournful voice to those everlasting solitudes.

They were the glory of the sixth and seventh centuries—the intellectual “northern lights,”—that corruscated above these stormy regions to the zenith, lending a deeper shade to the darkness that enveloped the Alps and the Pyrenees—the nurseries of those great missionaries of intellect, who were destined to bear the torch of learning and the conquests of civilization back even to the shores of the Mediterranean, in gratitude to that same continent of Europe from which they had themselves first received the light.

Directed somewhat by the instincts of blood, while the intellectual champions of England carried back the light of learning to the Germanic races of the North, Ireland sent forth her mighty men of letters into France, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy. Soon after monasteries, abbeys, and schools, like those of Fulda and St. Gall, centres of intellectual light, dotted the surface of Europe, and threw their benignant beams athwart the darkness of the continent; and learning, which, in the language of Guizot, “proscribed and beaten down by the tempest that raged around, took refuge under the shelter of the altar, till happier times should suffer it to appear in the world,” came forth to conquest and victory again.

The tempest and turmoil of battle had lulled; the divisions and strifes of ages had begotten the idea of consolidation and strength; the spirit of nationalism had succeeded to that of clanship; Charlemagne became the ruler of an empire extending from the Pyrenees to the Baltic. Inspired with a love of letters and the arts of civilization, he selected the learned Alcuin of York to restore harmony to his vast dominions, and establish a system of Christian education among his subjects. And, although this was as far back as the eighth century, never was a more complete, admirable, and efficient system of general education devised

for any people. The impulse given to education by this great patron of learning, and afterwards by Alfred the Great of England, has been of incalculable benefit to the civilization of the world. Time will not permit me even to name the great and numerous academies and universities that rose and flourished from the beginning of the ninth century to the diet of Worms—universities whose catalogues of students contained from twenty to thirty thousand names each, and the most celebrated of which, like those of Oxford and Paris, still flourish in our own day.

The most generous minds of the world drank at these fountains of learning and science, and, returning to their homes, distributed the light of knowledge among the masses of the people. Literature and science were everywhere revived, and the age of Leo the Tenth evoked the genius of ancient Rome to cast again its splendor over Europe from the ruins of the "Eternal City." Down to this period the progress of letters and learning belongs exclusively to Catholics. The Reformation found learning already revived, but, by the same perversion of history that stamped the name of Americus on the land which Columbus discovered, has attempted to appropriate its honors. Nor were those ages of Catholic education distinguished only for their progress in philosophy and humanities; for the spirit of material enterprise, of discovery, of invention, was likewise abroad. Many of the arts, discoveries, and inventions, which, with the improvements of more recent times, constitute the boast of our age, and to which we owe most of the pleasures, conveniences, and comforts of civilized life, belong to those ages. Stone coal and its use; the introduction of the silk-worm into Europe, and the manufacture of silk there; the use of the Arabian numbers, of algebraic calculations, and the cultivation of mathematics; the art of staining glass, and its use for windows; the clock, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, paper, the art of printing and the press, were all inventions and discoveries belonging to those ages. It was in those ages, too, that the first bank was established and bills of exchange introduced into the commerce of the world by the merchants of Venice—that beautiful queen of the Adriatic; that post-offices originated as a means of facilitating correspondence between the students of the universities of Italy and Paris, and their relatives in

distant lands; that the pandects of Justinian were discovered, and the law school of Bologna established; that the monks taught the science of botany, and the medical schools of Salerno, Montpellier, and Paris flourished; that architecture and painting reached an unrivalled eminence; that Guido invented the notes of the gamut, and gave laws to music, that universal language of the soul; that the rude and uncouth jargon of our barbarian ancestors was softened and toned down into the English, French, Spanish, German, and Italian languages, now rich in the treasures of a golden and immortal literature; that modern poetry took its flight from the rude rhythm of the troubadours, and soared to the heights of the Divina Commedia; that that wonderful activity in commerce and navigation sprang up, which gave rise to so many useful arts, manufactures, and industries, and to the discoveries of unknown seas, islands, and continents, under the lead of such bold and daring navigators as Marco Polo, Vasco de Gama, and Christopher Columbus. Roll up the records of the past—blot out the history of the world—or give to Catholic education the credit for all that is valuable in the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century. For ten long centuries of the most disastrous, dark, and stormy times the world has ever seen, Catholic's maintained the heroic struggle against ignorance, barbarism, and anarchy in order to make possible the civilization we enjoy to-day. We who bask in its sunshine are apt to forget the tardiness of its growth and the Herculean labors it cost. The monks of the Middle Ages have been called *lazy*. Profane history, always dashed with enough atheism to render it agreeable to modern taste, delights to thus indulge in malignant antiphrasis, when treating of the most laborious and useful class of men that the progress of the race has ever developed. But the same effort that seeks to malign, rescues from oblivion, and consecrates their name to immortality. History will sooner or later avenge itself for every falsehood uttered in its name. Every shaft of malice directed against a class serves as an incentive to the investigation of truth. Research has revealed to the world the invaluable labors of the monks, and though their individual names may be forgotten, their common achievements belong to mankind and to fame. As common soldiers, who lose their individuality in battle, and go down

to nameless graves, render forever sacred the field on which they fall, and the cause for which they die more illustrious and memorable from the very oblivion of their personality, so did these heroic monks, in the spirit of self-abnegation, sacrifice, and devotion, cast a brighter halo of renown over the common intellectual labors of their times, by veiling their personality in the hidden life.

Some sallied forth as scouts, foraged for intellectual provender, searched every corner of Europe, Asia, and Africa, where learning had been, gathered all the monuments and fragments of literature and science that the genius of antiquity had bequeathed to modern times and the ravages of vandalism had not destroyed, deposited them as sacred treasures in the cloisters, and guarded them with fidelity, as the common heritage of the the human race. Others buried themselves in the Scriptorium. There, before the art of printing was known, night and day, they bent over the tedious and painful task of copying the sacred scriptures and the manuscripts of the pagan world. Thus have we been made acquainted with all we know of the ancient world and of the classic authors of Greece and Rome. Nor was this patient and laborious toil kept up for one generation, or for one age,—it lasted through the long and weary vigils of a thousand years. As one of these workers was cut off by death, another occupied his place. As one generation perished, a new one filled up its ranks.

The monks never died,—the individual passed away, but the Orders lived on. *They* were the true heroes of the human race. They were greater, though nameless, than Alexander, or Cæsar or Napoleon. Nay, when the Granicus and Arbela; when the Rubicon and Pharsalia; when Marengo and the red field of Jena, shall have dropped from the page of history and faded from the memory of man, the silent achievements of these educational and peaceful heroes, though unmonumented in Pentelic marble, and unblared by the trumpet of fame, shall live in the eternal memory and grateful benedictions of mankind to the latest generations of the race. History's pet heroes filled the world with blood and tears, and sacrificed millions of men on the altar of a selfish and unholy ambition, that they might live in the vain breath

of earthly fame. The heroes of learning immolated themselves on the shrine of duty that the millions of mankind might rejoice in the light of Christian civilization, and themselves "shine like stars for all eternity" in the Kingdom of God.

The spirit of Catholic Education is the same now, and as active as it ever was. The Catholics of the nineteenth century are not unworthy of those heroic ages of education to which we have adverted. We point with a just and pardonable pride to the illustrious Orders of Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Christian Brothers, and their celebrated educational institutions all over the world. Embracing in their ranks men of eminent piety, of profound and erudite scholarship, devoted to the profession of teaching, they have won an enviable reputation as educators of youth. Their alumni fill many of the highest and most responsible positions in the civil and military establishments, and crowd the learned professions, not only in Europe, but even in America. The character, efficiency, and superior advantages of Catholic colleges and academies for the education of both sexes, in our own country, are amply attested by the great number of non-Catholic students who receive their education within their walls. But the interest which Catholics take in education is not confined to its higher departments, but extends, with equal if not greater solicitude, to popular instruction. Catholic Spain under her constitution of 1812, had a magnificent system of education, and, to say nothing of her higher schools, colleges, and universities, annually expended a few years ago, for common school education, in proportion to her population, more than England, and as much as the United States.

We have no reason to believe that recent changes, if any have been made in this respect, have been retrograde. Catholic France in 1865, according to the report of the Minister of public instruction, contained 72,069 primary schools, attended by 4,720,224 pupils, besides her immense number of universities, colleges, academies, and lyceums for instruction in the higher branches of knowledge. The same may be said, with slight modification, of Austria and Italy, and especially of Rome, where Bayard Taylor admits, that the schools are more numerous and better attended than in the United States. But what are the Catholics of this

country doing for popular education? More than any other denomination of Christians has ever done, or is ever likely to do. They have their parochial schools everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the country, where Catholic children of both sexes, rich and poor, are taught the branches of secular education, and the precepts of religion and Christian morals. They have their numerous systems into which are gathered the helpless little orphans of the poor, whom they rescue from ignorance and vice, rear and educate for the hard battle of life, and bring up in the fear and knowledge of God. The conduct of American Catholics exhibits to the world the most convincing proof of that inextinguishable devotion to popular education which characterized their predecessors of bygone ages.

While they are compelled to pay their proportion to the heavy taxes imposed for the support of the public schools, to which they cannot, for the reasons already assigned, send their children, they voluntarily tax themselves again for the purpose of keeping up their own parish schools. The statistics of the country will, I think, justify the assertion that these schools are as numerous and as well attended, in proportion to the Catholic population, as are the public schools in proportion to the entire census. It would be a matter of curious speculation if the public schools were abolished together with the compulsory taxation which sustains them (an event which ought not to, and never will occur), to inquire in that case, how many religious denominations would, by a *single* voluntary taxation, maintain as many free schools as the Catholics now do by a *double* taxation, from one-half of which only they derive any advantage? Has heartfelt interest, soul-devotion, in education ever been able of itself, anywhere or at any time, to maintain public free schools among Protestant denominations? For this purpose among them has not compulsory taxation been always necessary? On the other hand, for Catholics to sustain free schools, compulsory taxation is not required. With them it is a matter of sacred duty and a labor of love.

To be sure it is a little rough on them these hard times, to sustain these free schools for the education of their own children, while they are also taxed for the education of other people's children, but they will not on that account, I am confident, shrink

from this sacred duty. When non-Catholics have shown an equal devotion to popular education, and that without taxation free schools among them would not wither and die, it will be time enough to accuse Catholics of a desire to keep the masses in ignorance. The cause of education is dear to every Catholic heart. If Catholics should seek to avoid its obligations, they would violate their consciences and belie their history. No more sacred obligation can rest upon a Catholic parent than to see that his children receive such an education, based on religious and moral principles, as his circumstances will justify. It is, moreover, his duty to his religion, to society, and to his country, to contribute to the extent of his ability to the support of free schools for the gratuitous education of poor Catholic children, that they may know how to meet the demands of their faith, of society, and of patriotism, and discharge their duty in this triple respect with fidelity and truth.

It is in the interest of such schools, and to inspire a quick sense of these important obligations, that I have endeavored to show that the end of education is, at once, to enlighten the intellect and purify the heart; that the end of intellectual and moral culture—the result of education—is to fit man for an eternal destiny in the great hereafter, by an intelligent and faithful discharge of all his complex duties as a social being in whatever sphere Providence may have cast his lot in this life's fleeting pilgrimage.

Inheritors of the faith, the morals, and the civilization which have been handed down to us from by-gone ages, we shall not discredit the faith, nor cast a shade over the renown of an immortal ancestry. We shall at humble distance imitate their high and illustrious example:—*Tu longe sequare, et vestigia pronus adora.*

Citizens by birth or adoption, of the grandest country in the world, we have succeeded to the richest inheritance of civil and religious liberty that ever fell to the lot of any nation, and which we hold for present enjoyment, and in trust for future generations. We shall not betray this sacred trust which has come to us through the mingled blood and sacrifices of the immortal founders of liberty on this continent. Were it certain that the Christian civilization which now obtains, would remain unshaken by the as-

saults of materialism, luxury, and irreligion, our system of self-government—in which every man is a sovereign, and yet no man is above the law—would no longer be an experiment, but a problem already solved. The wisest statesmen of the world agree, that a republican form of government, above all others, must necessarily rest upon the intelligence and virtue of the people. Intelligence and morality are both essential. Intelligence may well exist without morality, but not so a republican government. The cold stoic virtues of the mind can never infuse into human institutions warmth of life and length of duration.

Greece tried the experiment, and her institutions live only in matchless literature and immortal song. Rome tried it, and behold above her ancient ruins

——— “the pale
And the melancholy ghost of dead renown
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause.”

We should stand, then, firm as a rock against “rampant infidelity,” and against paganism in education. Christian education is the safest guaranty of republican government, and the strongest muniment of liberty. Thus only shall we discharge our obligations of patriotism. Thus only shall we exhibit our devotion to the best interests of the glorious country to whose institutions we are indebted, under God, for so many temporal blessings. Then, if the day should ever come (which may God in His mercy avert), when infidelity shall gain the ascendant—when the pillars of government shall be shaken—when the foundations of society shall be rudely up-torn—when human reason shall be enthroned and worshipped in the place of God—when history repeating itself shall recall the reign of anarchy and blood—when hecatombs shall fall under the blade of the guillotine, or be fusiladed in the trenches by the demon of insurrection—when the world shall stagger back to gaze with affright on the ghastly tragedy of French revolution in our midst, and behold again the incarnation of every crime in the person of a Marat, and the transfiguration of vengeance in the scaffold of a Corday, those whose fate shall be involved in the catastrophe will have no reason to charge the cause of their calamities to the Catholic Education of this or any other age.

"IN PRISON YE VISITED ME!"

E. V. N.

IN the parlor of a convent situated in the metropolis of one of our Central States, some ladies, Children of Mary, listened with rapt attention to a "report" of a committee of their members, who had been delegated to visit female prisoners in the jail of the city. Their Secretary had thrown so much pathos into her narratives of singular incidents, that her audience was much impressed.

The voice of their Reverend Director broke the silence that followed the reading; he commended the Sodality for its zeal in this work, and excited them to increased fervor by narrating some anecdotes of his own large experience in the haunts of cells, redolent of the odor of hand-cuffs, iron collars, and clanking chains.

In the Galleys of Brest, said the aged priest, I found a man of respectable birth and position, who had been falsely accused of setting fire to his stock of goods in order to obtain their insurance money. On the point of appearing in the presence of his omniscient Judge, the real incendiary confessed his guilt, and the imprisoned man was promptly released. But he declined to accept his liberty, begging to remain, and wear the garb and do the laborious work of a chained convict, as penance for the faults of his life previous to the calumnious accusation. I never knew his name, but his holy life and saintly death were well known to the Fathers of our society.

On visiting a similar *House of Criminals* in the South of France, I met a Nun, very intelligent, and more than usually gifted, who was spending her days in slicing bread for the convicts. She belonged to an order that embraces (besides teaching) a variety of charities. I expressed my surprise at finding an accomplished lady in such a tedious and unintellectual occupation, for I was acquainted with the Superioress who was conducting me through the prison, and I confess I felt a little indignation at such apparent want of judgment. The Rev. Mother said, "Sister L's position is her own deliberate choice! She was the principal and idolized instructress in our boarding-school.

On all occasions she was selected if a poem were required, a drama or an address to His Grace, the Archbishop. She illuminates in the most dainty, exquisite style, and hence our Chaplain and other clergymen eagerly sought her services. At length publishers wished us to give them her lovely, original ideas, when something exceptional was demanded for nobles, Cardinals, or the Holy Father. In one of her annual retreats she consulted the Director of the exercises, and the experienced spiritual guide advised her to beg of her superiors to place her where she would live unknown and forgotten. She has been slicing bread now several years. Nothing but an order from the requisite authority would induce her to quit her absolute retreat, in which, she declares, that after many a fierce combat, she finds that celestial peace she sought when, fleeing from the world, she assumed the holy veil of Religion.

The Rev. Director remarked that the recitation, or better, the meditation of the mysteries of the Holy Rosary, had been a great source of strength and consolation to these voluntary prisoners; and then went on to relate to them an incident of recent date: "You may place the prison, if you please, anywhere outside of the United States, for you know I have seen far-distant Australia, and even New Zealand, and was edified to find branches of your Confraternity actively at work in those virginal districts of Catholicity.

Among the inmates of a jail in the city, the delegates of the Sodality discovered a young female prisoner, whose memory merits to be preserved in your choicest annals. Surprised at the modest serenity of the blooming Irish girl, and the heartfelt pleasure that the interview gave her, the ladies inquired of the matron in charge, why that guileless faced person came to be incarcerated.

"Ah!" answered the good woman, as tears rose to her eyes, "she is an exceptional prisoner. For a trifling offence she was committed for a two months' stay, and then released. But to the surprise of the keeper, Nora came back, and humbly petitioned to be restored to her cell and her prison-garb! She represented that she would be exposed to fall anew into a similar fault, and that during her lonely retreat she had conceived such

a deep horror of offending God, that she would prefer to suffer anything rather than yield anew to temptation. After representing to the poor friendless girl all the consequences of such a step, and adding his own ideas that were calculated to deter her, the official suddenly felt an impulse, which later he styled "*an inspiration*," to bid her follow out her strange resolution. "She is very pious, according to her belief (she is a Catholic), recites her beads very often, and renders us great assistance in controlling the waifs, and even the older subjects in the prison."

Soon the Children of Mary returned to make a closer acquaintance with Nora. Great was her delight, when, with the proper permissions, the ladies had a neat marble altar erected in her cell, and adorned it with tapers and lovely artificial flowers. They sent her pious books to read for her own benefit, and as the matron gave her full liberty, for that of her fellow-prisoners. But her great joy was to teach the Rosary to those who never knew it, or to those who had forgotten how to recite it properly. Hence her kind patrons procured hundreds of "Rosary-Beads" for her to distribute. To the waifs she would teach the catechism, winning them to her cell, first by comical stories and witty remarks. But no one left her without being benefited, "and many were truly converted."

During full twenty-five years, the faithful penitent staid in that lonely cell, in which, no doubt, holy angels daily recorded many a work of mercy and charity. Each succeeding president of the sodality watched over their interesting protégé, and it was resolved that when she would become ill with what would appear to be her *last* sickness, the president would take her to her own home and have her properly cared for.

Only one thought ever had any influence to draw Nora from her chosen career of patient suffering. That was, that according to the law of the land, the bodies of deceased prisoners, if unclaimed by relatives, would be handed over to the Medical College. But the fervent president re-assured her. I will leave word that we be notified if you die suddenly, and I will claim your remains as those of a dear, own sister.

On a lovely day in Mary's own month of the Rosary, the Children of Mary were just convening for a regular meeting

when the wife of the prison keeper called to say that Nora had expired suddenly, after an overpowering stroke of apoplexy!

At once two of the ladies hastened to the prison where they found the cold remains of Nora, surrounded by the female prisoners, loudly wailing the demise of her who had been to them like an angel of peace in that abode, well-filled with people steeped to the lips in heartfelt misery.

Two other members of the sodality sought an undertaker, engaging him to make arrangements for a respectable funeral, and these four ladies then repaired to the jail to work with two of their Congregation who had purchased materials to lay out their saintly protégé in the habit of our Lady of Mt. Carmel. At a late hour of the night the six ladies left the deceased with a smile of peace that each was tempted to envy."

On the following day the casket was borne to the Cathedral (with permission of the governor of the prison). A solemn High Mass of *Requiem* was chanted. An appropriate discourse was preached by the Rector, in which he spoke of the numerous conversions of which Nora had been the favored instrument, while in her self-condemned abode. The children of Mary acted as chief mourners, and they placed a neatly-carved cross of pure white marble to mark the resting-place of the humble sleeper. When I knelt on the mound covered with wild violets and snowy daisies, I invoked her, reflecting that the glory of her merits did not belong to this shadowy state, but to the realms in which our Blessed Mother welcomed her, and the Great Sufferer crowned her with an unfading diadem.

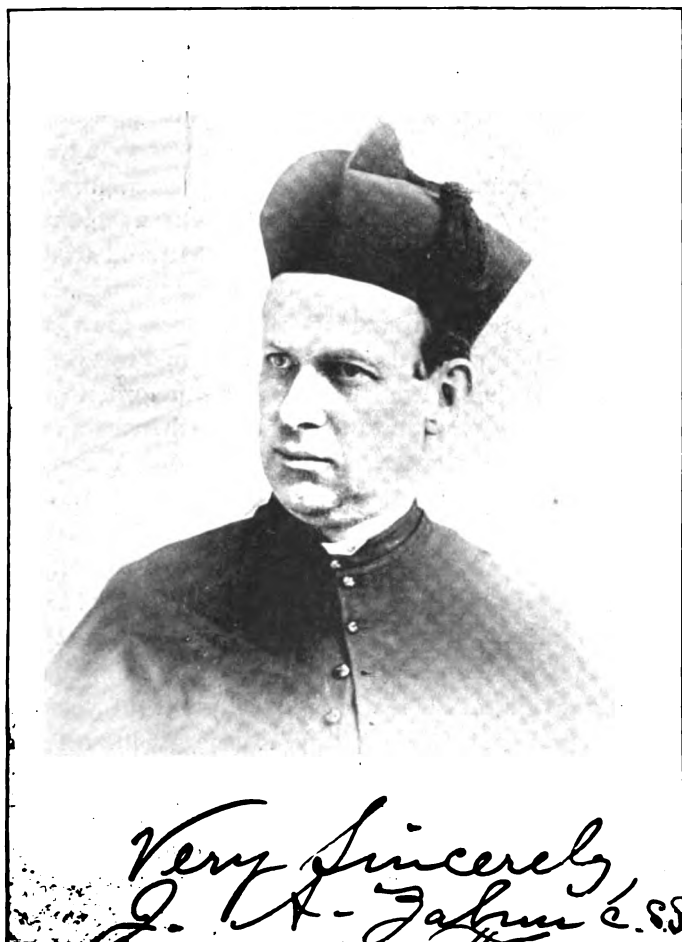
AT morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
Maria ! thou hast heard my hymn.
In joy and woe—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still.
When the hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when the storms of fate o'ercast
Darkly my present and my past,
Let my future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine.

—Edgar Allen Poe.

THE FORERUNNER AND RIVAL OF PASTEUR.

REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

On the 8th of January, 1894, the University of Louvain lost one of her most distinguished sons, and the world of science was called upon to mourn one of its brightest ornaments. On that



day the illustrious zoologist and paleontologist, Pierre Joseph Van Beneden, laid down the burden of life at the ripe old age of eighty-five, leaving behind him a record that even the greatest of the world's scientists might envy.

To say that Louvain has lost in Van Beneden one of her most distinguished sons is saying much. In the course of the five hundred years of her existence—during all of which period she was one of the great beacon-lights of Europe—she has seen in her lecture halls many who now occupy conspicuous positions in the temple of fame. It were indeed a difficult matter to recount all her triumphs, or enumerate the long list of those who have fondly saluted her as *Alma Mater*, and who, either as students or as professors, have added unfading lustre to her escutcheon, and contributed, in many ways, to make her name glorious among the great universities of the world. Here it was that Justus Lipsius, the noted humanist, and the immortal commentator of Seneca and Tacitus studied and taught; here it was that Bellarmine, the prince of polemical theologians, lectured to delighted audiences; here it was that Vives, who, with Erasmus and Budæus, constituted the triumvirate of the republic of letters of the sixteenth century, lectured on polite literature; and here it was that Adrien van Roomen,—Adrianus Romanus,—one of the greatest mathematicians of his age, while professor of mathematics, invented modern or symbolical algebra. It was here that Van Helmont, the illustrious chemist, the discoverer of the third kind of matter—gas—a word invented by him—sought knowledge; it was here that Mercator, the first one to make maps and charts by a projection of the surface of the earth *in plano* completed his studies, and prepared himself for the work in which he subsequently won such renown; it was here too that Jean Pierre Minkelers made use of coal-gas to light his lecture rooms full eight years before it was introduced in Cornwall by Murdock, its reputed inventor. Here, where for five centuries, art, science, and literature flourished; where the most distinguished professors of Europe lectured; where there were as many as 6,000 students at one time; where from the year of its foundation in 1429 until the present day, Louvain has kept pace with the great Universities of Paris, Oxford, Heidelberg, Vienna, Bologna, and Rome—here it was, that Van Beneden, the latest of a long list of intellectual giants, won the admiration of his thousands of pupils, and the plaudits of the world.

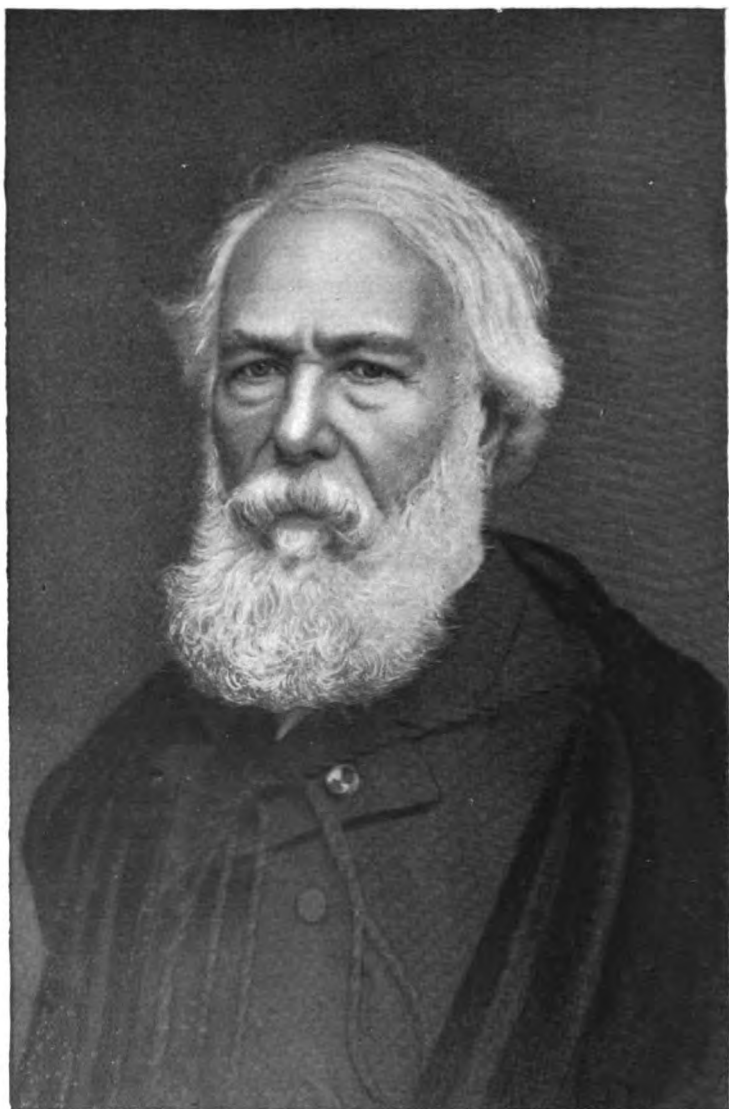
It would be impossible in a brief article adequately to treat of

Van Beneden's life-work. This would require a large volume, and it is to be hoped, in the interest of science and that of the youth of our time, for whom the late savant was so noble and helpful an example, that such a work will not be long in forthcoming. The most I can seek to accomplish in the limited space allowed me, is to indicate a few of the more remarkable of the late scientist's achievements, and touch briefly on his character as a man and as a son of the Church.

Like Ampère, Fresnel, Faraday, Pasteur, and others who have achieved distinction by their conquests in the domain of Nature, Van Beneden was pre-eminently a self-made man. Indeed, one of the most striking lessons of his long and successful career—the one which the youths of our age should most take to heart—is that which is taught by the Flemish professor's untiring industry and perseverance. He was credited with genius, but with him, as with all who have earned distinction in science, genius meant hard, continuous work.

In reply to an address read him in 1877, on the occasion of his fortieth anniversary as professor, he said: "There is a word which I cannot admit unless its meaning is defined. That word is *genius*. If genius is but a synonym for perseverance, we are at one. I need not go beyond Linnæus, the great naturalist of the last century, who has given two precepts which bear directly on this point. These precepts contain the whole secret of the successful naturalist. The first is never to let a day pass without having done something—*nulla die sine linea*;—the second is to have method in work, *ordo rerum anima*. I have endeavored to follow these prescriptions of the philosophical naturalist, and I owe to them, without doubt, the flattering manifestation of which I am to-day the object."

Pierre Joseph Van Beneden was born in the city of Mechlin, the 15th of December, 1809, and was, therefore, at the time of his death, in his eighty-fifth year. He always entertained the deepest affection for his natal city, and was ever proud to call himself a *Malinois*. This affection was fully reciprocated by his fellow-townsmen, as was evidenced in a most striking manner on divers occasions. They had made and placed in the city hall a handsome bust of the illustrious scientist, and on the occasion of the



Amos Emerson

demonstration in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship at Louvain, they testified to their admiration and love by naming one of the most beautiful thoroughfares of the city *Avenue Van Beneden*.

The future professor of science made his humanities in the archiepiscopal college of Mechlin. Here he met, among his professors, the distinguished ecclesiastic, who subsequently became rector of Louvain, and who signalized the beginning of his administration by giving his former pupil the chair of zoology and comparative anatomy, which he filled with such *eclat* for nearly sixty years.

After leaving college he entered in his native city the shop of an apothecary by the name of Stoffels. This gentleman, who subsequently became known to the world by the reflected light of his talented assistant, had a small collection of shells and minerals, which at once excited the interest of young Van Beneden. It was indeed, it may be said, the examination of this collection that gave him his taste for science, and determined his future career. It inspired him with a love of Nature, and from that time forth we find him devoting all his leisure moments to an enthusiastic study of the manifold forms of the organic world.

At this period of his life, however, his country was in a very unsettled condition, and circumstances were anything but favorable to the prosecution of serious studies of any kind. His country was engaged in a sanguinary war with Holland, and Van Beneden felt that he owed it to the land of his birth to take up arms in her defence. But even as a soldier, he did not forget his love for Nature and her marvels. "I always remember," he tells us himself, "that while fighting under the walls of Antwerp, that I have more than once surprised myself with a fossil shell in one hand, and a cartridge in the other."

After leaving the army Van Beneden prepared himself for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and on the 19th of July, 1832, passed the requisite examination with great distinction. His next thought was to spend a few months in the celebrated museums of Paris. Here he met a number of distinguished scientific men with whom he formed relations of friendship that proved of countless value to him. Among others he met one Baron de Ferussac,

a well-known conchologist of the time, who secured for his young Flemish friend a bourse from the Belgian government, which enabled Van Beneden to prosecute his researches for two years longer than would have been possible if he had been unaided.

In April, 1836, he was tendered and accepted the chair of zoology and comparative anatomy in Belgium's greatest seat of learning, the university of Louvain, a position which he held uninterruptedly until the date of his death.

From this beginning of his professorial duties, Van Beneden's life-work began in earnest. He soon made a reputation for himself as a professor of more than ordinary ability, and it was not long before his lecture room was filled with enthusiastic and admiring students. In addition to having a profound knowledge of the subject-matter of his discourses, he had a ready command of language, a pleasing delivery, and a faculty for illustrating the most dry and abstruse points that made his lectures intellectual treats instead of distasteful and perfunctory tasks. Besides fluency of speech he was a skilful draughtsman, and was able by a few cleverly executed lines on the blackboard to elucidate without difficulty even the greatest complications of form and structure.

When not occupied in the lecture room he was busily engaged in the laboratory, or in investigating the life-histories of the divers forms of animals in their own peculiar habitats. He did not, by any means, disdain the specimens of museums, but he always contended that far more was to be learned by studying the living subject. In the earlier days of his scientific career the conveniences of travel were not so great as they are at present, but this did not deter him from making extended journeys in search of knowledge. To secure accurate information regarding the fauna of Europe, he travelled afoot, with staff in hand and knapsack on his back, through France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Sweden, and Norway. He carefully explored Vesuvius, Etna and the Alps, as well as the coast line of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

But he was not contented with studying the fauna of the countries he visited; he investigated their geological and paleontological features as well. As to the fauna, living and extinct, of his

own country, he knew it intimately from France to Holland, and from Luxemburg to the North Sea. There was not a nook or corner that he did not explore; not a river or stream with whose denizens he was not familiar.

In order to become thoroughly acquainted with the multifold forms of marine life which frequented the Belgian coast, it was Van Beneden's wont to go out with the fishermen while engaged in their avocation, or to hire boats from them, and explore at his leisure.

He was always much interested in those monsters of the deep, —the *Cetacea*—and he did not hesitate to brave the dangers of a whaling expedition to the North Cape in order to study to the best advantage the nature and habits of this singular order. The results of these expeditions have been embalmed in a series of monographs which are regarded not only as authoritative on the matters treated, but also as models of accurate and pellucid description.

In 1843, he established at Ostend, at his own expense, a marine laboratory, which was one of the first, if not the first, of the kind ever organized. This was the prototype of the numerous laboratories of a similar character which all the governments of the civilized world have since established in the interests of science and commerce. In his laboratory, Van Beneden, who had already become famous, was visited by the ablest naturalists of the age. Among those who went there for purposes of study and observation, were Liebig, Max Schultze, Ehrenberg, Johann Müller, the great anatomist of Berlin, and de Quatrefages, the distinguished professor in the museum of natural history at Paris.

Shortly after the establishment of the laboratory at Ostend, Van Beneden began his epoch-making experiments on intestinal worms. So great was his success in this line of work, so thorough were his observations and so conclusive were his inductions, that he may, with truth, be called the father of helminthology. He correlated and integrated the scattered observations of his predecessors, and brought order out of chaos; and for the first time the interesting and important science of helminthology was put on a logical basis.

From the time of Aristotle it had generally been believed that

certain animals—especially of the lower forms—came into existence without the mediation of antecedent life. Spontaneous generation was regarded not only as possible, but accepted as a fact which was evinced by countless phenomena that were regarded as otherwise inexplicable. It was an axiom of science "that the corruption of one thing was the birth of another," and hence the universally accepted opinion that certain worms and insects were generated by the putrefaction of animal matter.

The first one to attempt an experimental refutation of abiogenesis, or spontaneous generation, was Francesco Redi, an Italian naturalist who flourished two centuries ago. He was in a measure successful so far as the generation of maggots from putrefying flesh was concerned, but his experiments did not cover the difficulties that were founded on the existence of certain animalculæ, whose origin was then enveloped in mystery. True, the application of the microscope to the study of the lower forms of life, by such skilful observers as Leeuwenhoek, Reaumur, and Swammerdam did much to corroborate the conclusions of Redi, but the case against spontaneous generation was far from being definitely settled. It found supporters in such distinguished scientists as Buffon and Needham, and for a while it appeared as if the difficulty, instead of being solved, had been but removed to the domain of microscopic life. Notwithstanding the searching criticism to which the celebrated Abbate Spallanzani submitted the doctrines of Buffon and Needham, and the ingenuous experiments which he devised to overthrow their conclusions, spontaneous generation, with the great majority of scientific men, continued to be accepted as a fact which could not be gainsaid.

It was thus that matters stood when Van Beneden, in 1848, began his famous investigations on intestinal worms. Various attempts had previously been made to account for the origin of these parasites, but without success. In ignorance, therefore, of their nature and origin, the naturalists of the day were content to admit that at least these mysterious creatures came into existence without parents, and that in their case life was not the result of antecedent life.

For two long years Van Beneden worked assiduously on the problem before him, and at the end of this period he was enabled

to announce authoritatively that the dictum "*omne vivium ex vivo*," that there is no life without antecedent life, holds good for animal parasites of all kinds as well as for the higher forms of life; that cestodes, nematodes, trematodes, and other parasitic worms have parents as well as the subjects they inhabit.



RESIDENCE OF VAN BENEDEN.

A few decades before Van Beneden had begun his researches, the eminent naturalist, Lamarck, had written, "We are now authorized to believe that there are *innate* worms, or such as are produced by spontaneous generation, and that these are modified from time to time; this is, at present, the opinion of the most en-

lightened observers." The Louvain professor not only completely disproved this view, but he effectually banished from the domain of science an error which had been dominant in natural history and philosophy for full twenty-five centuries. Subsequently, indeed, it attempted to regain its prestige under cover of microbes, bacteria, and other infinitesimal forms of life, but its efforts were at once nullified by the brilliant experiments of Pasteur, who, at the conclusion of his magnificent work, was able to announce positively that spontaneous generation is a chimera. His conclusions, however, were but a corroboration of those reached several years before by his great Belgian rival, and although the experiments by which Pasteur arrived at his results must be ranked among the most ingenious and delicate ever devised, nevertheless, the splendor of his achievements in no wise dims the lustre of the work accomplished by the eminent biologist of Louvain.

For these important and far-reaching researches the Institut de France awarded Van Beneden the *Grand Prix des Science Physiques*. As was to be expected, the overthrow of such long cherished opinions caused a profound sensation. Naturalists the world over hastened to repeat the experiments of the Flemish *savant*, and to detect, if possible, a flaw in his demonstration. In Germany especially, where Van Beneden's work excited the deepest interest, Walden, Von Siebold, and Küchenmeister, submitted his researches to the most rigorous examination, but were at length forced to confess not only that his conclusions were legitimate, but also that his position was impregnable.

This one achievement—the exploding of an error which had endured from the days of Aristotle—was enough to render Van Beneden immortal—enough to secure immortality for any man. But great as it was, this was but one of his triumphs.

In connection with his researches on intestinal worms, he was able not only to disprove the doctrine of spontaneous generation, but also to shed light on the genealogy and habits of these strange forms of life. For it was while engaged in these researches that he made his startling discovery of the metamorphosis and transmigration of these remarkable creatures. So wonderful indeed were these metamorphoses and transmigrations that their discoverer was truly justified in asserting that "they much surpass in

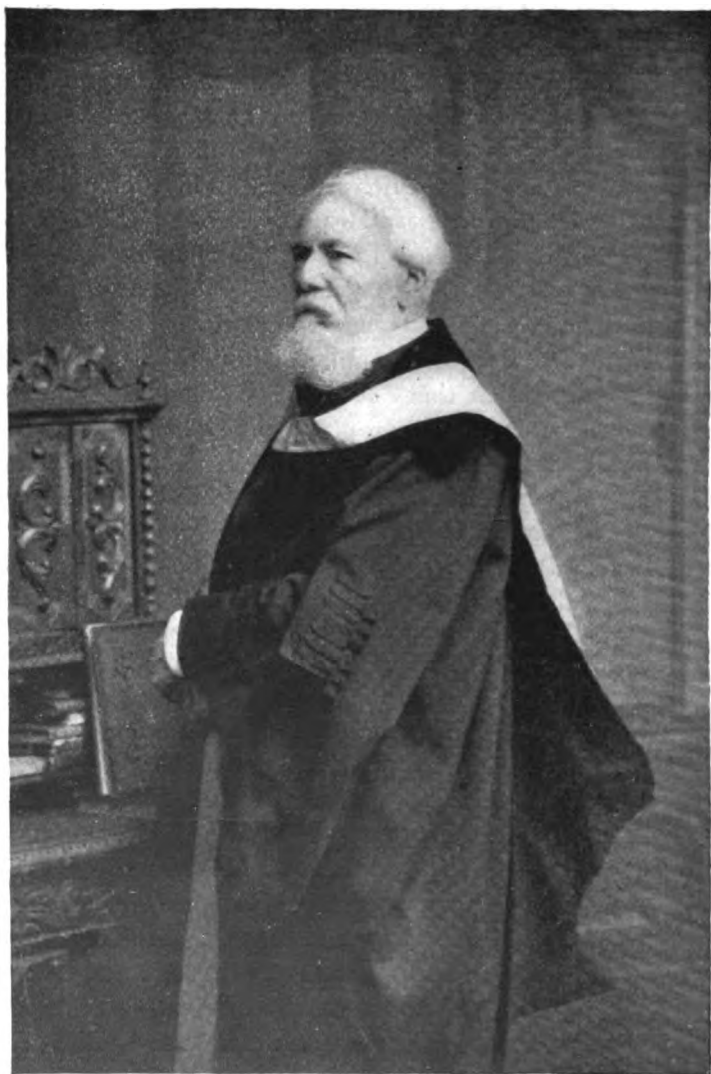
reality the most brilliant and extravagant fictions of the poets."

A large number of entozoa, it is known, occur in their immature stage, have their *crèche*, as Van Beneden phrases it, in the tissues or organs of such forms of life as constitute the food of their ultimate hosts. Thus the cat obtains a certain species of *Tænia*—tape-worm from the mouse; the dog derives another from the sheep and the rabbit; while the well-known *tænia solium*, in the course of its migrations, passes from swine to man.

Van Beneden's great merit lies not only in his demonstration of the fact of metamorphoses and transmigration of the cestodea, to which the divers species of *Tænia* belong; not merely in his proof that "the cysticercus"—larval *tænia*—"of the pig when introduced into man, becomes a *tænia* with as great certainty as the seed of a carrot will produce this plant if sowed in suitable soil," but in his demonstration that "cestode worms must *necessarily*,"—I use his own words,—"*pass from one animal to another to complete the phases of their evolution.*"

When this wonderful discovery was announced to the French Academy, Flourens, its perpetual secretary pronounced it "a romance." Now, however, these transmigrations and metamorphoses are so well known and so universally admitted, that, as their discoverer himself remarked some years ago, "the starting-point of the inquiry has been so entirely forgotten that the honor of the discovery has frequently been attributed to fellow-workers, who had no knowledge of it till the demonstration had been completed, and the new interpretation generally accepted."

The significance and importance of Van Beneden's researches were not long in being recognized. The ætiology and prophylaxis of a large class of diseases, which previously had been impossible, were now placed on a scientific basis. With the explosion of the doctrine of spontaneous generation were banished forever from the science of medicine such silly notions, so long current, as that certain diseases are due to "a vitiated condition of the humors," to "a deterioration of the parenchyma," or to "a verminous temperament." The cause and the nature of such diseases were at last known, and if their diagnosis was not always easy, their treatment, at least, as well as their cure, became not only practicable, but also, in many cases, as simple as it was effective.



VAN BENEDEN IN PROFESSOR'S ROBE.

Until the conclusion of the researches by Van Beneden on entozoa, and of those by Pasteur on microbes, medicine was at best but an art based on empiricism. Now, thanks to the marvellous discoveries of these investigators, medicine, as well as surgery, is a science; and the physician and surgeon, instead of working in the dark as hitherto, and fighting against invisible foes, whose very existence was formerly ignored, are now able to accomplish results and effect cures which before were impossible. Diseases, that a few decades ago created such havoc among the flocks and herds of the husbandman, and exacted such heavy tributes from afflicted humanity, are now put within the power of the curative art, and the plague, far from exciting the horror it formerly caused, is no longer more a source of danger than any other undesirable visitant which can be checked or put under control. And in the bright galaxy of men of science, two luminaries will ever be conspicuous, two names will always be pronounced with benediction by a grateful race, and these are the names of Van Beneden and Pasteur.

Space will not permit me to make more than a passing allusion to Van Beneden's other labors. Among his most notable researches, after the ones just indicated, are those on the *Cetacea*. His work and discoveries in the fossiliferous strata of Antwerp are not surpassed in their extent and brilliancy even by the famous investigations of Cuvier in the Paris basin, or by those of Hugh Miller in the Old Red Sandstone. It is saying much, but it is the truth, when it is declared that the Belgian naturalist was the rival, not only of Pasteur, the greatest of microbists, but also that he was the rival of Cuvier, the most illustrious of comparative anatomists. The inspection of his publications, nearly three hundred of them, all told, many of which are masterpieces of clear and exhaustive treatment, and the magnificent work he has done in paleontological classification and reconstruction, as exhibited in the museums of Brussels and Louvain, which were almost entirely his creations, are sufficient evidence of the truth of these statements, exaggerated as they may appear to one who is not acquainted with the facts of the case.

Van Beneden's principal researches, strange as it may appear, were confined to the two extremes of animal creation, to the

minute entozoa, and to the giant Cetaceans, living and fossil. But whether studying the marvellous forms of microscopic life, or the leviathans of recent and past ages, he was ever the master, and exhibited in all his work a keenness of perception, a comprehensiveness of view, a power of analysis and synthesis, which have been possessed by few in such an eminent degree. He combined the patience and accuracy of Johann Müller with the industry and faculty of generalization of Cuvier, and the profound and extensive knowledge of the elder Agassiz. Certain departments of the fauna of the modern and ancient worlds he had made a life-long study. Nothing escaped his eagle eye nor eluded the grasp of his searching intellect. When his pen was not in his hand, he was at work with his scalpel, his microscope, or his trawl. He labored early and late, but he labored intelligently and systematically. This, aside from his talent for observation and experiment, a talent which was carefully cultivated by long practice, enabled him to accomplish what it seems would have required the time and undivided energies of several men, instead of one, unaided and alone.

It is only when we contrast Van Beneden's work with that which has been accomplished by some of his contemporaries, and which has attained much greater notoriety, that we can fully realize what a genuine student of Nature he was, and how securely we can follow him as an interpreter of Nature's processes and Nature's laws. We have but to compare his charming little work, "Animal Parasites and Messmates,"—one of the *International Scientific Series*, published by the Appletons,—with Hæckel's fanciful "Evolution of Man," to appreciate the difference between the two naturalists, and to realize the antithesis between the two schools of thought of which they may be considered the exponents. The Professor of Louvain writes with a sure and unerring hand. He makes no statements which he has not either verified himself, or which have not been verified by others. Like the illustrious paleontologist, Barrande, he speaks of what he has seen, and not of what he has imagined, or of what his theory would demand. The Jena naturalist, on the contrary, is dogmatic, speculative, nebulous; one who not infrequently distorts facts to suit his theory, rather than subject his theory to the inexorable require-

ments of fact; one who is a monist, or atheistic evolutionist, first, and an unbiassed—if he is ever unbiassed—student of Nature afterwards. One rises from the reading of Van Beneden's delightful book, pleased and refreshed, and feeling that he has been admitted into the *Arcana* of Nature by one of her favorite initiates as well as by one of her best qualified exponents; whilst the perusal of Hæckel's production engenders lassitude, confusion, dissatisfaction, and often disgust.

Like Kepler, Newton, Linnæus, Louis Agassiz, Leverrier, and others in the fore-front of the world's great men of science, Van Beneden was a man of deep religious convictions, and real, unaffected piety. He loved to see the handiwork of God in the visible world, and to trace the operations of His providence in the development and conservation of His creatures. He was born and raised a Roman Catholic, and to the day of his death he continued a devoted and consistent member of the faith of his fathers.

"In that great drama which we call Nature," he tells us in the introduction to his "*Animal Parasites and Messmates*," "each animal plays its special part, and He who has adjusted and regulated everything in its due order and proportion, watches with as much care over the preservation of the most repulsive insect, as over the brood of the most brilliant bird. Each, as it comes into the world, thoroughly knows its part, and plays it the better because it is more free to obey the dictates of its instinct. There presides over this great drama of life, a law as harmonious as that which regulates the movements of the Heavenly bodies; and if death carries off from the scene every hour myriads of living creatures, each hour causes new legions to rise up in order to replace them. It is a whirlwind of being, a chain without end."

He was a firm believer in the "Grand Ideas" of Plato, and with Cuvier and Agassiz he contended that "the statuary who tempers the clay from which to make his model, has already conceived in his mind the statue which he is about to produce. Thus it is with the Supreme Artist. His plan from all eternity is present to His thought. He will execute the work in one day, or in a thousand ages. Time is nothing to Him; the work is con-

ceived, it is created, and each of its parts is only the realization of the Creative thought and its predetermined development in time and space.

“‘The more we advance in the study of Nature,’ he quotes approvingly from Oswald Heer, ‘the more profound becomes our conviction, that belief in an Almighty Creator and a Divine Wisdom, who has created the heavens and the earth, according to an eternal and preconceived plan can alone resolve the enigmas of Nature, as well as those of human life. Let us still erect statues to men who have been useful to their fellow-creatures, and have distinguished themselves by their genius, but let us not forget what we owe to Him who has placed such marvels in a grain of sand, a world in every drop of water.’”

As Van Beneden saw it, there was no conflict between science and religion; nor was there, according to his view, any conflict possible. The word of God, as contained in the Book of books, could not be at variance with the testimony of the rocks, or the unequivocal teachings of animate nature. Certain scientific theories might be opposed to individual opinions, but science in contradiction to revelation, never.

I would fain speak of Van Beneden as a husband, father, and friend, but I have already exceeded the limits assigned me. Suffice it to say that he was the most devoted of husbands, the most affectionate of fathers, the most loyal of friends. His home-life was peculiarly cheerful and happy. Of a kindly nature, and of a genial, generous disposition, he was worshipped by his family, as he was idolized by his students and confrères.

He leaves a son, Professor Edward Van Beneden, who shares his father's tastes and talent, and who promises to continue the dynasty of Van Beneden with the same *eclat* as did the sons of the distinguished naturalists de Jussieu, Brongniart, De Candolle, and Agassiz. He has already made a name for himself in the world of science, and even his first researches signalized him as the worthy son of a noble sire.

Among those who are capable of appreciating the bearing and value of the great Belgian's work, few among contemporary scientists stood so high as Van Beneden. That his name is not more familiar to the public at large is due to the rigidly

scientific character of his work, and to the fact that it was limited mostly to subjects in which only devotees of science and medicine are directly interested. But as an evidence of the esteem in which he was held by the world of science, it is sufficient to state that the chief learned societies of both Europe and America vied with one another in showing him honor. From Moscow to San Francisco, from Edinburgh to far-off, antipodal Wellington, scientific associations and universities recognized his ability and the magnitude of his discoveries, by



STUDY OF VAN BENEDEN.

enrolling him among their members, and by conferring upon him the highest degrees in their gift. He was one of the few corresponding members of the French Institute, a distinction as coveted as it is rare. But more than this. Princes and governments emulated societies and universities in honoring the "grand old man of Louvain," and in bestowing upon him their most cherished orders and insignia. Dom Pedro, of Brazil, who entertained a genuine affection for the illustrious savant, was wont to call

him *cher maître*, and his own sovereign held him in such esteem that he conferred upon him the highest degree of the nation's order of knighthood, the order of Leopold.

Well then could Louvain's faculty exclaim, by the mouth of its spokesman, Mgr. Abbeloos, on the occasion of the memorial services held a few days after the great scientist's demise, "*Cecidit corona capitis nostri*,"—we have lost our glory and our crown. He was indeed the diadem, the jewel of great price, the glory of the distinguished body with which he was so long associated, and it will be long before Louvain, and long before Belgium, shall look upon his like again.

Yes, Van Beneden is truly one of the world's immortals. He is great to-day, but he will grow as the years pass by, and in proportion as the world awakens to a full realization of the value and magnitude of his services to science and humanity. Already he stands alongside the world's greatest sages, and in the company of those who contributed most to the dissipation of error and the advancement of truth. And when the future historian of science shall take up his pen to trace in characters indelible the names of Nature's most successful interpreters, he will not hesitate, I am convinced, to inscribe in the catalogue bearing the illustrious names of Aristotle, Pythagoras, Copernicus, Galileo, Descartes, Mersenne, Lavoisier, Newton, Herschel, Faraday, Helmholtz, and Pasteur, the honored and revered name of Belgium's distinguished son, and Louvain's eminent professor, Pierre Joseph Van Beneden.

Not as Jesus came, came Mary,
In the wintry days of snow;
But amid the yellow harvest,
In the Autumn's golden glow.
Thus September, heavy fruited,
Clad in russet, brown, and green,
Gave the world its sinless Daughter—
Gave the Church her sun-clothed Queen.

—Father Rawes, O. S. C.

THE SORROWS OF MARY.

REV. C. H. McKENNA, O. P.



H, THAT Heaven would grant us to realize the evil of selfishness! What a thief it is! How many of our otherwise good actions it either completely destroys or renders of little value before God! Selfishness mingles with our best thoughts and instils itself into our noblest endeavors. Through its suggestions we proclaim, like the Pharisee, what we do for God and for our neighbor. Our fasts, our prayers, we make known; and if Heaven favors us with special blessings, we must publish them to the world in order to satisfy the demands of this enemy.

Through the same exacting tyrant we are also urged to tell of our sufferings and our sorrows, the better to excite sympathy in our behalf. Nay, we exaggerate both the one and the other that the world may regard us as martyrs. How few relish the advice of à Kempis: "Love to be unknown and to be despised"! How few hunger like St. Dominic and St. Francis, to be persecuted and calumniated for the sake of the Master!

Yet we confess the meanness of our origin. We acknowledge that the slime of the serpent passed over us. Realizing, therefore, our own sins, we should not seek to be free from sufferings. Bowed down to the dust, we should acknowledge that, born of defilement, living in sin, we deserve the scourge and the cross every moment of our lives. Yet, how sad it is to find, even among well instructed Catholics, murmurings and complainings when the cross presses on them, offering them means of paying their debt, and of meriting for Heaven!

There is another truth which should deepen our shame. We are disposed to think but too lightly of the trials and sufferings of others. We hear their tale of poverty, but soon forget it; we see their wounds and diseases, but quickly banish their recollection from our memory. Even Purgatory, with its excruciating pains, in which many that were closely united to us may still suffer, commands only a passing thought! O God! for the spirit of the saints

which made them oblivious of their own sufferings in order to aid their afflicted brethren.

Now, after the unselfish sufferings of the Man of Sorrows, who delivered Himself up for His enemies, there were no other undeserved suffering and sorrow save the sufferings and sorrows of Mary. Her virgin soul could never lament that for a single instant she was displeasing in the sight of her Father. At all times, from the first moment of her existence, the Creator could gaze with complacency on her bright, beautiful soul, which, like the placid lake, reflected all the loveliness of Heaven. But Mary was a devoted daughter. She knew the world better than all the philosophers and sages of antiquity. She knew her Father's beauty and perfections better than all the angel-hosts. She loved her Father immeasurably above all the combined raptures of filial love which throbbed the heart of childhood; yet she saw her Father insulted, outraged, by unknown and hideous demons striving to usurp His adoration and His glory.

Who will tell the sorrows of Margaret Roper, when she saw her noble, devoted father, Sir Thomas More, dragged for his Faith through the streets of London to the scaffold of Tyburn! But, O God, what was faithful Margaret's love for her father in comparison with Mary's unselfish love for her Creator! And this knowledge of the insults offered by sinful man to her Father, and this bitter sorrow for sin not her own, and this ardent desire to see Him worshipped and adored by all, possessed her soul from the dawn of reason.

The history of France tells us how the Maid of Orleans girded on the sword to restore her king to his throne and drive the enemies of France from her shores. Immeasurably greater was the love which burned in the heart of the daughter of Sion to see the reign of the usurping demon destroyed, and the God of Israel rule over the nations. Ah, ten thousand times would Mary have given her life-blood to establish the Kingdom of God over the earth! And what added to her grief was the knowledge of God's special love for her own people, Israel, and the shameful abandonment of His service by her nation. But more: "Jesus," says Faber, "was Mary's Son, and Jesus was God." And when we consider that to this love for her Father in Heaven and this sor-

row for outrages committed against Him, were added the love and the sorrow for Jesus, then we begin better to approximate to a knowledge of the suffering and sorrows of Mary. O God, it is no wonder that the Church calls our Mother the Queen of Martyrs, and declares that dark and wide and deep as the ocean was the sea of sorrow which whelmed her soul.

Another ingredient helped to embitter the chalice of our Mother. She knew clearly the merciful designs of her Son towards men, and towards her own people. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," He said, "how often would I have gathered your children to Me as the hen gathereth her chickens!" But, she saw how, blinded by passion, they rejected Him, to their ruin. She also knew how loathsome to Him was sin, yet she saw how, day by day, He was surrounded by it; that it vomited its defilement at Him and she was unable to protect Him. With a clearness next to that of God she saw the enormity of sin in itself, and the hatred that He bore it; yet her Son must mingle with it, meet it at every step, and though she would have given her life-blood a thousand times to save Him from its insult, she can only love and suffer in silence.

From St. Teresa we learn that a venial sin is so vile a stain that she would rather suffer the pains of hell to the end of the world than to be defiled by it; and St. Catherine of Siena declared to Blessed Raymond, her confessor, that seeing a soul in mortal sin, she had such a horror of the state of that soul that she would have died with fright had not God supported her. What must have been the life-long sorrow and horror of Mary who saw the defilement of men's souls more clearly than St. Peter saw the souls of Ananias and Sapphira!

Yet in this life-long suffering and sorrow which, like the gathering storm, makes Heaven and earth and sea each moment become darker and more gloomy, Mary was going through a school to fit her for her position on Calvary, and for the sacrifice which Heaven would there demand. But that was not all. She had to merit the sublime office of Mother and comforter of the afflicted; she was to undo the work of Eve, who brought sin and suffering and sorrow to our race. Mary's office was not simply to love, to suffer, to sorrow. The whole world, with its multitude of in-

habitants groaning in sin, full of misery, laden with grief, was to be given to her care, and her mission was to conquer the demon, crush his head, bind up the wounds of the bleeding hearts of her children, and bring joy and hope and consolation to every grief-stricken heart that would turn to her for aid and assistance.

Let us hear the devout Faber on this point: "Our Lord could have redeemed us by a sigh, a drop of blood, but He willed otherwise. He earned it, merited it, struggled for it, and only mastered it by the prodigies of His Passion. . . . So is it with Mary. She is not at once created Mother of the afflicted as by a sudden patent of nobility. She does not become the Mother of the afflicted by a mere appointment emanating from the will of the divine Majesty. It might have been so, but it is not so. Her office of our Mother is a long and painful conclusion worked out from her divine maternity. She has toiled for it, suffered for it, borne herculean burdens of sorrow in order to merit it, and has mastered it at last on Calvary." Faber adds that she could not strictly merit such an office, that it was part of the merits of Christ, but that she, according to her capacity, came nigh meriting it, and met God's gratuitous advances to her on the way. Again he says: "Oh, it was well for us, and it was most entirely to her heart's content, that God permitted her dolours that she might be so much the more really the Mother of the afflicted; for the heaviness of her sorrow is the daily lightening of ours; and how little it is that we can bear, and how great the load that she could bear, and how royally she bore it!"

Oh, it is well for us priests that we have the example of the Mother of Sorrows to offer to our poor people when we find them bowed down in poverty, sufferings, and misery. We have the example of the Man of Sorrows, it is true, and we place that example as best we may before them. But some poor, weak, murmuring ones will say: "Yes, I know He suffered more than I; but He was God; I am only a weak creature." Then can we speak of our Mother's poverty and sufferings and sorrows with wonderful profit to the troubled soul. Is it a sign that God does not love us when He sends us trials? Did not Jesus love His Blessed Mother? Could He not have made her rich and happy? Yet she had to use a stable for a dwelling, flee in terror to a strange land to save her Son's life, had to

work hard for her living, was left a widow and childless, had not even a grave nor a winding-sheet for her Son. Such was the life of His Mother, the daughter of God, the Queen of Saints. When we thus address our sorrowing friends, a change will come over their feelings, and tears of sorrow will well up from contrite hearts. Mary, too, will not be unmindful of her office; she will hasten to console her afflicted child.

About eighteen years ago I was called to break to a faithful, loving wife, the saddest news that such can receive. Her husband, a hardworking, sober, honest man, whose only earthly happiness was in the well-being of his little family, which he almost idolized, was employed by shipbuilders in the repairs of their vessels. One day whilst down in the hold, calking the vessel, surrounded by barrels of oil and benzine, some one struck a match, or spontaneous combustion caused a flame. In an instant the vessel was on fire, and poor William and his companions were burned to death. News came to his aged father-in-law, one of my dearest friends, and one of the best men I ever knew. Sending his single daughter, M—, to the home of his married daughter, now made a widow, not to break the sad news to her, but to be there when it would be made known, the old man came to have me perform one of the most painful duties of my life.

It was on a Saturday evening, and the following day was Rosary Sunday. St. Vincent Ferrer's was unusually crowded with penitents anxious to gain the great Indulgences of the morrow, and ten priests were laboring earnestly to accommodate the throng. The sexton came to the door of my confessional, and informed me that I was wanted in the vestibule. I said: "I cannot go out; see the crowd." "Oh, do not refuse," he said; "your old friend Mr. S. is in great trouble, and begs to see you."

I went out, and never shall I forget the mingled look of agonizing grief and resignation which my old friend manifested. Years before I had learned to admire his unaffected piety, his strong faith. In brief words he told the sad tale of William's death, and begged me to come and break the news to his poor wife. I could not refuse, and bidding my penitents have patience, I hastened with him.

We found her surrounded by her little ones, and preparing Wil-

liam's supper. Her sister, who knew all, was apparently light-hearted, and amusing the children around her. Nor did they seem to notice us, so much were they enjoying the presence of their aunt. To this day I cannot understand how M—— concealed the bitter grief at her heart, not betraying aught that she knew to her sister.

"Father," said the mother, "you must excuse me; I am not in a condition to receive you as I would like. I have to do my own work, and William's supper is being prepared, for he will soon be here."

Oh, how hard to destroy, by a few words, the joys and hopes of that still happy wife and light-hearted children! But the news had to be broken, for the remains would soon arrive. I asked her not to think of me, that I called in a moment with her father to see her on a little business. I asked her to be seated, as I wished to talk to her quietly. She sat down, gazing on me inquiringly.

"Father," she said, "have you some bad news for me?" All at once the children were silent. I asked her to say one Hail Mary, and I would answer her after it. She said the prayer, but already I saw the blood leave her face. Then I spoke to her of resignation to God's will, and begged her for the love of Jesus and Mary, to bear patiently what I would say. She was silent. A moment more and she heard all. The joyous laughs of childhood were changed into bitter heart-breaking grief cries on the part of the children, but no word escaped the mother's lips. The youngest boy, about three years of age, hastened to his mother, and threw himself on her lap, as she sat on the chair like a statue of marble. Her only motion was to raise and lower her hand on the head of her sorrowing son. Poor heart-broken wife and mother! It was then we spoke of the scene of Calvary; of the Mother with the dead Christ in her arms; of the sorrows of Mary. O Blessed Mother! how often have you inspired the words of the priest in consoling the afflicted! How often have you come to the aid of your sorrowing children, and helped them carry the cross sent for their sanctification! O Blessed Mother of Sorrows! be with us in all our trials, but especially in the last moment of life. Then, sweet Mother, show thyself in a special manner, the Mother of pity and of mercy.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

FROM the beginning of the great work of the Summer School, THE ROSARY has been deeply interested in the plans and prospects and labors of the devoted men who are the pioneers in this movement of Catholic intellectual life in the United States. The present opportunity of presenting to our readers some thoughts and suggestions bearing on the Summer School is gladly taken. Instead of speaking in our own name, we have judged it more advantageous to our readers, and we trust, also to the cause, to invite the men who are truly representative of the Summer School, to offer a few words to readers of THE ROSARY. We appreciate the courtesy of the Reverend President of the Summer School, Doctor Conaty; of the Reverend President of the Catholic Educational Union, Father Sheedy; of Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Editor of *The Catholic Reading Circle Review*, and the indefatigable and enthusiastic promoter of the School. THE ROSARY cordially seconds their words, and cordially joins in the hope that these earnest and disinterested men will receive the only reward they seek here—the assurance that they have awakened and sustained a new life among our people. The continuation of the Summer School in the work of the Catholic Educational Union we warmly commend to our friends. The organ of the School and the Union, *The Catholic Reading Circle Review*, is a magazine that deserves all good things. THE ROSARY can only say good words; but these we cordially say, and we are much pleased in the saying, that every Rosarian ought to be a subscriber to the *Review*.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL
OF AMERICA.

A retrospective view of the Catholic Summer School of America takes me back to an evening in the fall of 1885, when, for the first time in my life, the Chautauqua system of education was brought to my attention. The information was imparted to me by a friend who had just joined a Chautauqua Reading Circle, and who urged me to become a member also. This I was very

willing to do upon learning of the many advantages of the system.

At the first meeting of this Circle which I attended, I was favorably impressed with the methods of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—this being the title of the department of Reading Circles under the Chautauqua system,—and from that time the desire took possession of me to institute such a system of popular education for our Catholic people.

For four years I was a member of this local Chautauqua Circle, in the management of which I took an active part, serving as presiding officer two years. The study of the system occupied much of my attention, and I became familiar with its various de-



WARREN E. MOSHER.

partments, including the Reading Circle, Summer School, College of Liberal Arts, and other departments.

As the knowledge of this vast and admirably planned institution grew upon me, the difficulties of establishing a similar one on Catholic lines seemed overwhelming. The opportunity to make the attempt to organize did not present itself until the spring of 1889, when, after consultation with my pastor, the Rev. E. Mears, an organization was effected on April 16th, and the institution named "The Catholic Educational Union." Father Mears was its first president. He was succeeded by the Rev. Morgan

M. Sheedy, of Pittsburg, Pa., the present incumbent. About two weeks previously to the establishment of the Educational Union, a Catholic Reading Circle was formed for the purpose of giving an object lesson of the system. This Circle was called The Home Reading Circle, and still exists.

Intelligence of the aim and methods of this Union was spread throughout the land through the Catholic and secular press, by correspondence and personal visits to many places by myself. The project met with much favor and encouragement, but obstacles barred its progress, also, at every turn. There was not a dollar behind the institution, yet I had determined to devote my whole time to the enterprise, and make it a life-work.

In October, 1889, a number of Circles which had been organized under the auspices of the Educational Union, entered upon the course of reading prescribed. From the time of the establishment of the Union until January, 1891, the connection between the various Circles and the Union was kept up by means of leaflets issued monthly, containing the order of reading directions, etc. In January, 1891, the first number of *The Catholic Reading Circle Review*, official organ of the Union, made its appearance.

Thus far, two features of the Chautauqua system had been realized—Reading Circles following defined courses under the direction of a central body, and a magazine. The idea of the Summer School now began to take definite shape, but it was not until January, 1892, that the project was first given public mention, by the Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., in a letter to the *Catholic Review* of New York City. Following is the letter:

A few weeks ago Mr. W. E. Mosher, the secretary of the "Catholic Chautauqua" movement, and Editor of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, consulted with me as to the feasibility of choosing some desirable place where the Catholic educators of the country, and those who are interested in Reading Circles, might assemble during the summer vacation, and devote some time to the discussion of educational matters, listen to addresses from prominent and experienced teachers, etc. With that characteristic instinct of American Catholicity which immediately "sits on" everything which looks like a novelty, I answered bluntly that "the project was visionary." "The time may come," said I, "when such schemes may work, but not in the present posture of affairs." I venture to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred Catholics in the country would have treated the propo-

sition precisely as I did; for there are few of us who feel able or willing to "run a hotel." And yet, when we take a second thought, what is there wild or impracticable about Mr. Mosher's project? There has been an immense and widespread awakening of interest, during the past couple of years, in the improvement of Catholic pedagogy and the cultivation of Catholic literature. How to perfect our schools, how to interest our young men and women in mental culture, are the questions uppermost in the minds of clergy and laity. Why not hold an informal congress for the discussion of such questions? and what better plan than a general assembly during vacation time? As the Catholic Young Men's National Union will hold its annual Convention, towards the end of August, in the city of Albany, Mr. Mosher suggests that the headquarters of the "Catholic Chautauqua" might be fixed somewhere in that neighborhood, either on the Hudson or at Saratoga. Every Catholic, interested either in the improvement of self or of Catholic youth, might be invited to attend. A special invitation might be extended to that valuable and much neglected body, the Catholic teachers in the public schools.

Now, dear *Review*, don't look to me as organizer of this movement. I frankly confess that whilst I admire the plan, and would willingly attend the meetings, I could give but scant assistance in the matter of arranging details. I can simply assure anyone who is competent to take hold of it, that I, and many of the young men of the National Union, will be glad to see the project succeed. And now let the discussion begin.

Very faithfully,

JAMES F. LOUGHLIN,

President C. Y. M. N. U.

The matter was at once taken up and discussed in all its bearings. Many eminent prelates, priests, and laymen gave expression of their opinion in the *Reading Circle Review*, and a meeting was called under the auspices of the Educational Union, at the Catholic Club, New York City, May 11, 1892. About twenty-five assembled in response to the call.

To quote from the prospectus recently issued, "To discuss was to agree," etc.

The Catholic Summer School is the outgrowth of the Reading Circle movement, and the Reading Circle movement as it now exists, may be said to have originated with the Chautauqua system; while the Chautauqua system, although in a modern guise, bears many traces of the system of education in vogue before the Christian era, and carried to perfection under the influence of the Church in the scholastic age.

I have mentioned the Educational Union particularly because of my connection with that institution, but the Catholic Reading Circle movement is not due altogether to the influence of the Educational Union. The establishment of Catholic Reading Circles was attempted shortly after the Chautauqua Circles became known. In 1885 an attempt was made to carry on a Reading Circle in the Young Ladies' Sodality at Youngstown, Ohio, but it did not continue long. Other attempts were made in different places, and with better success. In 1888, the establishment of Catholic Reading Circles was advocated by Miss Julia Perkins (recently deceased), of Milwaukee, Wis., through the *Catholic World*; and in June, 1889, the same magazine announced the establishment of the Columbian Reading Union, under the direction of the Paulist Fathers, having for its object the propagation of Catholic Reading Circles. The first attempt at organized effort, however, was made in 1889, with what success the Catholic reading public already knows.

WARREN E. MOSHER,

Sec. Cath. S. S. of America.

THE SESSION OF 1894.

The third session of the Catholic Summer School of America opened July 14, and closed August 13, 1894. It was in every respect the most notable and successful assemblage of the students and friends of higher education on strictly Catholic lines, who during the past three years have been following the Summer School course of lectures.

In the increased attendance over preceding years, in the widely separated sections of the country represented, in the range and variety of the subjects discussed, all of which were of present and practical interest, in the growing favor with which the Summer School idea has been received by the clergy and hierarchy of the Church, which was manifested by the presence of priests and bishops deeply interested in the daily work of the School, in the many pleasant reunions of former students of college and academy, and the happy hours of sweet intercourse

of highly cultivated men and women, in the beautiful spirit of social harmony that prevailed everywhere, there was nothing wanting to make the session that just closed at Plattsburgh, on the eve of the feast of our Lady's Assumption, the most successful in the short history of the Catholic Summer School.

In the brief space allotted to the writer it is only possible to note a few things that contributed to this success. The increased attendance was largely due to the Conferences of Reading Circles held last winter and spring in Boston, Philadelphia, Rochester, New York, and Chicago. In these conferences the work done at the Summer School, and the means of doing it, were fully and



REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

clearly set forth. The aims and objects of the School were made known to Catholic students interested in the problems that are at present stirring men's souls; and many were desirous of knowing how those problems were to be met and answered by Catholic teachers, men of rare and acknowledged ability, each in his own department of science, art, history, law, philosophy, and religion. Accordingly they came in large numbers, and set themselves down by the placid waters of Champlain to drink in, during the four weeks of the session of the School, truth and wisdom.

As was to be expected, the majority of the students came from the New England and Middle Atlantic States, though there were

representatives from States as far West as Wisconsin, and as far South as Kentucky and Louisiana. Brooklyn, among the cities of the country, had the honor of having the largest delegation, while New York, Rochester, Buffalo, and Boston sent a large number of students. The personal efforts made by individuals, was also felt in this year's attendance; those who come one year return home determined to make known to their friends the many advantages to be gained by attendance at the School.

Of the lectures there is space only for a short summary. By reference to the Syllabus we find a wide range and much variety. Ethics, Law, Science, American Institutions, Catholic Literature, Early Educators and Missionaries, Studies among famous English Authors, the work of Catholic Reading Circles, Education and Sanitation, work in Sunday-Schools, Social Problems, Young Men in Public Life, Astronomy, Christian Art, Catholic Organization of Intellectual forces, Artists and their Masterpieces,—these were the subjects discussed during the first three weeks of the School. The fourth week, which was chiefly intended for teachers in our schools, had a special normal course, a series of lectures on Logic and Psychology, Language and Literature, Mathematics, History, and a series on the Bible and the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., on the Study of the Scriptures. This list will give the reader some idea of the value and importance of the work done at the School. It is no child's play; nor is it a hard task voluntarily imposed by those in attendance. For the subjects that may be considered difficult and abstruse, are, by the skilful treatment of the lecturers, so handled as to be easily comprehended by the ordinary mind.

Not the least important, and certainly one of the most pleasing features of the school, was its social side. There were many receptions to distinguished friends and visitors, such as those tendered to his Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York, to the Bishop of the Diocese, to Bishop Watterson, and the newly-consecrated Bishop of Albany, N. Y. There were readings, musicales, and a special reception to the Catholic authors and writers present at Champlain; various excursions to points of interest in this historic and romantic region, to Au Sable chasm, to Saranac, to Montreal, Burlington, and to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré,

which were undertaken by the whole School, or by small parties, filled in profitably and pleasantly, indeed, the hours needed for recreation and rest.

Through the kind consideration and attention of the Very Reverend Pastor of St. John's Church, Plattsburgh, the services on Sundays and week-days were all that could be desired. We had pontifical Mass and an appropriate and forcible sermon morning and evening on Sundays, which was heard, no doubt, with advantage, by many non-Catholics. The devotional spirit of the average Summer School attendant was striking and edifying.

What rendered this session most notable, was the laying of the corner-stone of the new Administration building on the ground of the School by Archbishop Corrigan of New York, on the afternoon of Sunday, July 29th, and the communication to the School, by the Apostolic Delegate, of the letter of the Holy Father approving the movement. We subjoin both the letter of Archbishop Satolli, and that of our Holy Father, the Pope:

LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14, 1894.

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D. :

REV. DEAR SIR:—With no little surprise I find that the letter of His Holiness, Leo XIII., commending with highest praise the Catholic Summer School of America, has come to me. Most undoubtedly the institution over which you preside is one in every way worthy of commendation and encouragement. If before the session closes it be possible to visit you, I shall give you notice. Meanwhile be assured that I am ready and willing to render your Champlain School any service in my power. Wishing you a full measure of success, I am devotedly yours in Christ,

FRANCIS, ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI,
Apostolic Delegate.

THE HOLY FATHER'S BLESSING.

TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHER FRANCIS, ARCHBISHOP OF LEPANTO, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LEO XIII., POPE.

Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction: It has recently been brought to our knowledge that, among the many movements so opportunely set on foot in the United States for the increase of religion, a Catholic Summer School through the co-operation of clergy and laity has been established on Lake Champlain at Plattsburgh in the diocese of Ogdensburg. We have also learned that the school has been affiliated by the Board of Regents of the University of New York, and empowered to confer degrees upon those who follow its courses of study. There were many reasons for the founding of a school of this kind; one affecting the good of religion, that Catholics by their union of thought and pursuits may the more effectively defend the Catholic Church, and induce our brethren who are separated from us concerning the Christian faith, to make their peace with her; another, that by means of lectures from learned teachers the pursuit of the highest studies may be encouraged and promoted; finally, that through the principles laid down by us in our encyclical on the condition of labor and by their practical illustration and application, the peace and prosperity

of your fellow-citizens may be secured. We are aware that Bishops have been the promoters of these things because they saw that in many ways notable benefits would result therefrom. Moved, nevertheless, by our great desire that the best interests of the people of the United States may be furthered by the constant addition of new helps, we are pleased to give our commendation to the trustees of this Summer School, and to exhort them not to depart from the road which they have already taken, but to go forward in it with braver confidence. Since we have been informed, also, that in a short time the third annual session of the School will be held, and that Bishops, priests, and members of the laity will be present, we send to those who will attend, our heartiest greeting, praying God to bless their undertaking and purposes. We trust, Venerable Brother, that in this your aid will not be wanting, and that by constant assistance you will encourage these assemblies of Catholics, and see that the largest benefits accrue therefrom to religion and good citizenship. May the Apostolic Benediction, which we impart most lovingly, be an earnest of the many heavenly blessings with which we pray the Almighty to reward your zeal, and that of the other Bishops, priests, and people.

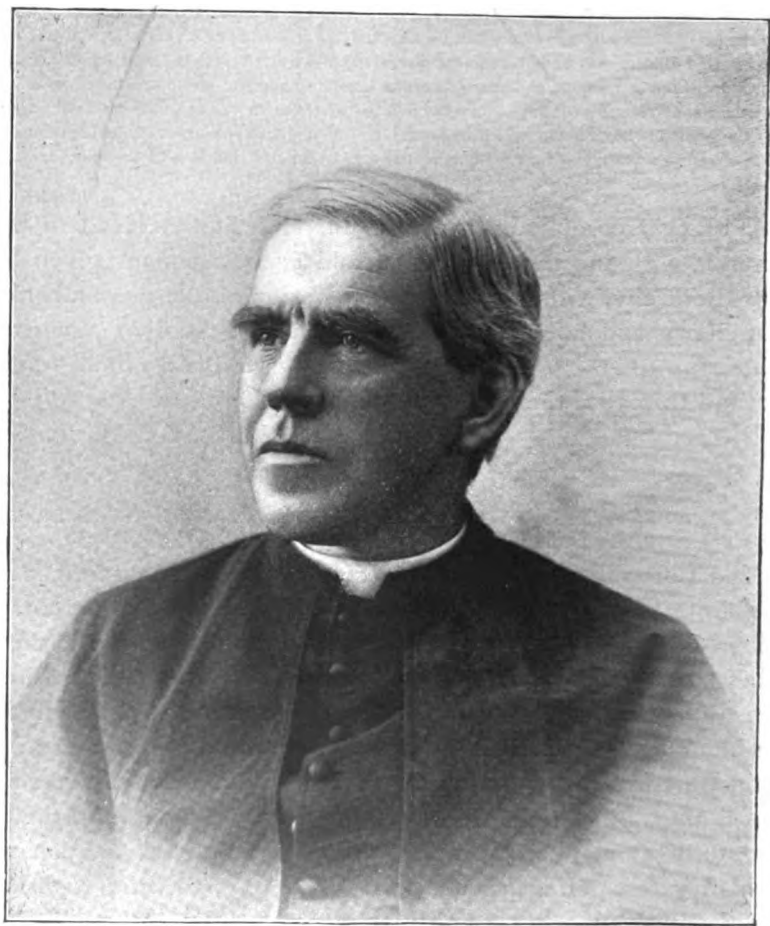
LEO XIII.

With this cordial approval and blessing of the Head of the Church, with the kindly interest and encouragement given by the Hierarchy, with the active co-operation of a large number of our clergy and laity, the Catholic Summer School of America, whose motto is—" *Deus Illuminatio Mea* "—God is my light,—cannot fail to realize the highest hopes of its founders.

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

THE PROSPECTIVE OF THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

The Catholic Summer School of America is an assured fact. Catholics have long called for it, and in its existence it corresponds, in some measure, to their ideas, and satisfies their desires. They have recognized its necessity and its usefulness, and now they are appreciatingly grateful for the efforts made to establish it. As an intelligent force in Catholic educational work, it has demonstrated its power. It is not a college, much less a University, but it aims by lectures and correspondence to give opportunity for study along special lines of advanced thought; to open up fields for research in science and philosophy; to bring together representative teachers of all branches of learning, who will give to students the results of life-work; to unite in social intercourse Catholics from different parts of the country; in a word, to mould a Catholic student element into a strength and influence for good which will save, not merely the individuals composing it, but will reach out into society and save it. This will redound to the credit of the Church, and provide able and intelligent defenders of sacred truth against the falsehoods of



REV. T. J. CONATY, D.D.

heresy and agnosticism. The purpose of the School is to supplement and complement the work of education so well cared for in our schools and academies. It will serve to repair, on the one hand, the injury done by defective education, and on the other to broaden and more generally embellish what is already good. It reaches out to our busy men and women, and offers them the privilege of special study, which will supply for them much which they long for, but cannot obtain without great danger to the principles of truth and right action. In this the prospective of our Summer School is that of a quasi university, of special knowledge—a people's university to enter which the only requisite is heart and mind seeking greater light and fuller development of truth. The colleges and universities which train the minds and hearts to the enjoyment of higher education, open their doors to the very few who alone have time, means, and ambition to pursue its courses of study. Shall the many be left to content themselves with the pittance which comes from fewer years at school? Has higher education nothing for them? The Summer School answers that ambition; desire for self-improvement, among the people, even among those who have already received more than the average, must be and is answered in the Summer Universities where all tastes are sought to be satisfied. The movement is in its infancy among us Catholics, but Chautauqua has demonstrated its usefulness and its success. Its possibilities are as vast as the wants of our people. It may become an attachment of school, academy, college, and even university. It may serve as a valuable assistant to lyceum and association, to literary, scientific, and philosophical research in reading circle or at the fireside of one's home. It brings at once, into our private and public Catholic life, the results of the intellectual endeavors of our best scholars, our most profound thinkers, who, under the inspiration of our holy faith, have sounded the depths of secular knowledge, and who come to us with arms full of the sheaves of ripe scholarship with which to ornament the education of our schools and homes. The prospective of the Catholic Summer School is a parent home by the banks of the beautiful Champlain, and branch schools throughout the country, permeating our social life, and bringing near to our people, in all sections of our great country, the many

advantages which have now to be sought for at much sacrifice.

Champlain, the first attempt of Catholics, is the pioneer school, first missionary, as it were, in the endeavor for higher education for the people. We are but sowers of the idea, reaping, indeed, some of the results; but those who come after will reap them in the fulness of a ripened harvest. A cottage city, a university town will rise up upon the banks of the lake; halls of science will welcome to their lecture-rooms the thousands of students who, like pilgrims of old, will journey thither seeking knowledge. Hospitality will spread its pleasant cheer before all, and enjoyment and mirth will make the hours of relaxation pass amid the joys of innocent friendship. Days will come and go, and learned travellers will delight the student world with the tales of discovery and research; philosophers and seers, with the illumination of faith upon their words, will separate the dross from the gold in the principles of life, and a purer and higher knowledge of God and of themselves will come to the earnest seekers. The warriors of faith, while discoursing of the deeds of old, will help prepare the weapons of defence for all to use in the battles of the present; builders of a true life will train mind and heart in the skill necessary for the building of the structure of faith. In a word, the Catholic Summer School of America has a future which may be made a potent factor of our religious and social life as American Catholics, opening to them their place in the great intellectual movement which is destined to bring to our Church and our people the treasures of mind and heart which truth transmits across the ages, as our inheritance. Our duty is to drink deep at its springs, equip ourselves well for our responsibilities as American Catholics, and by the true education of intellect, add lustre to our Church, happiness to our homes, and salvation to our great and glorious country.

Its location, somewhat remote from the haunts of great travel, is an advantage in the exclusiveness of student life which it guarantees. None but those who are in sympathy with the work will seek its quiet shades. It will have no attractions for those governed by curiosity or pleasure alone, and the earnest student will not have his life marred by the interruptions which come from hordes of pleasure seekers. Education itself makes the com-

munity exclusive, and that which is purchased with sacrifice is most appreciated. Our Catholic Summer School in its future, is the home of Americans seeking all that truth can give.

THOMAS J. CONATY.

FORGIVEN.

HELEN GRACE SMITH.

UPON my heart a shadow falleth slowly;
And lo! I rest in perfect peace therein;
For now I trust, though I am weak and lowly,
That Thou wilt give me strength—forget my sin.

And on my brow I feel Thy gentle fingers
Smooth back my hair to still the throbbing pain,
And rapture through my faint heart steals and lingers,
As sunshine floods the sweet world after rain.

I know not, Lord, why Thou shouldst stoop to love me,
All sin defiled, and fallen from Thy grace,
But as the clear sky smiling bends above me,
So bending, Jesus, smiles Thy perfect face.

Beneath the shadow of Thy wing, my Saviour,
In safety sheltered from the heat and glare,
I contemplate Thy beauty and Thy favor,
Till in that light my sinful soul seems fair.

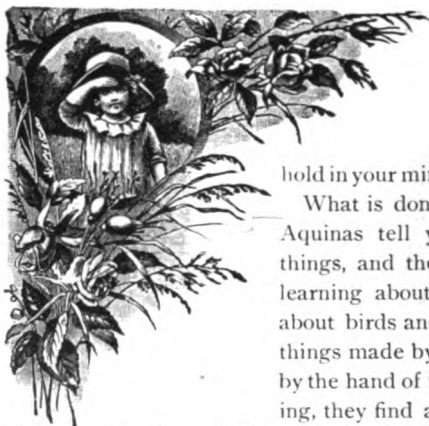
For Thou hast pitied me, and heard me crying
For help, for mercy, through the long, dark night,
And tears are wiped away; there is no sighing;
My soul is rapt with Thee in pure delight.

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

A KINDERGARTEN FOR GROWN PEOPLE.

DEAR YOUNG SOLDIERS AND ROSARIANS, AND ROSARY "CHILDREN OF AN OLDER GROWTH":



What is a kindergarten, boys and girls? Maybe you will say, "a school for the wee, wee children."

But Aquinas wants a better answer than that, or, at least, wants you to

hold in your minds a fuller, more expressive meaning.

What is done for children in kindergarten? Let Aquinas tell you. They are interested in many things, and they are learning about many things, learning about form, color, and number; learning about birds and flowers and animals; about many things made by God's hand, and other things made by the hand of man. And yet, amidst all this learning, they find amusement: school all day long is a

play-ground. It is really true, the children are instructed in such a happy manner that even while in the enjoyment of play, their minds are being stored with lessons for the future, lessons that will brighten life and make real school days easier.

Now, boys and girls, did you ever hear of a kindergarten for big people, for men and women? There *is* one, it isn't *called* a kindergarten,—it is called THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA, but all the men and women there are learning things they never knew before about the exquisite form and color of Nature's lakes and mountains and valleys, the weird grandeur of its caverns and chasms; and they are learning of true, deep, helpful thoughts that God has put into other people's minds; and they are learning to know the faces and voices and characters of men and women whom they never met before, but whose *names* have grown familiar to them in the pages of our Catholic magazines and journals, and whose words have often expressed thoughts of their own that they themselves could not put into words. And, too, they are learning things about God and His Church, that make them know their religion better, and love it more. And while all this learning is going on, they are really as happy as are children with the new toys that come forth with each new day in kindergarten.

The Editor of THE ROSARY loves the children of the Rosary and the soldiers of the Angelic Warfare, and every good thing to be grasped he would present to them, so he told Aquinas to go to the Summer School, and tell about it afterwards in THE ROSARY.

BOYS AND GIRLS,

you will be the young men and women of our country in a very few years. You will soon be taking vacations from work, and, like those who are the "children of older growth" to-day, you will then be thinking all Winter and Spring where you shall decide to spend the Summer vacation.

The Church has blessed the Summer School, and, as its directors say, "it has come to stay." It has its own great farm, where soon spacious buildings will be erected, and room will be there for all of you who can go, and there the younger and the older "grown people" will go to school together.

Shall Aquinas pilot you over the way? Let us suppose that a group of you are big enough to go, and that you have gathered, from various states, here in New York, ready for the journey.

We shall have nothing to do, more than we can help, with the hot, dusty, rushing steam cars. We shall study the beautiful Hudson as we glide along its placid surface, in the soft gloaming, for a while, then beneath the starry, moonlit sky of night, which meets its own reflection in the deep.

As we calmly glide we shall turn our eyes to each point of interest impressed upon our memories or our affections: now a church, again a college, academy, or other noteworthy institution; anon some post, the name of which we learned with our country's history. In the dawn we shall reach Troy, a good night's rest preparing us for a day of enjoyment.

The steam cars will speed away with us for a couple of hours or more, drawing up for a breath at many places of minor import, and, too, at the world-renowned Saratoga; (we change cars here), and when the train has made its final stand, we shall have reached, it seems to me, the loveliest spot that God has made, a spot filled with martyr memories, bearing once the sweetest of names that martyr lips could bestow upon it, "The Lake of the Blessed Sacrament," first seen by white man when, maimed and bleeding, the heroic Jesuit missionary, Isaac Jogues, surrounded by his Indian captors, stood upon its banks.

Coming again upon it, with some Christian Indians, on Corpus Christi, the feast of the Blessed Sacrament, he appropriately gave unto it that name.

But, boys and girls, let the fire of honest indignation burn in your young American hearts, when Aquinas tells you that an audacious English officer, in 1755, pillaged it of the name of the King of Heaven, and re-named it in honor of England's king, a name that America has weakly held to, even while she valiantly broke away from the sway of that king. "Lake of the Blessed Sacrament" once, "Lake George" to-day! It is with a tender feeling of gladness that we notice that one of the many islands in this lake bears the name of the martyr priest, whose "blood is the seed of Christians" in New York State. We are

told that this name, Jogues' Island, was given to the beautiful spot by the Forest Commission, within the past year.

LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Can Aquinas tell you what you will see when you gaze upon Lake George, from the deck of the dainty vessel *Horicon*, which interpreted means "Silvery Water?"¹ It is to be feared that if words do not fail, that Aquinas' power to put them together is not equal to the given task.

What is it one sees?

Mountains rising from waters of the sapphire's deepest, sparkling blue; crested ranges of mountains, green with the emerald's ever varying tints, resting against yet other mountain crests, misty grey, that lie against the blue of Heaven veiled in white mist. "Stepping-stones for the Angels," in their gentle ministry, earthward and heavenward, have mountains been called, and fittingly, for angel-wings one verily seems to see, so like what one imagines them to be, are the sun-veined, wing-shaped clouds.



Islands in dignified repose, weighted with the foliage of years unnumbered, rest at the base of the crested mountains that in many a storm have sheltered them, content in their calm repose that the cooling waters but lave their garment's hem; while yet other islands, like sportive children, bathing in ones or twos, or happy groups, in some refreshing stream, seem but to lift their heads above the "silvery water," as we glide by.

We are but a brief time afloat when we pass "St. Mary's of the Lake,"² and an adoring thought uplifts us—there in the Sacrament of Love Heddwells whose name once rested like a benediction upon this exquisite piece of His handiwork!

Northward we shall go, our dainty vessel bending itself to the curving course of the waters, turning shoreward, now and then, to the right or to the left, as it beholds a slender pier like an inviting hand, outstretching above the water; anon swaying outward, and on to the North.

As we draw toward the head of the lake we shall see less of Nature's fragile beauty, more of its sublimity; the wondrously blue waters will rest closely to the rock-faced mountains, while further down, silver crested, they sported in a game of hide-and-seek with tiny fairy-like isles.

On, on we shall go, till three hours have vanished; then just another bit of a ride in the steam cars, from Baldwin to Fort Ticonderoga, and there, at "old Fort Ti," basking in the noontide sun, poising on waters blending amber and green with Nature's most delicate touch, the big steamer *Vermont* is

¹ A name given to the Lake by J. Fenimore Cooper in "The Last of the Mohicans."

² Summer House of the Paulists.

awaiting us, and for five delightful hours we are borne along the wide, deep lake. On Lake George one lent one's whole being to Nature's most exquisite, ever unfolding beauty of mountain scenery close to the shore on either side. Here, on Lake Champlain, one sits with eye less captivated by beauty, but with one's whole being yielding itself to Nature's invigorating breezes, that sweep over level land and shelterless waters, from the Adirondacks and the Green Mountain ranges far away.

Across the Lake we take our course, and touch the Vermont shore at Burlington. Again across to the western side, and after a brief pause at landings full of beauty, we shall reach, in the gloaming, our destination, the Catholic Summer School of America, the kindergarten for grown people.

AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Just for a day or two we may feel a bit strange,—out of place, “as they say.” Why? Because there will be so many people there whom we do not know, and yet who seem all to know one another, and are all so happy looking, and so interested in everybody and everything; during lectures we shall all sit silent, attentive; but, after each lecture hour—there are three of them during the course of the day,—we shall find everybody chatting with everybody else. But, boys and girls, here comes in the kindergarten part of the work. While they are chatting brightly, school is still going on. Now they are learning the faces and characters of people new to them; and the views of these people they are learning, and they are putting them beside their own, and the contrast is really an object lesson of value. And by-and-by they will start off in one big group, or several small groups, to explore the great wonders, or the minute beauties, of the country around them.



We shall suddenly find that all the strange feeling has worn away, and we shall find, too, that everybody didn't know everybody else, as seemed to us at first, but that the friendly intercourse sprang from the feeling of sympathy and union in a good cause that rose in the hearts of one for another at sight of the papal colors, gold and white, the badge of the Summer School, worn by all.

We haste to put on our colors.

THE PUPILS OF '94.

Now we must talk about the session of '94.

“Who were the scholars of the Summer School?” we hear the boys and girls ask. Oh, the old people, the young people, and lots of delightful people neither old nor young. There were professors and teachers and writers, people that work at various employments, and a few people who need not work at all—no, not just that: God has said that everybody must work—but a *few* people who instead of working to get money, work at taking care of what God gave

them without any of their own exertions. And there were bishops and priests there; among how many *they* can spread the tidings of the Summer School!

One thing complained of was that there were so many more women than men there. No, Aquinas does not put it right; the complaint was that there were not so many men there as women.

Boys, you must be interested in the Summer School, and go there when you grow to be men.

But we are getting ready for the future, and though, looking ahead, a few years seem a long time to us, they make a very brief space to God, who measures by eternity; and as the beautiful years of life pass on, and to many of the girl pupils of the Summer School has come from God the sacramental gift of happy marriage, and its blessed crown of motherhood, from mother-lips, future men and women will hear of the early days at Plattsburgh, and under the inspiring leadership of Catholic mothers, the Summer School of the future will not need to complain that young men are "conspicuous by their absence."

THE TEACHERS AND LESSONS.

"Who taught the grown people in this delightful school, and what were the lessons they learned?" Aquinas hears the boys and girls ask.

Well, lessons of Theology and Christian Doctrine were given Sunday mornings and evenings, in the fine and spacious new church of Plattsburgh, of which Very Rev. Thos. E. Walsh, V. G., is pastor, by Rt. Rev. John H. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, Ohio; Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., President of the Summer School; Rev. Walter Elliott, of the Paulists; Rev. Charles H. McKenna, of the Dominicans; Very Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, and Rev. John J. Wynne, of the Jesuits; Very Rev. F. W. Wayrich, of the Redemptorists; Very Rev. James S. Lynch, D.D., of Utica; and Rev. James A. McCallum, S.S., president of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society of Montreal.

The week-day sessions of the School were held in the Opera House, Plattsburgh.

Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., lectured each of the first five week-day mornings, on different points of Moral Philosophy.

Professor W. A. Robinson, of Yale Law School, gave two lectures on Law, its origin, development, etc.

Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburg, Pa., President of the Catholic Educational Union, gave two lectures on Social Science, the dealing of people in the world one with another, and the true and false way of helping humanity. While Rev. Walter Elliott, in a lecture called "Our American Institutions," treated of people as men, citizens, and Church members. Yet another way did Rev. M. C. Smith, C.S.P., talk of them, in his lecture entitled "An Ideal Parish;" and Hon. Chas. E. Gorman, United States Attorney for Rhode Island, in still another way, his lecture being upon the duties and dangers of young men in public life.

Rev. J. H. McMahon, director of the Cathedral Reading Circles, N. Y., gave

three forcible talks, to the point, on the mission of Reading Circles, of the intellectual and spiritual needs of the present day and the outlook for the future, and of the mission of the Summer School.

John P. Leahy, president of the Catholic Union, Boston, spoke upon "The Catholic Organization of Intellectual Forces," the banding of Catholics together for the acquiring of knowledge, and its spread among others.

Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., taught some good lessons regarding Sunday-schools; Professor Edmund G. Hurley, Director of the Paulist Choir, gave some object lessons upon congregational singing; Dr. Valentine Browne, president of the State Board of Health, Yonkers, N. Y., penned some wise things about the harmonizing of mental and physical education, and some pleasant things about the health-giving region where the Summer School is situated. His paper was read by Hon. John B. Riley, of Plattsburgh.

J. K. Foran, LL.D., Editor of the Montreal *True Witness*, taught some valuable things about the early Educators of Canada; and, in a second lecture, about the Missionaries and educators of the last fifty years.

Rev. Thomas McMillan, C. S. P., talked about the Champlain explorers, none other than the Summer School people of '93.

Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, of Baltimore, taught some beautiful things about the poets, Dante, Spencer, Milton, Scott, and Byron, paid a tender tribute to the memory of Brother Azarias, and read some charming selections, plaintive yet mirth-provoking, from one of his stories of Georgia life.

James Jeffrey Roche, Editor of the *Boston Pilot*, gave expression to some tender memories of his friend, John Boyle O'Reilly.

From "Christian Art" by Rev. M. J. Flannery, Director of the Fenelon Reading Circles, of Brooklyn, and from "Artists and their Masterpieces" by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, conductor of the Teachers' Institutes, Malone, N. Y., everybody could learn beautiful things—from the former things about sculpture and architecture; from the latter about paintings.

Professor James Hall, geologist of New York State, took the people down into the depths of the earth, for his lecture was on Au Sable Chasm, N. Y., one of Nature's greatest wonders; while Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P., led them to the sky above, telling wonderful things about the sun, stars, planets, and comets: their size, movements, distance from each other, etc. He is the director of the Observatory of the Catholic University, Washington.

"The outlook of the Catholic Summer School" was treated, one day, from a triple view: intellectually, by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D.; financially, by Major John Byrne; socially, by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon.

Is not this a goodly list of teachers and of lessons, boys and girls? But there remains one more that Aquinas wants all the children of the Rosary to read—"Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes," by the Editor of THE ROSARY, given during the opening week. Had you heard it, how glad you would have been that you had worked so hard in the noble cause of sending good reading to the poor!

After the regular session of three weeks there followed a normal course for teachers, which lasted a week.

Principal John H. Haaren, Brooklyn, N. Y., gave some general views of education, some special ones regarding the study of geography, and its aids and appliances. In all, five lectures. Rev. James A. Doonan, S. J., of Boston College, treated of Logic and Psychology, in five lectures. George E. Hardy, President of the New York State Board Teachers' Association, three lectures upon Language and Literature. Brother Ajutor, Manhattan College, N. Y., upon Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, and Arithmetic, three lectures. Marc F. Vallette, LL. D., Brooklyn, three lectures on History. V. Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., four lectures upon the Bible and the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., on the study of the Scriptures.

FREE TIMES. THE SITE OF THE SCHOOL.

But although all these lessons were taught and learned, the teachers and the students were free every afternoon, Friday evenings, and all day Saturday—free to roam the beautiful country around, to form pleasant gatherings, to attend the genial receptions in the pretty Convent of the Grey Nuns, or to go on the various excursions planned by the Directors of the Summer School.

Everybody in Plattsburgh wears an expression of kindly greeting, every house presents the appearance of open hospitality, and arrangements can be made at very satisfactory rates for a stay in the thriving town. But, boys and girls, by next year, it is hoped, the Summer School will be on its own grounds, with lecture hall and home-like accommodations for all. If not so soon, then Plattsburgh hospitality will be extended to all, and gratefully accepted.

If you were to behold the Summer School grounds as Aquinas did, from the observatory of Mt. Champlain Hotel, many feet above the lake, the magnificent structure the grounds of which adjoin the land of the School, you would now see a great stretch of meadow and woodland, sheltered on one side by a high bluff, while for three-quarters of a mile in length its borders are cooled by the waters of Lake Champlain; its whole expanse refreshed not only by the breath of the Lake, but by the invigorating breezes that sweep across lake and land from the near Adirondacks, and the distant Green Mountains.

But if you were to see the map of the place as it will be—it appeared in the Summer School issue of the *Reading Circle Review* last year—you would find it laid out in many sections, each section divided into cottage lots; you would see plots outlined for the chapel, lecture halls, administrative buildings, and a hotel, and generous reservations for parks and driveways. If you could see this map, and then fill it in with youth's bright imaginations of what completion will make it, when brain and hand of man have designed and created new beauties, without withdrawing those that God had already put there, you would be eager to become men and women so as to attend the Summer School.

THE WINTER SESSION OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Just a few words more. We have seen the *Summer School*; now the *Winter*

session of this School claims a notice. It is a course of study¹ outlined for older grown people, and younger grown people, even for those in their teens to follow in their own homes by themselves, or in groups called Reading Circles. In addition to this somewhat advanced course for the grown people, Mr. Mosher, Editor of *The Reading Circle Review*, to whom the noble work of the Summer School is largely due, states that there will soon be a primary course outlined for those who are anxious to study Catholic life in Literature, and desire to begin at the lower steps of that ladder of learning which leads deep into the heart of the Church, and high up to the light and love of God.

Long life to the Catholic Summer School, and through time and eternity may one and all re-echo its glorious motto: GOD IS MY LIGHT!

AQUINAS.



TWO SCHOOLS.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

THERE was a time, 'twas years ago,
When "mamma" said to me,
"Your school-days are your happiest ones,
And some day this you'll see.
So try, my little daughter, do,
A happy child to be."

Though "mamma" never fibbed to me,
I never could see quite
How she could say so wrong a thing,
And could believe it right.
But that was years and years ago;
I sit me down to-night

¹ For fuller particulars address the Catholic Educational Union, Youngstown, Ohio.

And muse upon those blessed days
And years of school-girl age,
Scanning again in memory
The school-book's tear-stained page,
And know that every word she spoke
Was wise as word of sage.

Ah! school life was a happy time;
Would I had loved it more,
And ere it passed away, laid up
A priceless, precious store
Of learning, in these after years
For me to ponder o'er.

* * * * *

Learn here life's lesson: Earth's a school,
And God is teaching there;
And all the lessons taught by Him
Are rich beyond compare.
Oh! are we storing, while we may,
Of learning goodly share?

When comes the great Commencement Day,
When earth-school bonds are riven,
Not only they who've won are crowned,
But all who've nobly striven.
'Tis by the striving souls must store
For after life of Heaven.

"THAT which reassures me against the judgment of God," said a devout soul on the point of death, "is *the good books and pious pamphlets* which I have distributed during my life; it seems to me that each good thought to which they have given birth will be an *advocate* for me before God." - *Golden Sands*.



V.

THE BIRTHDAY RECEPTION.—THE PIG DANCES THE VIRGINIA REEL.
THE LETTER.—A NEW YORK INVITATION.—SOMEBODY IS AMAZED.

THE Miller mansion was filled with such a large number of guests that it seemed impossible to count them. And every guest was interested in the appearance of the educated pig.

When the idea of exhibiting Barney first came to Tony's mind, he never dreamed that the pig would be so much talked about.

He had counted on a certain measure of success, but not upon the remarkably liberal favor with which Barney was meeting.

And it was not because the animal was "so wonderful," that the people took to him.

They simply saw in him something new which amused them and highly pleased their fancy.

Frederick Miller, in whose honor the reception was given, was a handsome boy of thirteen, with a rather poetic face for one of his years, and quiet, gentle manners.

As he received his friends, his face expressed a happiness that gave one pleasure to see.

"I'm awfully glad you are here with the pig," he said to Tony. "How lucky you were to escape with him from the hut! My brother Dick was telling us about it."

"I was very lucky. Only for Dick, and particularly for Elsie Vane, I don't know what I should have done. I had begun to fear I should never be able to come here. Is Elsie Vane here?"

"Oh, yes. She's been praising you and the pig up to the skies, too."

"I'm glad of that. How many grown folks there are here!"

"Yes. But the invitations were limited to the parents of the

children you see here. Every grown person here is somebody's father or mother, or uncle or aunt, in some cases."

When the gayety and fun were at their height, Mr. Miller himself formally announced, "Master Tony Redpath and his Wonderful Educated Pig."

The button manufacturer's face was all merriment.

There was a burst of applause as Tony and Barney took the centre of the spacious drawing-room.

Tony took a moment or two to scatter the leather strips across the carpet in such a way that their reading contents were not under the direct sight of the audience.

"Now, Barney, you will please tell the ladies and gentlemen by whom this party is being given."

Master Frederick Miller.

"In honor of what?"

His thirteenth birthday.

"Perhaps you can tell us who is the most important guest here."

Me.

"That's very vain of you, Barney. Some one must have told you how much you were being talked about. Another thing, your grammar is bad. You should have said *I*. But since you have said *me*, suppose you let us know what part of speech it is?"

A verb.

"Gracious! no. Every one is laughing at your ignorance. It looks as if your pride has received a fall. Are you a business pig, Barney?"

Yes.

"What business would you follow if you had the chance?"

Buttons.

"But you'd have to learn its points from Mr. Miller. How many sisters has Master Frederick?"

Seven.

"Their names?"

Stella, Grace, Maggie, Dora, Mary, Rose, and Annie.

"And how many brothers?"

Five.

"Their names?"

Dick, Charlie, Will, Frank, and Paul, the baby.

"Who is your best friend?"

Elsie Vane.

"Why so?"

She saved us from the hut.

"And who was it that helped you through the window?"

Dick. He's a brick.

"You must have borrowed that expression from him?"

I did.

"Have you any enemies, Barney?"

Yes. Two.

"Have they done you any harm?"

They tried. But I'm O. K. yet.

"Be a little more refined, Barney. Do you read much?"

Yes—when I have time.

"What is your favorite newspaper?"

The Weekly Hawk.

"Are you aware that the editor is here?"

Yes. He knows me.

"You ought to feel honored at the privilege of appearing before these ladies and gentlemen."

I do.

"You were never in a drawing-room before."

I know it. I'm a society pig now.

"It seems like it."

I belong to the Four Hundred.

"We don't have Four Hundreds here, Barney. Now show everybody how you dance a pig's hornpipe. What tune shall I whistle for you?"

Yankee Doodle.

"All right. Go ahead."

Tony broke into the always popular air, and Barney began executing a dance in a style that did him credit.

Elsie Vane (it having been previously understood between her and Tony) also accompanied the pig, at the piano; and in such lively tones, that all the young people felt like joining Barney in his amusing capers.

When he had finished, there was a hearty demand for more, the guests keeping up a continual hand-clapping.

"You will have to respond, Barney. Every one seems to want it. Start in and dance the 'Virginia Reel' all by yourself."

Tony and Elsie again accompanied him, the music being more catchy than before.

In addition to this, all the boys, feeling they had the liberty, joined Tony in the whistling. And all the girls, feeling they had the liberty also, commenced a lively humming.

And Barney, stirred to his utmost by the merry chorus, danced with a liveliness such as he had never hitherto shown.

"Go it, Barney!" cried the boys.

"Hooray!"

"Tip-top!"

"Don't give up!"

"Ho! for the Educated Pig."

Barney kept a-going till finally his feet grew tired. And without waiting for any word from Tony, he scampered from the room, in the midst of the music and fun, and disappeared behind some drapery to rest himself.

The applause that followed was of the heartiest. Unquestionably, the pig had scored a more brilliant success than ever.

A great many present had heard of Tony and Barney's mishaps through Steve Marbury, although no one knew the name of the offender. An investigation of the hut had proved fruitless, for they found it unlocked and empty. Marbury, realizing that to remain meant disaster to him, had most likely left the vicinity.

"It was too bad you were prevented from coming to my garden festival," said Mrs. Vanderveer, who was among the guests. "But I hope to have you some other time, Tony."

"I heard you speaking of an anonymous letter," remarked Mr. Potter, the editor and proprietor of *The Weekly Hawk*.

"Yes, sir. I have it in my pocket. Would you like to see it?"

"If you please."

Tony produced the epistle, and handed it over.

"The handwriting is very familiar to me," said the editor. "It is that of a *lady* who deluges my office with terrible manuscripts, and then writes me cutting letters when they are not published.

"Don't you think, sir, that it looks as if she had something to do with Barney's being stolen?"

"Probably. Judging from her spelling, she couldn't have stolen any of his education."

Tony smiled, and Mr. Potter went on:

"I may have some scraps of her composition in my desk. If you let me take this letter, I will try to make a comparison."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Potter refrained from speaking to Tony of the letter he had received from the spinster shortly after the entertainment at the Annunciation hall.

If you remember, the editor threw it into the waste basket at the time.

He was well acquainted with Temperance Page through the mail, and to him it was quite clear who Tony's enemy was. But he thought it wise to say nothing for the present.

"Let me introduce you to mamma and papa, Tony," said Elsie Vane, taking him by the hand and leading him to where her parents were standing, near a large cactus plant.

Mr. and Mrs. Vane greeted Tony warmly.

"We must have you sometime in New York," said Elsie's father. "We now occupy rooms there at the Waldorf while our house is being built in Harlem. When we go there to live, you and Barney must come to see us."

"Thank you, Mr. Vane. I shall be very much pleased to," said Tony, feeling highly honored. "Barney is a lucky pig."

"He may thank his education for his social success," said Mr. Vane, dryly. "It is well to have an education."

"And," put in Elsie with a smile, "he might be called an elevated pig."

"I'm afraid he will die of vanity," laughed Tony. "His education and elevation might prove too much for him. Pretty soon he'll refuse to put up with his pen at home."

I should like very much to describe the tempting feast of good things that every one partook of that day. But I shall have to content myself with asking you to imagine it all.

Barney indulged in some of the most expensive luxuries that ever fell to the lot of a pig; and he didn't eat too much, either.

Tony and Barney left for home in the evening.

Tony did not remember ever having spent such a happy day in the way of merriment.

As he was descending the stoop of the Miller mansion, a tall, worried-looking woman happened to be passing by.

She started in amazement at sight of him and the pig.

It was Temperance Page.

(To be continued.)

BLESSED IMELDA LAMBERTINI, * O. P.

PATRON OF LITTLE FIRST COMMUNICANTS.

DEAR little one! like sunlit snow
In purity thou art;
While deeper than life blood doth glow
The love of thy pure heart.

Thy God is held away from thee
In Sacrament Divine—
Lo! from priest's hand the Host breaks free—
God's Heart goes forth to thine!

* * * * *

Thy first Communion was thy last;
Nay, nay, by Love's own power
Its ecstasy hath never passed—
Heaven claimed thee in that hour!

* The feast of B. Imelda falls on September 16.



A LESSON IN LOGIC.

TOMMIE.—“Pamma said: ‘Vide even, child’en,’ and yer isn’t. Yer takin’ the biggest half for yer own self, like yer always does.”

BETTIE.—“Well, I’s the biggest half of the child’en, isn’t I? and how can I vide even with us, if I don’t make my half big, and your half little?”

Notes for the Children.

I don't think we feel proud, boys and girls; the feeling isn't just that, but we do feel pleased when comes from those we highly esteem, a word of praise for our efforts in behalf of our dear Lady's Beads. Among other good things, the Editor of *The Illustrated Catholic Missions*, that zealous laborer in hard and distant fields, says: "We can hardly recommend a more beautiful magazine for young Catholics, especially for children of Mary and all lovers of the Rosary, than our transatlantic cousin, THE ROSARY. Tales and illustrations are unusually good. The good Dominican Fathers are to be congratulated on their success."

"Happy Hours of Childhood" is the title of a dear little book for young people. It has some of the etherial beauty, if one may so express it, of the "Tales of the Angels," by Father Faber, but it is more in the reach of children's comprehension. It makes the angels very *real*, very *near*.

We particularly commend the little book to our young soldiers of the Angelic Warfare. In the chapter entitled "God's Benefits," "Charlie and I," and "Mamma's Story," they will find interesting accounts of battles fought, in some of which the young people were the victors, while in others a little girl learned how to conquer, in that most painful way in which God permits us to learn to master ourselves, a defeat, a fall.

"By the Seaside" is from the same author. "A Sister of Mercy," she who wrote "The Life of Catherine McAuley," "Angel Dreams," "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes," etc. It is the story of a happy Christian home.

The new edition of these two little books is brought out by P. O'Shea, 19 Barclay St., New York.

Throughout the world there are many shrines and sacred images that seem to hold some special blessing for people, though to those who do not know their history, or who have not obtained the favors that on others have been bestowed, they have no special interest. One of these sacred images is that of the Infant Jesus of Prague. The story of this precious and long venerated little statue—which is only nineteen inches in height—has been quaintly told by Rev. Hermann Koneberg, a Benedictine father, and is published in pretty book form by Joseph Schaefer. New York.

"Bible Stories for little Children" is a cute book published by Benziger Bros., New York.

It is written in simple language, and fully illustrated. We would like our young people to have such a book in their home library.

While all the prizes previously offered to our young people are still theirs for the winning—prizes for securing subscribers to the journal of our Lady's Beads—we offer some new gifts for the month of October.

A *pearl Rosary* will be given to any child securing **THREE** subscribers, during the month of October.

A *beautiful engraving of our Lady of the Rosary* to any child securing **FIVE** subscribers.

A *set of Bound Volumes of the Rosary*. (Vols. I., II., III.) to the child securing **FIFTEEN** new subscribers.

The subscription, as you know, is \$2.00 a year for each person. Send names and money to

THE ROSARY,
871 LEXINGTON AVE.
NEW YORK.

You must be sure to say whether the name is that of a new subscriber, or of one who has been on the list before.

The thought suggests itself that a class of children might work together, to secure the prize of Three Bound Volumes, and generously give them to their class-room, or to the School Library. An inscription written on the fly-leaf would make known the donors, and prove an incentive to other pupils coming afterward to do likewise.

The Editor says, "Remind the children of sending THE ROSARY to the poor," which means the same thing as to tell you again of our ROSARY CARDS.

You are all at school once more, boys and girls, and ready to begin every good work, as well as every school lesson, are you not? And after all, what is the work of spreading good reading *now*, but the learning of one of life's greatest lessons, one that will stand by you *always*?

If you learn how to circulate God's printed word in childhood and youth, you will find it easy to do so when you are older. It is a mission that God wants people to work in, because it is a way in which souls can be so greatly helped, and yet how easily the help can be given, even by boys and girls! The cards will go forth at the call of "Children of an older growth" as quickly as at that of the real children.



During this month Rosarians will have special opportunities to testify to our

Lady the devotion of their loving hearts. In the Roman Calendar she is honored under the title of our Lady of Sorrows, on the second Sunday of the month. The feasts of her Nativity and of the Holy Name are in the early days. As the month draws to its close we hail her as the Mother of Mercy. We plead with our Rosarians for a growing, a practical devotion to our dearest Lady.

Dear subscriber, what have you done since you became a reader of *THE ROSARY* to help its cause? Have you prayed for it? Have you spoken to your friends about it? Have you secured one new subscriber? The month of the Rosary is drawing near. Will you signalize it in some efficient way? Too many of our people are woefully indifferent to the interests of true devotion and good reading. *THE ROSARY* labors for both. It deserves the encouragement of its friends. If every one who reads this note will induce a friend to subscribe for *THE ROSARY*, it will be a proof of genuine interest in the cause of our Lady's honor.

The article which we publish in the present number of *THE ROSARY*, in memory of Mother Drane, was written by one of her gifted daughters in religion, whose name we are not allowed to use. We feel assured that our readers will be pleased and edified by this sketch of Mother Drane's holy life.

Readers of *THE ROSARY*, lift up your hearts to our Lady on this blessed day of her nativity! Unite in the glad hymn sung in honor of Heaven's Queen. Offer to her the tribute of your love, your

hearts. Asking nothing for yourselves, but thinking only of the glory you may render to her who is your sovereign Lady, a great reward will yet come. Considering only the honor of your Queen, you will realize that her generosity is second only to the magnificent liberality of her Divine Son.

With this number we give the concluding part of Mr. O'Neill's valuable essay on Catholic education. The re-opening of the schools at the present time makes it appropriate to remind parents of this necessary question of education. *THE ROSARY* recognizes the grave interests that are involved; hence it will always be found on the side of true Catholic training for our children. Our best efforts will be given in behalf of this precious cause.

The 25th of March, 1884, the feast of the Annunciation, was happily chosen for the establishment of the "Pious Work of the Holy Rosary." Under this title the Reverend Arch-priest, Hugh Maccolini, inaugurated in the Church of the Servites, or Servants of Mary, Rimini, Italy, an effort to spread the Rosary, to promote devotion to the souls in Purgatory, and to erect and maintain an orphanage. At first he promised a daily Mass, to be offered for all who would contribute annually the small sum of five cents. Within six months he was enabled, through the generous alms he received, to increase the number of Masses to five each day, so that during ten years almost 13,000 Masses were celebrated for the benefit of those contributing the sum of five cents. The zealous priest has inscribed two millions as members of the Confraternity of the Rosary, the chapel of which he maintains with splendor. The results are wonderful. The orphanage grows apace, but to extend this work, contributions are needed. We commend the "Pious Work" to our friends. We hope that America will unite with other lands in aiding this cause. Persons wishing to join this association will receive full information by addressing the Reverend Curé of the Church of the Servites, Rimini, Italy. This church is no longer under the direction of the Servite Fathers,

though it retains their name. The Madonna of the Rosary, which is here venerated, formerly belonged to the Dominicans, and was preserved in their church of St. Cataldus, Rimini, till the suppression of the convent in the last century. After their expulsion, the Dominicans transferred their beloved Madonna to the care of the Servites. Thus after being guarded by two Orders, it now finds a loving champion in this devoted secular priest, Father Maccolini. It is worthy of mention that in this old convent of Rimini, St. Thomas Aquinas once lived.

Next to the adorable Name of Jesus, the sweetest, the holiest, the mightiest name spoken in Heaven or on earth is that of our Blessed Lady, Mary.

A distinguished French Dominican, Father Vincent Scheil, has recently been engaged by the Turkish government to superintend a very important work of civil engineering in the building of a large tunnel. During the process of the work, Father Scheil made different explorations through the ruins of Sippara. He discovered various objects of value, among them, several hundred manuscripts and documents pertaining to the dynasty of Khammoura; a number of ancient hymns; and some curious vases made in the form of different animals. The entire collection has been placed in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople.

Devotion to the Name of Mary is ancient in the Church. In the early part of the 16th century the Spaniards celebrated the feast of the Holy Name of Mary; but it was not till the end of the 17th century that it was extended to the entire Church. This was in grateful memory of Sobieski's victory over the Turks, when he relieved Vienna in 1683.

We ask careful reading of the article by Father Zahm, who is one of the distinguished professors of Notre Dame University. Father Zahm ranks high among scientists; his reputation is not confined to the United States. During this month he will read a paper before the International Congress of Catholic scientists assembled at Brussels. He is well fitted for the work of sketching the life of the great Belgian who recently passed away.

What a beautiful title is that of our Lady of Mercy, and how fittingly is it our Blessed Mother's honored name! Mercy for all who are willing to accept!

The Committee having matters of education in charge, has reported to the Constitutional Convention of New York a proposed amendment to the Constitution by which the appropriation of public money is prohibited to any school wholly, or in part, under Church control, or in which any religious doctrine is taught. At present writing the Convention has not acted on the committee's report. Should it be adopted, the only hope of defeating it lies in the final ballot by the voters of the State. The incorporation of such a provision into the constitutional law of the State would mean, not simply a refusal to recognize the just claims that might be made for denominational schools, but it would involve the exclusion of all religious training, even the reading of the Bible or the recitation of a prayer, from the public schools. Will religious minded men submit to this? Fear, real or pretended, of the Catholic Church ought not to throw well-meaning Protestants into the arms of infidelity. The present movement looks like a surrender in this way.

Other notable feasts for Rosarians during this month are those of our Holy Father St. Dominic, the Finding of the Holy Cross, and the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. See the Calendar.

The following extract from the May pastoral of Bishop Belckmans of India, is not without significance in our own land:

"To us children of the one, true, Catholic Church, in an un-Catholic and infidel country, devotion to Mary assumes a very peculiar importance. We are surrounded on all sides by monuments of paganism and falsehood. The air is impregnated with their poison. The daily intercourse of life becomes almost a contagion of evil. Scandals to morality and stumbling-blocks to our holy religion are daily met with. The literature at present found in libraries, clubs and barracks, is perpetually imbuing us with un-Christian principles calculated to smother true religion altogether. The habitual perusal of Protestant newspapers is, as nearly as possible, incompatible with the existence of the spirit of piety, or with the preservation of intelligent Catholic sympathies. The softest and weakest parts of our nature are perpetually alluring us to an easy and indulgent view of that deadliest of all sins, the sin of heresy, and we are exposed to suffer shipwreck of

holy faith by those soft, weak, timid, liberalizing principles which endeavor to explain away all the points of the Catholic faith offensive to non-Catholics, and to make it appear there is no question of life and death, of Heaven and hell, involved in the differences between us and our dear separated brethren.

We wish to remind Rosarians, on the near approach of October, the month of our Blessed Queen, that special devotion should mark these coming days. We also take pleasure in recalling the work of the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary, whose convent is situated at Hill and Morris streets, West Hoboken, N. J. Already we have noted the progress made by these worthy nuns in their life devotion to our Lady of the Rosary. Many of the faithful have been generous to them, but there is still room for the charity and kindness of others. Recently a splendid throne was erected in their chapel, in honor of the Queen of the Rosary. A description of this monument will be appropriate in the pages of THE ROSARY.

"The throne is twenty feet in height. At the summit is the statue of the Blessed Virgin, six feet high, holding in her arms the Divine Infant, truly artistic, with golden mantle and silver robe. From the hands of the Divine Child hangs a long rosary of white ivory. Over the head of the Blessed Virgin is a triple crown;—the crown of virgins, formed of lilies and roses; the crown of martyrs, of interwoven palms; the crown of apostles, in the form of a royal diadem. Is not the Blessed Virgin Queen of Apostles, Virgins, and Martyrs?

Around the statue, in a sort of cupola, appear groups of Angels, kneeling with joined hands, their faces turned toward Mary. These Angels represent the Nine Choirs of heavenly spirits: Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels. Upon the steps of the throne, fifteen upright angels superbly decorated, carry scrolls upon which are inscribed the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. The whole is interspersed with lilies and roses. On feast days, these flowers are surrounded by tropical plants which our Associates in the Antilles have sent to us, that they may be represented, at the foot of Mary's throne, by the products of their country.

On both sides of the throne, forming, as it were, two avenues leading to the altar of

Mary, are placed four groups of statues, each one of which has a special significance in the work of the Rosary. The first group, at the right, represents THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, showing with His divine hand *the Heart that has so loved men*. At His feet we read these words: *If you desire to obtain the benediction of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, say the Rosary for the conversion of sinners*. Around the statue are the chief friends of the Sacred Heart: 1st, ST. PETER THE APOSTLE, holding the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and below we read: *Peter, lovest thou Me? Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!* 2d, ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, of the Order of St. Dominic, holding in one hand a pen, and in the other the Summa Theologica, with these words: *Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas; what reward dost thou ask? Thee only, Lord.* 3d, ST. MARY MAGDALEN at the foot of the Cross, with these words: *Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much*. 4th, BLESSED MARGARET MARY, holding an image of the Sacred Heart surrounded by a crown of thorns; at her feet, we read: *Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus sanctifies the Christian soul*.

In the second group, to the left, we see ST. JOSEPH, in the middle, holding a lily, symbol of his angelic purity, and below we read: *If you wish to obtain the protection of St. Joseph, say the Rosary for the souls in Purgatory*. Around the statue are the chief friends of St. Joseph: 1st, ST. LOUIS BERTRAND of the Order of St. Dominic, apostle of the devotion to St. Joseph in America, holding a cup with a serpent issuing from it, the memorial of one of his miracles, with these words: *Devotion to St. Joseph is a key of Heaven*. 2d, ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENNA, of the Order of St. Francis, the panegyrist of St. Joseph, holding a cross, with this recommendation which he was accustomed to repeat: *Invoke St. Joseph as the dispenser of heavenly favors*. 3d, ST. THERESA, reformer of Carmel, with the book of her constitutions and her favorite expression: *I do not remember that I ever asked a favor of St. Joseph without obtaining it*. 4th, ST. BRIDGET, holding in one hand the green branch which recalls her great miracle, with one of her maxims: *Whatever you desire, ask it through the intercession of St. Joseph, and you will obtain it*.

The third group, to the right, represents OUR HOLY FATHER ST. DOMINIC with a lily and the rules of his Order. Below we

read: *The honor that we render to the Blessed Virgin by the Rosary, is most agreeable to God.* Around St. Dominic are the chief Dominican Saints: 1st, ST. PIUS V. POPE, holding in one hand the cross of the Sovereign Pontiffs, and in the other a rosary, with these words: *The Rosary is the queen of indulgenced devotions.* 2d, ST. ANTONINUS, Archbishop of Florence, with crosier and mitre, and his privileged motto: *The Rosary is a sign of predestination.* 3d, ST. HYACINTH holding a golden ciborium in one hand and a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the other, in memory of his greatest miracle. At his feet are these words: *The Rosary hinders souls from committing evil.* 4th, ST. VINCENT FERRER preaching the last judgment, and the great maxim of his life: *The Rosary obtains the conversion of sinners.*

Finally, in the fourth group, ST. ROSE OF LIMA, the first heavenly flower of America, her eyes fixed on her crucifix, and these lines: *The praise that we render to the Blessed Virgin by the Rosary contributes to the glory of Jesus Christ her Son.* Around St. Rose are noted women, Dominican Saints. 1st, ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA, showing her heart, so ardent for the good of the Church, with these words: *The Rosary is a chain of hope held out to the souls in Purgatory.* 2d, ST. CATHERINE DE RICCI, with her stigmata, and these words: *The Rosary is the most powerful of prayers.* 3d, ST. AGNES OF MONTE PULCIANO, with her little lamb, and this sentence: *The Rosary cures the sick and consoles the afflicted.* 4th, BLESSED IMELDA, rapt in ecstasy, with these words: *The Rosary gives us hope of a good death.*

Such is the throne of our Lady of the Rosary with its accompanying statues of angels and saints, a magnificent present from friends. It is around this throne that the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary are praying day and night, forming Mary's Guard of Honor, with their rosaries in their hands. In the day time the hours of guard are kept behind the large grating near the altar, and when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, the Sisters can see the Sacred Host at the same time. At night, the hours of guard are kept behind the grating which surrounds the small cupola, so that when kneeling, the Sisters are on a level with the Blessed Virgin's statue, and facing it. Here their existence passes away; here is the great joy and happiness of their life."

Earnestly we commend to our Rosar-

ians a pilgrimage to this place. Those who cannot visit the shrine may write for full information that will be cheerfully furnished.

We are not willing to confine our efforts in behalf of scholarships in our Catholic colleges, to the articles already published. We make no claim to originality in the scheme; we desire only that we may help the good cause. Professor Egan's article was a call to arms; but we shall prolong the blast. *The Church News* of Washington, *The Sacred Heart Review*, Boston, *The Catholic Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio, and *The New World*, Chicago, have taken up the cry, but the chorus ought to swell. Every Catholic paper should send the word speeding. But this we do not expect. We have too many miserable sheets that seem incapable of getting beyond stale political news, ecclesiastical gossip, and even scandals. They seem to lack inclination or ability to take up important, living, essential things. THE ROSARY cordially invites all its exchanges to reprint Professor Egan's paper that appeared in our June number.

"But whilst with mute and joyful astonishment we contemplate the dignity of Mary, and recall to our minds the glorious privileges conferred on her, let us derive practical edification from the consideration of her virtues and actions. Nothing is better calculated to raise man above the miseries and corruption of this world, to fix his thoughts upon heavenly things, and promote the salvation of immortal souls, than to keep the example of the Virgin continually before his eyes. In her we find the model of everything Christian, and of everything perfect. Who can describe the profundity of her humility and the perfection of her obedience? the purity of her love and the brightness of her immaculate chastity? the solidity of her faith and the ardor of her charity? her heroic patience, love, and unbounded resignation to the holy will of God? These virtues, continually kept before our mind, will produce the most powerful effects upon us, cheering us on and encouraging us in the trials and dangers by which we are surrounded in our pilgrimage through this valley of tears.

—Bishop Belckmans.

The third session of the Catholic Summer School of America closed on August 12. It is too early to sum up the results, but we can say, and we are glad for the opportunity of saying it, that the School

has been successful. Like all human things, it is exposed to dangers; but we hope that the prudence and ability of its managers, together with the zeal of its scholars, will carry it safely through. Greater interest must be awakened than has thus far been manifested. The Summer School is not for teachers only. Nor is it a women's convention. Catholics in general should attend; and the men should not be so strikingly outnumbered by the women. We hope that the students will put into practice the lessons of the School; that they will ever remember its beautiful motto; that they will be true to the light shining into their own souls, and thus worthy to hold the torch to guide others on the way. We counsel these students to avoid narrowness, priggishness, red tapeism,—the likely failings in all such gatherings. We remind them that these opportunities are God's gift, and that He expects a return, in diligence and zeal for the welfare of less favored brothers and sisters. Greater love for the Church, unwavering loyalty to her, burning desire for the salvation of souls, and constant readiness to work for them should be the chief fruits gathered by the scholars of the Summer School. The social side will take care of itself.

Again we call the attention of our readers to the Children's Department of THE ROSARY. We do not publish a juvenile magazine, but we account as of primary

importance the interests and the welfare of our dear little ones. Assuredly we have reason to ask the co-operation of parents in this work, that we are gladly doing, of training and developing our boys and girls, under the patronage of our dear Lady of the Rosary, and of the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas Aquinas, in the ways of piety and true Catholic intellectual life. In this present number we take the little ones to the Summer School, and we trust that their fathers and mothers will make the pleasant journey with them.

It is pleasant to observe the growing spirit of intelligence and friendliness in different non-Catholic quarters, when matters pertaining to the Church are discussed. *The Independent* recently rebuked Bigot Traynor for his stupidity in the *North American Review*. *The Outlook* has published, among other good things, a recent article on the famous monastery near Florence, *the Certosa*. It was written in a reverential spirit, though a few expressions savored of the old vulgarity that talks about "Romish," and "Papist." In this same journal we were pleased to notice the frankness and energy with which the rights of workingmen were maintained. When the general tone of the press, secular and non-Catholic, cannot be considered as friendly to the cause of the poor, a protest from a publication like *The Outlook* carries weight.

BOOKS.

B. Herder of St. Louis sends us a novel by Lelia Hardin Bugg, entitled "ORCHIDS," which is a wholesome, pleasantly-told tale of life partly in a French Convent, and partly in New York society, with some interesting talks upon the serious subjects of politics, class differences, and philanthropy. The heroine, rich, Catholic, and enthusiastic in her desire to ameliorate the condition of the poor, is a lovable type of the American girl. The pretty thread of romance running through the book, keeps alive interest. The love part of the story ends disastrously, however, for those who prefer the leading characters to "marry and live happily ever after," for the heroine refuses to marry an English peer, and becomes a nun in an Indian Mission School. "Orchids" is prettily gotten-up in green, with a delicate outline of the title flower.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR, the first part of which we have received, promises to be worthy of the claim made on its title page, that it will present a historical and descriptive view of the world's science, art, and industry as seen through the recent Columbian Exposition. The work is designed to set forth the display made by the congress of nations, of human achievement in material form, so as the more effectually to illustrate the progress of mankind in all the departments of civilized life. This is a splendid field, and the laborer in it, Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, is well qualified for the task he has undertaken. The first chapter gives a graphic account of fairs of the past; the second considers Chicago historically; the third discusses the evolution of the Columbian Exposition. Among the multitude of publications that have been issued, bearing on

this great Exposition, Bancroft's is undoubtedly the best. It is published by the Bancroft Company, Chicago, at one dollar a part. Paper, letter-press, illustrations, deserve earnest praise. Now that the White City has disappeared, the record of its beauty preserved in elegant illustrations, will alone be a valuable acquisition for library or home.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, we have received "LOYOLA AND THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF THE JESUITS," by the Reverend Thomas Hughes, S. J. This is one of the series "The Great Educators," edited by Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler, Editor of the *Educational Review*. The story of the Jesuits' methods in the work of education is well told, and it is a proud record. A sketch of the knight, pilgrim, and scholar, St. Ignatius, fitly precedes the account of the educational system he planned and the institutions he established, the work of which was afterward so splendidly developed by his loyal sons. This volume has interest, not only for teachers and students, but for the general Catholic reader. Therefore do we commend it to our ROSARY friends.

From the same publishers we have also received "LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI" by Paul Sabatier, translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. After careful reading of this work we must say that it is a peculiar publication. Learning and great research are in evidence to prove the author's capacity; enthusiasm and veneration are also clear; while his style is beautiful, the pages being often dotted with sparkling gems. But a Catholic must put this "Life" down with deep

disappointment. Paul Sabatier loves St. Francis, but not as he is the St. Francis of the Church, the Founder of the Franciscans. The author does not comprehend the soul of the saint; the true workings of the Holy Ghost are not intelligible to him. Rather he would strip St. Francis of the beauty of his obedience, the glory of his humility, the crown of his loyalty; he would picture him as a disappointed reformer (?), an ecstatic prophet, to whom priesthood and the Church were repugnant powers. The limited space of our "Notes" prevents a full review, though the task is a tempting, an inviting one. The glorious figure of the gentle Umbrian saint who tamed his brother, the wolf, and lovingly talked to his sisters, the birds, is enshrined in poetic, mystic legend. Nevertheless we know sufficiently the facts of his life and the mind of the Church to estimate, becomingly, his true character and mission. Had Paul Sabatier brought to his labor in a truly Catholic spirit, spirituality equal to his learning, and reverence for the Church of Christ, at least equal to his reverence for one of her distinguished sons, he could have written an ideal life of St. Francis. We regret his failure, for we gladly approve much that his work contains; but we recognize his wanderings, his errors; we must condemn the spirit that would set up a false standard in picturing the saints. Sabatier utterly fails to understand Gregory IX.; he fails to understand the spirit and the rights of the Church. On June 8th, the Congregation of the Holy Office placed the "Life of St. Francis of Assisi" by Paul Sabatier, on the list of prohibited books.

MAGAZINES.

"We are happy to join with a writer in an eastern contemporary in the disclaimer he makes in regard to an assertion not infrequent among our Roman Catholic friends: 'Mgr. O'Reilly declares that 'all fair minded Protestants have more than once acknowledged that it is an intolerable hardship and a grievous injustice to tax Roman Catholic parents for the erection and maintenance of our common schools.' This declaration we totally deny, and challenge Mgr. O'Reilly to bring his proof. On the contrary we affirm that it is an intolerable hardship and a grievous injustice for Roman Catholic priests to tax Catholic parents for the erection and maintenance of Catholic parochial schools; for the expense of these schools is so much added to the expense of the public schools, and the public schools are necessarily much cheaper than the parochial schools, while they furnish far better teachers and more thorough instruction."

We take this remark from a recent number of the *Christian Intelligencer*. It is a specimen of writing that one does not frequently meet. Its remarkable deductions, couched in such beautiful English, are probably intended by the learned scribe as a proof, a sample, of public school education. This we merely suggest as a way out of a difficulty.

The current number of *The American Catholic Quarterly* contains a fine array of articles. The field covered is wide, and the work is well done. The old subject

of "Religious Persecution" is clearly discussed by A. F. Marshall. "The Maid of Orleans and the New Womanhood," by Miss Isabel M. O'Reilly, ought to be put into the hands of the woman's rights people. Other papers are notable, not the least being Father Freeman's "Money and How to Make it." If the *Quarterly* would imitate some of the secular magazines, and reduce its subscription price, its readers would increase in number, and many of the laity might be induced to become regular subscribers. The *Quarterly* is a magazine that our American Catholics can justly consider representative of the best scholarship brought to bear on great questions affecting Catholic interests.

In *Donahoe's Magazine* for August there is a very interesting article, copiously illustrated, on Catholicity in Maine. We fail to find mention of the name of Father French, the Dominican Apostolic Missionary, whose parish extended three hundred miles along the coast from Dover to Eastport, and probably fifty miles inland. He built three churches, one in Dover, one in Eastport, and one in Portland.

The *North American Review* for August has a number of excellent articles. George Parsons Lathrop replies to Bishop Doane, and that suddenly notorious individual, Mr. Traynor of the A. P. A. organization, on the loyalty of Catholics. Ignorance and prejudice and bigotry may not be converted by all the literature of which the A. P. A. infamy has been the occasion, but men of ordinary intelligence must be surprised at the patience and forbearance and charity with which we modestly assert our rights and defend ourselves from the infamous attacks of the latest Know-Nothings. We question if the *Review* will again open its pages to Bishop Doane or Traynor; Mr. Lathrop and Professor Egan have given these gentlemen the finishing stroke.

The symposium on the lessons of the recent strike presents the varying views of the contributors: General Miles, Railroad Commissioner Wade Hampton, Editor Robinson of the *Railway Age*, and President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor. Frankly, we say that Mr. Gompers' article is the best. The others indulge in a number of truisms, generalizations, and wise (?) theories. How smart it is to quote Mr. Pullman about paying no more for the making of a car than that car will bring in

the market! But how honest it would be to state that the market is largely of the making of Mr. Pullman and his kind. The newspapers have made some revelations about Pullman's "model town," which, from uncontradicted accounts, must be a wretched place for free men. In the symposium mentioned, Mr. Gompers opens his paper by a quotation from a Decoration Day speech of a certain United States Judge: "The growth of labor organizations must be checked by law." This is serious. The full text might modify its tone; and if Judge Grosscup has been unfairly quoted, we shall soon hear. Mr. Gompers gives some startling figures showing Pullman's methods of dealing with his men. They cannot be defended by any man with heart or soul alive to humanity's need. That "the ear of the country is always ready to hearken to the cry of the workingman," as Mr. Robinson would have us believe, is an easy saying that facts belie. "The heart of the country is tender, and quick to be touched by the tale of the wage earner's suffering," is another of Mr. Robinson's phrases, pretty to the eye, agreeable to the ear—but practical and honest men will not be caught by such chaff. Assuredly, there are wrongs on both sides, but one wearies of the ceaseless preaching by monopolists and their abettors, of submission and patience, when these mean, modern serfdom, *a la mode* Pullman. Every good citizen deplores anything that leads to disorder, and anarchy he abhors. But a protest must be made when rights are trampled in the dust. Thus far the only voice that the workingman could raise was that of the strike. Too often such a protest was untimely; too often it occasioned other evils; too often it effected no apparent good. But we are coming to the time when fruit will be borne. The question must be settled; and one blessing accruing from the "strikes" will be the victory that they will have won of compelling the consideration of the great question of "Capital and Labor" by others than theorists and monopolists. And while discussing the matter we would also urge upon the workingmen the need of prudence, sobriety, just economy. A calamity must ever threaten those whose daily earnings are day by day consumed. Putting away a portion for future needs seems to have no part in the lives of many of our poor people. Provision for sickness, old age, for the time when they cannot work, is a virtue that ought to be

practised. And children! They should be intelligently and providently considered in the scheme of loving parents. Greater care in this way would deliver us from some of the evils that must be considered in the building of refuges and asylums for orphans and waifs.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for August is a beautiful number. The contents are full of interest, but we specially commend Father Conway's article on our Lord and the social question. Alas, that such sound teachings cannot be more widely spread! Thousands who need the bread of the word are starving. Another paper that is very attractive is that on the great Basilica in Toulouse, a church world-famed for the riches of its relics, and particularly dear to us because of memories and relics of our Holy Father, St. Dominic, St. Peter Martyr, and St. Thomas Aquinas. The illustrations are excellent and artistically reproduced.

The Church News, of Washington, July 14, strongly commends our efforts in behalf of scholarships in our Catholic colleges. We are pleased that our work is bearing fruit. We hope for practical results, and we urge our Catholic weeklies to take up the subject in an energetic way.

The New World, Chicago, July 28, also joins in the plea for scholarships. We quote with cordial acknowledgment, the following from this leading Catholic journal of Chicago: "THE ROSARY is always foremost in support of good undertakings. THE ROSARY began the first Catholic fresh air fund, and at present it is engaged in urging the foundation of scholarships in Catholic colleges." Speaking of the letters published in the July ROSARY, *The New World* adds, "there is in no current magazine any pages of as much vital interest to Catholics as the series of letters in THE ROSARY." This is gratifying; we are much pleased that the importance of the scholarship question is so strongly endorsed.

The Pall Mall Magazine for August closes the series of articles on Napoleon I., written by Lord Wolsely. The estimate given, by this distinguished Irish soldier, of the great commander's character, is one that will seem reasonable to men who do not go beyond the natural. To those who believe in the "Finger of God," the career of Napoleon, one long stretch of deception, selfishness, utter disregard of human life, the peace of na-

tions, or the rights of the Church, fitly closed in disaster where all the calculations pointed to triumph. Lord Wolsely endeavors to clear the memory of Grouchy, and contends, with good evidence, that to Napoleon himself the blame should be attached for Waterloo. It is a gratifying thing to read the testimony of a man like Wolsely; it ought to be a healthy offset to the influences aroused by the publication of Napoleonic memoirs which, at the present time, are somewhat conspicuous not only in France, but in England and the United States. These will vainly essay to revive the Napoleonic idea, save as it is confined to a brilliant story, written in blood rather than gold. In the same number of the *Pall Mall* there are other notable articles, especially those on Lord Carlisle's memoirs, and that on Blenheim House and the Duke of Marlboro. Some autograph letters are reproduced, in facsimile, from the Duke, and Alexander Pope, that had not previously seen the light. The illustrations of the different papers are well executed—that of the congress of Vienna being, in itself, of great value. This magazine is a strong rival of our great illustrated American periodicals.

The August number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* publishes three articles on "Missions." Father Elliott, the Paulist, a member of the Lazarist Congregation, and our good friend, Father McKenna, representing the Dominicans, are the contributors.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for August, the opening paragraph of the "Editor's Table" deprecates the "ungracious things" that men and women are saying of each other, and then with an inconsistency which is pardonable, deals summarily with the "aggressive woman" of to-day. However, it is a neat bit of writing, one of the best of the articles that have appeared on this unnecessary question. The only Catholic woman that we have met, in our experience, who believed in "Woman's Rights (?)" was a shrewish creature who drew, to a nicety, the line of demarcation between "Catholic" and "Practical Catholic." In fact, she drew it so broadly that, as we were informed by several of her intimate friends, fourteen years had elapsed since she had acknowledged God's rights, or the Church's, or her soul's, in the sacrament of Penance.

The Catholic Review, New York, August 4th, published in full the address prepared by the Reverend John F. Mullany, of Syracuse, for the Convocation of the Regents of the University of New York, held in the State Senate Chamber, July 5th. It is a matter of general regret that Father Mullany was not able to be present at the session. His essay, "Roman Catholics and the Regents," is an excellent communication; it is in line with the principles of true, Christian education, and is a well executed work. Father Mullany is a leader among those who have earnestly sought to secure for our Catholic academies all the benefits that the Regents can confer. He speaks warmly of the success attending the movement, and of the satisfactory results derived.

"A few Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms" is the title of a practical and important article in *Harper's Magazine* for August. In the words of the writer the object of this paper is "not only to give effectual warning as to the poisonous mushrooms, but to bring within the reach of his readers a few common and easily identified edible species, and thus redeem to esculent utility a few thousand pounds of this neglected savory harvest." Beautifully executed illustrations add interest and value to the text.

The August *Cosmopolitan* is a good number. "Outflanking Two Emperors" is an extremely interesting reminiscence of the Franco-Prussian war, by Murat Halstead, who acted, during that time, as war correspondent. Fine illustrations accompany this paper. "The English Napoleon" reproduces some of the English cartoons with which the "most generous and constant" enemy of Napoleon tried to ridicule the Emperor. A winning pen picture of Marie Antoinette's life at Trianon gives a glimpse into the home life of the gay, careless, pleasure-loving, but hapless queen.

The Eclectic Review for August reprints from the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Stead's discussion of the labor war in America. Naturally he writes from the Englishman's point of view. It cannot be denied that the man has said many strong things in favor of the poor. He has spoken more frequently and more fearlessly than the majority of our American editors. From *Temple Bar*, the *Eclectic* reprints "Some Recollections of Yesterday," a quaint, rambling, delightful sketch of such characters as Dickens,

Macaulay, Wilkie Collins, and Fanny Kemble, from the personal recollection of the writer. *The Eclectic* is a capital magazine for busy Americans who cannot subscribe for the leading English periodicals. It is published by Henry Holt, New York.

Despite its decided "summer and holiday" character, *The Century* for August has a paper of solidity and great value on the question of woman suffrage. Senator George F. Hoar pleads earnestly and chivalrously for "the right and expediency of woman suffrage." His argument is strong, but not convincing. The Reverend Doctor Buckley maintains "the wrongs and perils of woman suffrage" with a wealth of argument and reference that present a very strong case. We quote one point: *Woman suffrage will place a new and terrible strain upon the family relation.* The ratio of marriages relatively to the number of the population is diminishing; the number of divorces has been increasing alarmingly for the past thirty years. They are most numerous in sections of the country where there has been a persistent and almost fierce demand for the ballot." This sad point the Doctor enforces with clear, vigorous argument. Throughout the paper there is evidence of such deep conviction on the part of the writer, there is so full and practical a presentation of the case, that we gladly recognize the Reverend Doctor as victor in the debate. The postscripts written by both contestants leave the same impression.

The Chatauquan for August is a fine number. The articles are all interesting, but we were particularly impressed by Professor Headland's, "A Nation of Liars." It is well done, in the form of a quasi dialogue between himself and a young Chinaman, on lies that are told, lies that are acted, lies that are looked, and lies that are only hinted at. They discuss the people that tell lies themselves, those that tell them by proxy; the people that act lies themselves, and those that act them by proxy. We agree with the conclusion that the Americans, as well as the Chinese, might be named a nation of liars. The article is a clever pleasantry, but full of religion. It is a strong word spoken for truth in thought, word, and deed; at home, abroad; socially and in a business way; with friend and foe; at all times, and in all places.

The Kalamazoo Augustinian is usually a modest parish journal, but the July

number, which we have received, and which is the silver jubilee souvenir of the parish, is a large magazine, and in reality a history of the Church in that part of Michigan. It is a most creditable performance. Illustrations of prelates, priests, laymen, churches, are plentifully given, and are of merit. We are much pleased to witness this evidence of stirring, zealous Catholicity in Kalamazoo, where church, schools, societies, literary institute and hospital, attest a splendid growth since the first white Catholic settled there in 1832. We congratulate the active and worthy pastor, Father O'Brien, and his reverend assistants and devoted people. Their works proclaim their praise.

We understand that editors are not to be held responsible for the utterances of contributors, but we question the fairness of the editor of *The Forum* in permitting Mr. Leavitt to insult Catholicity, gratuitously and wantonly, by comparing infamous bribery among policemen and evil-doers, to a "form of papal indulgence." Catholic readers of the August *Forum* cannot but feel aggrieved. And intelligent non-Catholics must also resent so vulgar, so offensive an illustration, which, as they know, does not illustrate at all. Mr. Leavitt ought to reform his knowledge of the Catholic Church, as well as his manners, before he begins to reform even corrupt New York officials.

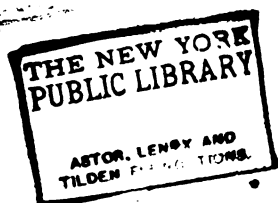
The Jewish Messenger, August 10th, publishes the following item: "It was a Dominican, Sixtus of Siena, who in 1559, destroyed a Hebrew library of 12,000 volumes in Cremona, by order of the Inquisition at Rome." This statement needs qualification. We feel satisfied that our good friend, the *Messenger*, did not wish to convey a wrong impression, but a reader, ignorant of history, could readily draw from this item conclusions altogether unwarranted by the facts. Sixtus of Siena was a convert from Judaism. Later he fell into heresy and was condemned. He was pardoned through the efforts and influence of the Dominican Father, Michael Ghislieri, who afterwards became Pope St. Pius V. Sixtus was admitted to the Dominican Order. Some years later he was employed in the work of the Inquisition, of which Father Ghislieri had become General Inquisitor. His scholarship and his familiarity with Hebrew writings naturally suggested him as a fit agent to examine the works accumulated by the Jews in Cremona. He went there

by command of Cardinal Ghislieri, and after careful scrutiny he separated the valuable from the useless and pernicious volumes. The latter were destroyed, but more than 2,000 volumes of merit were saved by Sixtus from the hands of the Spanish soldiers, who had resolved to burn them. In our day the society for the suppression of vice destroys a great many evil books. Three hundred years hence it would scarcely be fair simply to state that Mr. Anthony Comstock burned a library, by order of his society.

Facts, of Chattanooga, presents a valuable number in its issue of August 4. Taking the ceremony of the Consecration of Bishop Byrne of Nashville as its inspiration, *Facts* gives a good insight into the history of Catholicity in Tennessee. Copious illustrations of priests and prelates bring familiarly before us the facts of some of the Catholic pioneers of Tennessee, as well as those of some of the present workers. The Dominican Order has made generous contributions in this field, and can justly look back with feelings of gratification to the labors of Bishop Miles, and those who have followed him to the present day.

The New England Magazine for August contains an article of value on the subject of "The Public Library Movement of the United States." The author traces "the gradual and natural development" of the movement from its rise at Harvard, in 1638. More than one hundred years previously the Dominicans had organized the work of the press and the library in Mexico, and in their University of Lima, Peru.

The Atlantic Monthly for August pays a splendid tribute to Cardinal Lavigerie's work in North Africa. The author is familiar with the field cultivated by the White Fathers and their brave associates, the Sisters of our Lady of the African Missions. We make one extract from this paper: "From what I saw and heard throughout the length and breadth of French North Africa, I am convinced that one of the greatest works of contemporary Christianity is being fulfilled there, in divers ways and through divers agencies, though mainly through the instrumentality of that famous prelate whose name will henceforth be linked with those of Cyprian and Augustine as among the foremost glories of the Church of Christ in Africa."





ST. TERESA.



OUR LADY'S ROSES.

JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

THEY fill the whole wide earth with bloom,
From castle hall to cottage door;
They light alike the minster's gloom,
And chapel of the Blessed Poor.

They sanctify each barren place,
And breathe their holy fragrance round;
Transfigured by their lovely grace,
Earth's heavy hearts with joy abound.

The nun's pale fingers twine their stems,
To wreath her Eucharistic Spouse;
And Mary-like, the flower-gems
Are ever mingled with her vows.

The fair young priest in robes of snow
Brings altarward, in heart and hand,
The greetings that perennial grow
In rosy splendor o'er our land.

The budding lips of childhood bear
Love's fairest blossoms to our Queen;
Ah, none are sweeter, none more dear
Than maiden blush on brow serene.

The faithful student stays to trim
His nightly lamp, where roses lie
Upon that votive shrine and dim—
Our Lady of the Rosary.

Sweet memories! blooming still you tell
Of all the purity and grace
That linger 'mid the tinkling spell
Of Mary's novice-haunted place.

O Mother! grant that though the dust
Oft blind us, and fierce sunbeams burn,
These greetings sent with perfect trust
May in thine arms to roses turn!

“AND may the God of peace Himself sanctify you in all things; that your whole spirit, and soul, and body may be preserved blameless in the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.” (I. Thessalonians, v. 23.)

“In Mary were three things: spirit, soul, and body, and these three she gave to her Son: for she gave her body and her womb for Him to dwell in; she united her soul to the soul of Christ by love, and in a manner made both one; and she indissolubly conjoined her spirit with the divinity of Christ.”

“In the Blessed Virgin were three places-of-repose (*reclinatoria*)—her spirit, soul, and body, whereof is said: May your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless. In these three Christ rested: in her spirit, inasmuch as she gave herself to continual contemplation; in her soul, in that her reason was never withdrawn from Christ; in her body, since sensuality never opposed her reason.”—“Mary had the perfect integrity of purity, in her body, because she ever preserved it inviolate; in her soul, since she cut off every evil movement and sense; in her spirit, for never was she separated from God by any sin.”—*Blessed James of Voragine, O. P.*

A FRIAR—NOTHING MORE!

JEROME TRANT.

I.

CAST a pebble into the pellucid depths of a mountain lake: a splash, some ever widening circles, a gentle ripple nigh the bank, then—nothing more. Perchance, however, the stone thrown in by heedless hand has dislodged some tiny aquatic plant, whose torn-up roots and delicate leaves appear for an instant on the troubled surface, are tossed by the current now here, now there, then hurried out of sight. Did you notice it? Perhaps! Think of it again? Nay, hardly! In like manner, a chance word, dropped from the lips of a passing stranger, will fall into the still waters of sleeping memories, awakening forgotten echoes, disturbing hidden shadows, and bringing to the surface some wraith of by-gone years. Hither and thither is it tossed by the current of our recollections, now gathering fresh life from the rapid eddies, again falling back into its shroud of startled oblivion. The stranger has passed on, unconscious of his deed, but you? You are face to face with a dream which buried years had smiled at and decked with brightest flowers, but which you gaze at now with eyes whence smiles have fled. Experience has faded those olden blossoms, and you almost dread to stretch forth your hand, lest touching them their ghosts should turn to dust, nor leave a trace to mark their by-gone passage. Tell me, you who read, have you never had an hour in life when a passing trifle has unsealed the fountains of the past? Reminiscences of boyhood, of home, of school and college, of youthful hopes and joyous expectations, have arisen at the bidding of some half-caught word, some simple jest or familiar voice, and you have found yourselves carried back with a bound to other days and scenes, laughing, with the heedless glee of their absolute content, and forgetting for the nonce the signs whereby you read in the face of your youth's companions that you are no longer a boy.

Something of a like experience befell me not many weeks ago.

I was standing in the 'Louvre,' engrossed in studying the celebrated painting of St. Augustine and his mother, by Ary Scheffer. It was an old friend, yet I never wearied of seeking for fresh beauties in the upturned countenance of the holy Monica, whose frail form seemed bidding farewell to earth, or in the rapt expression of the great penitent sitting so lovingly by her side. A hand laid on my shoulder, and a familiar laugh ringing in my ear, aroused me from my contemplative mood, and brought me back promptly to my surroundings.

"Mooning as usual, and quite oblivious of the fact that we dine at six! considering that all the clocks in the parish have been ringing five till they are tired of it. I expected better things of you: any one but you would have heard the infernal din they kicked up, long ago."

Thus spoke my old friend and whilom college chum of many years ago, Hilary Tempest, with whom I was travelling through France. My habits of distraction and trick of getting into brown studies were his despair, but, love throwing a mantle over all failings, he bore with my idiosyncracies, and did not treat me to a blowing-up oftener than three times a day on an average. As we reached the bottom of the steps leading into the *rue de Rivoli*, two ecclesiastics walked rapidly by in the direction of the Tuilleries Gardens. They were clothed in the long, black soutane of the French "*Abbés*," but a glimpse of white cloth peeping out at the bottom marked them as members of the Dominican Order, who, since the Ferry law of 1880, no longer appeared in their habits in the Parisian streets.

"Bah! they are only friars! What the dickens can you see interesting in them?"

The intonation was as contemptuous as the words uttered, and we simultaneously turned to look at the speaker, a fair-haired, insipid-looking dandy, who was lounging with some others of his kind along the crowded thoroughfare. As in a flash, my memory carried me back some thirty years. I was then a small imp of mischief of between ten and eleven years, and lived with my father (a widower blessed with a thriving progeny of five boys), at Dover of happy memory. My favorite walk was down to the landing-stage of the channel steamers, which daily emptied their

cargoes of suffering humanity upon the welcome soil of Merrie England. On one of these occasions I saw my father walk hastily forward to greet a tall, white-haired gentleman who had just stepped off the deck, and seemed looking round for some expected face. He was in deep mourning, and appeared bowed down by heavy affliction. But I remember the joyous look of recognition with which he greeted my father's salutation. He stayed with us a week, then went up to London, where he died a few months later. My father went to be near him in his last moments, and returned to us with a look of sadness in his eyes which deepened whenever the dead man's name was mentioned. That night, before retiring to rest, he called us all together, and asked us to pray often for the repose of General Vane's soul:

"He was a dear friend of mine, boys, and went through much tribulation," were his words; adding dreamily, as if to himself: "Father and son have met face to face at last."

"Had he a son, Father?" I asked timidly, yet curious to know more of the handsome stranger whom I had seen but once, yet whose face had attracted me.

"Yes, my boy, a noble man whom any father might well be proud to call his son."

"And he is dead, too?"

"He died last year in Paris, to General Vane's well-nigh despair."

"Was he an officer, and did he die fighting?" I inquired eagerly, for my whole boyish ambition was centred in soldiers and warlike exploits.

My father smiled somewhat sadly at my warrior spirit.

"He certainly died fighting, child; but not as a soldier in a worldly army. He was a friar, nothing more."

"Only a friar," I answered disappointedly, all my visions of brilliant uniforms and flashing sabres ruthlessly cut down by the explanation.

"*Only* a friar, my son! Would to God that one of my boys rose to the grandeur of that heroic soul, than whom no braver spirit ever fought the good fight on the battle-field of life," was the grave reply, which somehow hushed all my regret, and made me

think for an instant that perhaps there might be something better, after all, than a golden epaulette and a clanking sword.

"Only a friar!" The words remained in my memory with strange tenacity, and later, when I had laid aside the pretext robe of childhood, and assumed the toga of responsible years, they recurred so persistently that I questioned my father about the life of one whose memory he guarded with such reverential care. Sitting by a window overlooking the sea, he told me a tale, so thrilling in its interest, so startling in its pathos, that even now, as I recall it, a hush of solemn awe descends on my spirit, and carries my thoughts to realms of light unknown to travellers in a land like this. I never spoke of it to others, but pondered over it often, and it may be that its recollection guarded my fiery youth from many a slip and fall. Oh, grand privilege of a noble life! it may be lived out hidden away from the eyes of man, "the world forgetting—by the world forgot," but its beauty will shine forth in the day of trial, and the busy century shall pause to consider with reluctant admiration, one who fled from its hollow praises, yet forgot not to pray for its follies and faults. The contemptuous words of the vapid fop in the busy Paris street, brought all this back to my recollections, and threw me into a yet dreamier mood than even Hilary Tempest has been accustomed to.

He was very patient with my taciturnity for a while, then, at last, enquired if I was contemplating a sudden leap into the Seine, or the purchase of a suicidal pistol! His quizzical expression of despair aroused me to a sense of my shortcomings: "Would you care to read the train of thought into which yonder fool's words led me?" I asked, smiling, yet gravely. He saw that I spoke in serious tone, and instantly, with the intuition of true friendship attuned his mood to the quiet melody of the passing hour. We dined at *table d'hôte* of the Grand Hôtel, where we were staying, adjourning almost immediately to our private sitting-room. There, with the subdued hum of the animated *boulevards* rising to us as we sat at the open window, I spelled over a scroll from the past, which sounded like a contrasting echo from those mediæval ages when faith was men's armor, and heroism their common watchword.

"You ought to write that life's story, Jerome," said my friend, when he had listened to its close with unflagging attention. "It is worth while letting the world know that self-sacrifice and nobility of soul are not mere ghosts, often spoken of, but seldom if ever seen. Let its weakness and egotism stand ashamed; force it to admire if it will not imitate. Harm cannot come of your 'crying in the wilderness,' and perchance some good, 'een passing, may."

I thought over his words, and found them wise. So turning to my pen, in an hour of reflection, I summoned the by-gone, and bade it speak.

* * * * *

No statelier pile amid the ancestral homes of wooded Oxfordshire, than Vaneleigh Towers—the goodly heritage of the Vane family, whose ancestors had supped with princes and fought with kings. The adjoining church glowed with storied panes, wherefrom their warriors and statesmen gazed at the worshippers below with seeming rebukeful eyes. Not thus had they worshipped in the days of yore, with naught before them save surpliced clergyman and opened book: unfamiliar the chaunted hymns, unknown the strange ritual in the vulgar tongue. Where the jewelled lamp, which hung, an ever watchful guardian o'er evenings' hush and mornings' Mass? Whither gone the sacred emblem of a suffering God, whose outstretched arms ever greeted sinner and saint from its upraised throne? The chill of an alien creed had descended on the desolate temple, dulling the gilded radiance of altar and rood, robbing the pillars of their sculptured life, freezing the very prayers which a new generation sent up with cold formality. The silent forms of by-gone knights seemed to throng the marbled aisles, and ask each other, 'who are these,' as they watched the fashionable crowd of Sunday Christians come sweeping through the doors, smiling, gay, thoughtless and heedless of day and place. 'And who is this?' they well might add, as the Vane pew opened to admit of a haughty figure, whose knee seemed unaccustomed to bend before God or man. 'Surely not one of us, in this rifled casket, lamenting over stolen gems?'

Alas! that the noble record of a time-honored race should see its fair pages blotted by the stain of apostasy! Yet 'twas even so. The Catholic Vanes were phantoms of the past: proud heresy

claimed the present generation for its own, and sought to sweep away all traces of the olden faith with sacrilegious hand. The present owner of Vaneleigh Towers, a widower, had inherited the family mansion from a distant cousin, who sacrificed, in early youth, the faith of his fathers on the altar of mammon. 'Cursed with his granted prayers,' wealth and prosperity had attended the steps of the renegade through life, leaving him but at the hour of death, to meet his outraged God alone. Failing direct male issues, the vast estates passed to another branch, likewise tainted by heresy's breath, and bade fair to depart finally from old traditions and belief. When General Vane first arrived at the Towers, speculation had been rife as to whether he belonged to the Church of Peter, or of England. The universal curiosity was quickly satisfied, for, on the following Sunday, the Vaneleigh fold was gratified by the sight of the General's carriage decorously wending its way by Protestant paths to the restored (Heaven save the mark!) edifice, sacred to the established religious views.

He appeared alone, which fact was commented on at vicarage and cottage tables that afternoon, as it was known that his only child, a boy of some fifteen years, was living at Vaneleigh, and generally accompanied his father in his walks and rides. Four, five, six Sundays passed, but no Henry Vane ever knelt in the comfortable family pew, or sought the divine assistance at the hands of the equally comfortable Vicar.

"Strange!" murmured the county fashionables.

"Shocking!" said the reverend incumbent, whose sense of decorum seemed ruffled by this overlooking of clerical authority. No one, however, amid the clergy or the laity, ventured to pass any remark or ask any questions in the hearing of the stern-looking owner of the Towers. Something in the cold, impassive countenance, and courteous but chilling manner of the old General, forbade any indiscreet liberties, so Vaneleigh was forced to content itself with surmises and gossip which could boast, as is generally the case in such matters, of a grain of truth to a pound of lies. The servants at the vicarage, however, heard something which might possibly be accepted as bearing signs of veracity. The deceased Mrs. Vane, they said, had been a Catholic, and when dying, had obtained from her heart-broken husband a solemn

promise that their son should be brought up in the faith of his ancestors. What that husband thought about the matter, or whether the fulfilling of his promise ever cost his proud heart a pang, no one could tell, for he never alluded to his private history, and brooked interference from none. It was soon discovered that young Vane drove into Oxford on the first day of each week, accompanied by a gentleman whom the Vicar declared to "smell of papacy a mile off!"

"A Jesuit, my dear; depend upon it!" sighed the reverend cleric to the wife of his bosom, one particular Sunday when the offertory had been singularly small, and he felt it needful to attack somebody. "A Roman collar, and the smooth, hypocritical face which is peculiar to their profession."

The reverend lady agreed for once with the partner of her joys (the diminutive collection would not run even to a new bonnet!), and tried to persuade him that his duty lay in the direction of Towers, where he should expostulate with the General over the evil of this dreadful example. "Of course I shall go over," acquiesced the dutiful husband—"of course!" But somehow he did not find it convenient, or else forgot it, or pretended to do so, for the General never heard a word of the ecclesiastical wrath, and young Vane continued his weekly visits to Oxford, accompanied by his "Jesuit" tutor. Thus matters went on for three years. Vaneleigh had become accustomed to the separation of "Church and State," up at the Towers, and no longer concerned itself with the business of the imperturbable General whose relations with the county were confined to visits of strict courtesy at Christmas and Easter. Society is proverbially selfish: let it find that a man has nothing in common with its foibles, nor a liking for its frivolous falsity, it will leave him unmolested and forgotten. I mistake, not forgotten, for society is farseeing and wise in its generation, and a rich man, though a recluse, may always prove useful; therefore, the mothers of marriageable daughters remembered him, and observed that 'young Vane would be coming of age in another three years, and was sole heir to the unencumbered estates.' Quite a "catch" in fact! A startling revelation, however, was in store for the aristocratic neighborhood of the Towers. The county families were convulsed, one morning, by the news

that young Vane had gone off to become a Carthusian, or a Trappist, or something equally horrible and blood-curdling. It was rumored also that the General had had a stroke of paralysis, and that the doctors feared for his life.

"It all comes of having his son brought up by a Jesuit," groaned the worthy Vicar over his after-dinner port, and the guests agreed among themselves that, "certainly; what could General Vane expect if he tempted Providence by such reprehensible laxity?"

In the meantime, while the world at large talked and surmised and criticised what was going on, or what had really occurred at the seat of war, I shall continue my narrative in the words of my father, who appeared on the scene of action, and who was intimately connected with all preceding and succeeding events of this strange story.

* * * * *

General Vane and myself were brother officers out in India, and had formed a strong, enduring friendship, such as we note from time to time between men widely differing in character, yet alike in certain sympathies and pursuits. He married a lady of staunch Catholic principles, which had been a matter of surprise at the time amongst his acquaintances, who knew him as a somewhat rigid Protestant; but, as they appeared in perfect harmony, one with the other, people soon grew tired of smiling over the mating of 'wolf and lamb,' and accepted the fact with indifference. A week after the birth of her son—the first and only child granted to six years of wedded life—gentle Mrs. Vane closed her eyes to the joys and sorrows of this lower world, and was laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery of Bombay. What the broken-hearted husband suffered, or thought of, during the long hours spent by the side of the marble Cross which marked his adored wife's grave, none, save I, his chosen friend, ever knew. He was of a proud, silent, and reserved disposition, which kept ordinary gossipers at a distance, and admitted of no sympathy being offered before it was asked. Before me, however, the self-contained nature unbent, while the stricken heart allowed words of consolation to unseal the fountains of its hidden bitterness.

"Nothing remains to me, Jerome," he said one evening, short-

ly before our return to England. "Apart from my military career, life is an empty blank."

"You forget your little son," I remarked, rather taken aback at his apparent oblivion of such a tangible point of interest as the three-months-old infant to whom I had stood god-father at the baptism in the Catholic cathedral.

An expression of bitterness passed over the cold, weary face. "Would that I could forget him," he replied, coldly; then answering my look of surprise, continued hastily:

"His birth cost me my darling's life, and—and . . . in any case he will never be any pride or joy to me."

"No; why?" I asked rather stupidly, not quite understanding why the innocent child should suffer for a misfortune for which it was not knowingly responsible. Surely this was reasoning against truth and justice, and I had never known Herbert Vane, save as a lover of both.

He saw my pained surprise, and half-resented it, saying stiffly: "He is to be brought up a Catholic, at least until he is fifteen, in accordance to my promise to the dead. Surely this is sufficient in itself to prevent all future realization of any hopes which I might have cherished concerning a child of mine."

I confessed that the force of the argument did not strike me.

"No! then I will explain," was the harsh-toned reply.

"When I married a Catholic, I knew that I was probably entering upon a phase of existence which might possibly have painful results. My love, however, for my affianced bride, was too powerful to be set aside at the bidding of religious scruples, and to content her, I promised that our children—were we blessed with any—should be brought up in her faith. At the end of a year I repented of my love-dictated promise, and begged of her to allow our first child, if a son, to be trained in my own creed, which surely could not injure him any more than it had injured me. She held out for a long time, but finally consented, and *appeared* to have no regret at granting my prayer. She must have repented of this proof of her love for me, however, for, shortly before the birth of her child, she sent for a priest, and, after a long conversation with him, called me in and declared that it would kill her if I did not allow her to have the expected

infant baptized in the Roman Catholic Church. What could I do? I worshipped my tender-hearted, fragile wife, and feared that any opposition might have a bad effect upon her delicate state of health; accordingly, but sorely against my will, I gave the promise she asked of me, stipulating, however, that at the age of fifteen he should be free to reconsider the matter, and then I let matters take their course. You know the rest; she was taken from me, just the same as if I had held out against the sacrifice demanded of me. So what have I gained?—a desolate hearth, and a child who will grow up comparatively alien to my ambitions and belief. Had it been a girl, it would not have signified so much; but a son—!"

I saw that grief and religious resentment had distorted the speaker's views of logic and common sense. To argue with him while he remained in such a frame of mind would have been worse than useless. Trusting, therefore, to the healing hand of time and my own friendly influence over him, which I knew to be great, I let the matter rest, and changed the conversation as naturally as was possible.

I heard later, from acquaintances in England, that the Vanes had always been Catholic until within a few generations, and that the matter of religion was a very sore point with all the different branches of the family. This explained, partly, Herbert's strong feeling on the subject, and the pertinacity with which he stuck to avoidance of his little son. My own marriage separated us somewhat, and during several years we only saw each other at distant intervals. About twelve years after our return from India, I went up to Scotland on a visit to some of my wife's relations, and while there received a line from Herbert, asking me to look out for a Catholic tutor for my little god-son, who had arrived at an age when feminine teaching becomes unsuitable.

"Anyone you choose will meet with my approval," ran the letter, "only let it be clearly understood that Henry is free to choose his own religion at the age of fifteen. Until then I shall adhere to the letter of the promise you wot of."

It was evident that time had not softened the old antagonism to his dead wife's faith, and that her son's strength of character would be put to severe tests before he ever had time to prove

himself, or to learn what stuff heroes and martyrs are made of. Much depended on the man into whose hands this difficult education was intrusted. Intellectually and morally, he should be one far above the average. Liberal views, broadness of mind, and generosity of sentiment, should be wedded to firmness of character, refinement of thought and manner, and no inconsiderable amount of penetration and patience.

Where was this *rara avis* to be met with? Whom ask to undertake such a delicate yet onerous task? I cast about for weeks, well-nigh hopeless of success, when Providence came to my aid in a welcome and encouraging manner. An American priest of solid, yet classic and graceful learning, and of singularly winning presence, whom I had met a few years previously during a trip to the United States, had been ordered a lengthened sojourn in European latitudes with a view to recruiting somewhat delicate health proceeding from overwork and excessive study. I came across him in London, and blessed the fortuitous accident of a severe cold which had retarded my departure abroad by a few days. There is no such thing as hazard in life: what we call chance is known to Providence as predestined opportunity; let us refuse to seize it? we are free to do so! but if after events turn out badly, we should not blame God for what was but an effect of our own blindness or indifference. Here was *my* opportunity. I eagerly sprang at it, and laid my difficulty before the reverend gentleman from whose assistance I expected so much.

After hearing all the bearings of the case, he agreed to take the boy in hand until he reached his fifteenth year.

"I am over here for three or four years," he added, "and if I remain longer shall be pleased to continue to direct your god-son's education, until circumstances decide otherwise."

Needless to remark that I was overjoyed with the success of my mission, and hastened to write to Herbert, acquainting him with Father Hickton's arrival for the following week.

To what extent the intellectual talents and polished courtesy of the Catholic priest had won the golden opinions of my cold, haughty friend, was to be judged from the latter's brief encomium after a year's acquaintance.

"He is a perfect gentleman, a brilliant scholar, and a man of

sense; Henry can but gain by intercourse with him." To comment upon this judgment would have been to mar all; I saw that matters were progressing satisfactorily, and trusted that Father Hickton's influence would have some weight with Herbert when his son reached the eventful mile-stone which was to mark an epoch in his life. Shortly before my god-son reached his fifteenth birthday, I went down to Vaneleigh, which his father had just inherited from a distant cousin, and studied the lay of the land. Knowing the latter's unyielding temper and ever-living prejudice, I was prepared for a stormy scene if the two wills came into collision. Events justified my expectations, yet, painful as they were, I could not regret having witnessed the struggle, for I learnt from a mere stripling, one of the sternest lessons of self-command and possession of unswerving fidelity to principle tempered by respectful love for parental authority, and of generosity of soul, which I had ever read in pagan or Christian history. On the morning of the eleventh of May, his birthday, Henry came down to the library, where his father had appointed that the interview should take place, accompanied by Father Hickton and myself. If he was nervous, he did not betray it. The steady grey eyes were as calm as usual, and the determined-looking face as unmoved. Presently, the quick, decided step of General Vane sounded along the corridor, and, in another instant, entered the room. He bowed courteously to the three of us, as if we had been strangers met to discuss some important business matter, having no reference to himself or his personal concerns; then turning to his son, said quietly:

"You are aware that, in accordance with your dead mother's wish, I consented to your being brought up in the Roman Catholic faith until you reached the reasonable age of fifteen years. I have allowed you every opportunity for studying the matter impartially, and have never sought to influence you by undue pressure in word or deed. Your god-father here present, and the Reverend Father Hickton, to whom you owe much, are my witnesses in this matter."

We bowed silently in acknowledgment of the reference made to us, while Henry looked over at the speaker with an expression of pained expectation—he evidently foresaw that something un-

pleasant was at hand. Still in the same quiet, level tone, his father continued:

"Of what these fifteen years of silent abstention from a matter which keenly interested me, cost my heart, I shall not speak. Suffice it to say that to-day I look to your loving obedience to my wishes as a repayment for my past disappointment and suffering; in a word, I summon you, as my son and as my heir, to consider the circumstances fairly, and to choose of your own free will; whether you will condemn your father to a solitary old age by continuing in a faith utterly alien to all his sympathies and hopes; or whether you will make him forget the sorrows of the past, and brighten the joys of the future by joining him in the creed wherein he had lived, and trusts to die. I shall give you a week to think it over." He was already rising to show that the interview was at an end, when Henry's voice arrested the movement. The latter had grown very pale as his father ceased speaking, but a look of steady determination settled on his lips and brow, which showed that his spirit was undaunted at the prospect of that father's possible anger.

"It is useless to give me a week to consider a matter over which I have been thinking for three years," he replied, gravely and firmly. "Father Hickton is acquainted with my unalterable decision, which was arrived at after much thought and prayer: I say 'arrived at,' yet I might rather state that it was always dominant within me since the day I was old enough to understand what was required of me; nor can I be unfaithful now to my determination of old."

"And your determination is——?"

"To live and die a Catholic; a loving, if unworthy son, of the holy and apostolic Church of Rome."

"And my wishes, boy: are they to have no weight with you?" asked General Vane harshly, while the look of proud anger, which I knew so well, hardened his features as into stone. The brave youth looked up with a sorrowful yet determined glance at his irate parent. He was powerfully affected by the unhappy turn of the interview, as I could see by the tremulous motion of the close-set lips, but an iron resolve, marvellous in one so young, evidently nerved him for the fray.

"Your wishes, my dear Father, in all matters save this one, shall ever have my respectful and loving consideration, but do not, I pray and beseech of you, ask me to alter my unshaken resolve on this point of religion; it will be useless, and full of sorrow to both of us."

It has been said that a sneer is the suicide of a smile; certainly I never realized the truth of the expression so forcibly as at this moment. General Vane's bitter smile was nothing else as he returned sneeringly:

"High-flown sentiments, boy, which cost you little to utter; but we shall see how long they can stand under the fire of material arguments. Are you aware, young sir, that I have it in my power to cut off the entail, and disinherit you, so that at my death you may wander out, a beggar, over the face of the earth?"

"I was not aware of it, Father; but even so, this knowledge makes no difference in my religious convictions which, by God's grace, I shall act up to until my dying breath. Better be poor and end in peace, than live rich and die in despair."

I think the fearless chivalry of these last words made some impression on the General's worldly heart; he could not but be proud of realizing in his son that "good blood cannot lie." With a mute gesture of passive displeasure he rose, and remarked somewhat more gently:

"I said that you should be free to choose your path. I, on my side, was at liberty to use whatever weapons were at hand to induce you to take mine; you have decided otherwise? It is well; henceforth we go different ways. You are my dead wife's child, and I cannot forget it; you have chosen her religion, and I shall respect your choice. But do not expect to find in me anything more than a parent ready to act justly and honorably by you in all things. I am inaccessible, now, to all tender and affectionate feelings, such as I had hoped to lavish on you with no unsparing hand. You will remain with me under your reverend tutor's admirable care: that is to say, as long as he can spare it to you; and when you are twenty-one, shall be presented to the county as my heir. As you will require funds, a balance of £1,000 a year shall be paid in your name into the bank, which I shall increase to £3,000 on your coming of age."

He ceased, and rose to leave the room, again bowing ceremoniously to Father Hickton and myself, who had been pained, but silent witnesses of the scene. As he reached the door, he turned and cast a half-wrathful, half-entreating glance at the set, pale face of his stricken son. The latter caught it, and sprang across the room.

"Father," he said brokenly, "have you no word of forgiveness for me? Will you allow my birthday to pass without one sign to show me that you have not forgotten these fifteen years of peaceful harmony with, if not of, outwardly expressed love for your only child?"

His father's hard countenance softened for an instant.

"I wish you well, Henry; but," he added, drawing himself up, and hardening again, "I cannot forget that my own blood has turned against me: it is as if I had but nurtured a stranger all these years. However, what is done is done! Recrimination would be unworthy of a Vane, so I shall consider this subject of religion as a dead letter between us. I hope to see you, Jerome, before you leave, together with Mr. Hickton," he added, turning to us with a courteous gesture of farewell, then, closing the door gently, he left us alone. Henry remained motionless, and gazed out of the open window with unseeing eyes. The mid-day sun streamed down from cloudless sky, and found his way into the oak-panelled room through the ruby and amber glass of its gothic panes, casting 'a jewelled radiance' on the heavy Turkish carpet and rich hangings, and flickering over the thoughtful face of the future master of all the wealth which lay scattered around him, within and without. But naught was revealed of his feelings concerning the eventful phase of life upon which he was now about to enter. He had inherited much of his father's reserve, together with his tenacity of will, and had a horror of inflicting on others the recital of his private afflictions. Knowing this from past experience of his character, Father Hickton followed my example of silence, and together we quitted the room. I had a long conversation with him concerning my god-son's future position, and agreed that nothing could be done but to let matters take their course. I knew that General Vane would not listen to anything on the matter, even from me, his old and tried friend; therefore, why

seek to envenom the wound by useless probing? Henry's nobility of soul could not fail to make an impression, sooner or later, on one who was so keenly alive to true greatness and heroism as his father; and who could tell but that his father's religious prejudice would one day melt away beneath the ray's of his Catholic son's virtue and constancy? That night, before separating, it had been decided that Father Hickton would continue as Henry's tutor for another three years, during which time the two would travel for a few months, each summer, through the various capitals of Europe. General Vane wished his son to be a man of polished refinement and of intellectual culture, notwithstanding his Catholicity(!), so that the long, historic roll of the Vanes should have reason to be proud of the new name thereon inscribed. I left the Towers on the following day, bidding my god-son write to me frequently, and to count upon my affection at all times and conjunctures. Two years rolled by without any event of importance arising to disturb the mental peace which reigned at Vaneleigh, then, to the regret of all who knew him, Father Hickton was compelled, by family matters, to return to America. General Vane did not care to replace him, so determined to send Henry to the Catholic University at Bonn, for the completion of his education. I was written to, and cordially approved of the plan, feeling that my old friend might perchance be brought to long for the companionship of his son, were he to be separated from him for any lengthened period. To Germany, therefore, Henry departed, in the autumn of his eighteenth year. For several months I heard regularly from him; then came a blank of a few weeks, followed by a telegram which brought me down to Vaneleigh as fast as express speed could manage. I found the General prostrate with an attack of paralysis, and hardly conscious of my presence. Of Henry, no tidings, save what the servants could give me. It appears, he had come over from Germany the previous week, and had stayed a few days, during which his father had been heard storming and expostulating in tones of extraordinary vigor against some step which his son was contemplating. What it was, no one could say positively, for the discussions were nearly always carried on with closed doors. Nevertheless enough had been seized upon in the servant's hall to persuade every one that "Mr.

Henry was going to be a monk." The butler, who had been with his master since his return from India, and who was sincerely attached to both father and son, told me that he heard the General tell the latter that he would curse him if he ever put on the monk's cowl.

"You were free to choose your religion, sir, but you are not free to deprive me of an heir to Vaneleigh," were the last words which the man overheard on the previous day, as the General left the library. Another discussion took place in the evening, during which the General's voice alone was heard raised in anger. Henry had come out of the room looking very white and disturbed, said the butler, and had left the house an hour later. When the General's valet went into the former's room, he found his master lying back unconscious in the arm chair. The doctor had been immediately sent for, and a telegram despatched to me. Until I could speak to my unfortunate friend, nothing definite could be ascertained. The doctor, a clever London physician, whom I had instantly summoned, confirmed his colleague's opinion that General Vane was suffering from paralysis and concussion of the brain, brought on by some violent mental excitement. Complete quiet and careful nursing might work wonders, he declared, but another shock would, in all likelihood, prove fatal. Ten days passed in this manner, the invalid remaining in a state of high fever, which was succeeded by terrible prostration. At last, however, after another week of uncertainty, I was rejoiced by the sight of returning consciousness in the sunken grey eyes, the expression of which, during this sickness, reminded me so forcibly of poor Henry's grave, earnest glance. One evening, I was sitting by the sick bed, reading by the light of a soft-shaded lamp. Herbert had been sleeping peacefully since the afternoon, and I felt relieved of all presence of danger. Presently I heard my name called very gently.

"Have I been ill?" was the first query, as I bent over the thin, drawn features of the imperious General, now so subdued and still. I did not wish to startle him, so merely said that he had just gone through a nasty attack of fever, but was now almost over it. He seemed to be trying to recall something which persisted in escaping from memory's grasp. I dreaded any revival

of painful scenes, for the doctor's warning was still in my ears. Accordingly I tried to distract his attention by recounting the various visits paid by the county families to ask news of his convalescence. All was in vain; the mind was evidently still following some broken thread, which escaped it. Fearing, therefore, that the exertion might bring back the fever, I thought it better to take the bull by the horns, and asked him if he was thinking why Henry was not there.

Henry! ah, that was the poisoned arrow which rankled in his father's breast. A flush of emotion, whether of anger or the reverse, I could not determine, swept over the wasted face as I mentioned the absent one's name. He half raised himself from the pillows, saying with steady determination: "If you value my friendship, Jerome, you will never mention that person again in my hearing. He is no son of mine, and has become less to me than the veriest stranger. In my secretary, over there, you will find a letter which he wrote to you the day he left me, and which would have been sent to your Club had not my illness prevented. "I remember all now," he continued weariedly, sinking back again exhausted with the effort of speaking, and closing his eyes as if unwilling to continue further conversation. I knew him too well to insist, quite apart from my desire to keep him as quiet as possible, and accordingly dropped back into my chair, and took up the book I had been reading. My attention, however, could not fix itself on its pages, for my mind kept wandering to the letter which Henry had written to me, and which I knew would explain all that had occurred during the past days of sorrow and sickness. When certain that my patient was sleeping once more, safely, I rose quietly, and sought for the important missive. My search was a brief one; there it lay in the half-closed drawer of the writing-table, directed to me in the bold, clear caligraphy which was so familiar. Ringing for the valet, I bade him take my place while I went downstairs to the library to read by the fire, undisturbed. Who amongst us has not, at some time in our lives, received a letter which we kept unopened until we were alone? It might be joyous, it might be sad intelligence, which we knew would greet us from the voiceless, yet speaking, pages, but we preferred to meet the joy or the sorrow removed from the obser-

vation of our fellow-men. No man likes to have his innermost soul before the eye of the stranger, the indifferent, the ordinary work-a-day friend, nay, even before the gaze of his family-circle. God, and God alone, must witness the rending of our nature beneath the strong hand of intense emotion. Years ago, mayhap, we received one such missive, and the memory thereof has remained greenly fresh, like the sod laid on yesterday's grave. The one whose few leaves I read over with such all absorbing interest, on that chill November night, was of just such a nature as these. I can recall it to-day with all its vividness of expression, and earnestness of tone, as if the ink were but dry yester-eve. In it my noble-hearted god-son revealed to me the wish of his life, which neither I nor his tutor had suspected. He had, so he told me, long desired to offer a sacrifice which would call down God's blessing and pity on the head of his Protestant father. Long had he pondered and sought to find a way out of the perplexities which darkened his understanding, while they saddened his heart. Light asked for is *never* refused. One day, while in Paris the preceding year, he accompanied Father Hickton to the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, so justly celebrated for the miracles of grace wrought in souls within its *ex-voto* covered walls. As he knelt at the rails of the flower-decked sanctuary, his petition soared up on the wings of confident love. "Lord! what can I offer Thee that my father's soul may be healed?" Who shall tell what whisper of grace then responded? who seek to penetrate the veils which shroud the converse of God with His creature? This it is not given us to know. Suffice it, that on that day one more human heart was cast into the fire of sacrifice, one more human soul was sealed with the seal of the Lamb. Henry Vane had knelt down as the heir to vast fortune and worldly estate; he arose stripped of all—in intention, if not yet in deed. To become a religious:—yes! that was the holocaust asked of him, and with generous unfaltering purpose he answered: "I am ready." To speak of it then would have been folly; so he resolved to wait until the close of his studies would present the favorable opportunity, which was now all that he sought. Fr. Hickton's departure to America, and his own to the German University, had prevented the execution of his plans, while nurturing them. During his residence at Bonn

he was thrown in with a young Irish student, who intended leaving there shortly for the Dominican Novitiate in Rome. The two had fraternized and become friends, and at last Henry made up his mind to go over to England and inform his father of his intention to join his companion on his Italian journey. He did not write to me, hoping to surprise me by a personal explanation of the whole undertaking, and arrived at the Towers unannounced. His father's anger (his letter told it but briefly) was terrible, and well-nigh intolerable to bear, but the call within him was too urgent to be disregarded, and gave him the strength to battle on to the end. "He said he would curse me, which wounded my heart to its centre; but I *could not* say I'd stay." In these words he resumed the last scene between himself and his father, and told me all that I wished now to know. At the close of the hurriedly-written pages, he gave San Clemente, in Rome, as the address where my letter would find him, and called on my friendship to soften the suffering which his act had inflicted on the parent he yet loved so dearly.

II.

Were these memories but a matter of fiction, it would be easy to continue and close them in a strain of happiness and congratulation to all the persons therein concerned. A weakness, however, for stern veracity, compels me to adhere strictly to the narrative, as my father told it, not seeking to diminish its painfulness, nor color its sombre hues with the vagaries of a fanciful pen.

* * * * *

Herbert Vane recovered, and rose from his bed of sickness a sterner, colder, and—if possible—haughtier man. Not even to me did he speak of the cause of the illness which had so nearly brought him within the grasp of the grim king, but, to escape hearing all possible comments of the families scattered around through the county, he determined to shut up the Towers, and travel abroad for an indefinite period. Family ties prevented my offering to accompany him, but each autumn I managed to give a month of my leisure to the friend who, I felt, silently yearned for my unspoken sympathy, and looked forward to the

days we spent so calmly together. From Henry, now Father Austin, I heard frequently, but of him never uttered a word. That his father would some day seek for tidings of the absent one, I never doubted, but felt instinctively that such a consummation, however devoutly to be wished for, must needs be arrived at by that father alone. Eight years passed, bringing many changes and trials in their train. I lost my dearly-loved wife, which grief was quickly followed by the death of my eldest son. Saddened and broken in health, I availed myself gladly of a sister's offer to look after my remaining five boys, while seeking in travel some respite from the weary thoughts pressing so heavily on my spirits. General Vane instantly wrote to me from Paris, where he was then staying, begging of me to join him in his self-imposed exile, and try to assuage my sorrows in helping him to bear his own. It was the warmest epistle I had ever received since his departure from Vaneleigh, and read as a message of welcome which quickened the undying hope within me. Perhaps advancing old age was softening the heart which assuredly had never succeeded in banishing all recollection of that other exile living out his sacrificed life away in sanctified Rome. A letter from my dear god-son lay in my pocket as I took the Dover mail a few days later.

"I never lose hope," he wrote bravely; "one man sows, but another gathers the harvest. If my dear father be but converted, it matters little whose hand guides him within the holy portals of our Faith. I may not live to see it, but from another world shall rejoice that my sacrifice was not offered in vain. If you come to Rome, remember that San Clemente's doors are wide open before your welcome steps. You will be glad to hear that dear Father Hickton has left all things for Christ's sweet sake, and received the white habit of Friars-Preachers here last week; he elected to belong to the Irish Province, which shows you with what a generous heart he renounced all ties in his native country. Pray for me, and for him."

This was news indeed, and not to be kept from Herbert's knowledge. The next day after dinner, as we were sitting in the brilliantly-lit vestibule of the Grand Hôtel, I asked him if he remembered Father Hickton. My move was a daring one, and

I half-dreaded some painful result. None came, however, but he flushed deeply as he answered calmly:

"Certainly I recollect him; a very superior man indeed. What of him?"

Here was my opportunity; nor did I neglect it.

"Oh! only that he has left America and become a Dominican friar."

The cigar in my listener's hand shook slightly as he carefully knocked off its ashes. Recovering his self-control quickly, however, he turned to me almost smiling.

"Indeed! I credited him with greater sense. Ah! here comes De Longville," he continued, in the same unconcerned tone, as a gentleman in a heavily-furred coat made his way over to our table.

"Quite winter-like, Marquis," he said, smilingly, as the latter acknowledged his introduction to me with the bow of a Tallyrand. "If you wear that armor in October, what will you do in December?"

"But I freeze, my dear general, I freeze," was the laughing rejoinder. "Ah! tell me," he went on rapidly, "shall I see you at Notre Dame this afternoon?"

"Notre Dame! What in the name of common sense would take me there?" replied the General, with an air of such genuine amazement at the query, that I almost forgot my habitual gravity.

"What! but to hear the preacher, *a la mode*, the Père Monsabrè," returned the Marquis, equally amazed at the other's ignorance of such an attraction.

"What! I go and hear a Romanist friar preach? My dear Monsieur de Longville, you are surely joking!"

"No, no, General; pardon me, but I am perfectly in earnest. You came to Paris to see and hear all the wonders of the age; this Dominican's conferences form an interesting item in the programme. They are wonderful, I can assure you," continued the speaker, getting enthusiastic as Frenchmen are wont over anything that amuses them. "I am not what you call a believing Christian, but I go and hear that Père speak, and almost persuade myself that what he says is true—such eloquence! such fire!"

"Ah mon Dieu! but you must hear him now, General; it would be one sin to go away without that."

"You will excuse me, Marquis, but, I *never* go to hear those wonderful preachers,—*never*."

The tone, more than the words, showed the Marquis that he had touched upon some painful topic, and with the tact so common to his countrymen, glided instantly into safer conversational channels. That night, while smoking my last cigar before retiring to rest, I thought the matter over, and saw that the hour for mentioning Henry's name to his father had not yet struck on the dial of time. *Pazienza!* It is not the Portuguese only who find patience a panacea for inevitable and tedious delays.

The chill blasts of an inclement November soon warned us that the French capital would look as well if viewed from a distance. Italy! why not winter there, thus escaping the severity of more northern climes? We were free to wander whither fancy might lead us; why, therefore, linger beneath uncongenial skies? I hardly cared to suggest Rome as the spot of our anchorage, yet cherished secret hopes that a propitious wind would waft us in that direction. They were not doomed to disappointment. One morning, shortly after meeting the Marquis, Herbert laid down his *Times* with an air of decision.

"Some very interesting excavations in Rome are bringing to light countless archæological treasures, Jerome; shall we go and investigate them for ourselves?" he asked, almost eagerly.

There are times when dissimulation can be counted as virtuous! I was longing to take up the suggestion with enthusiasm, but fearing that any over-readiness to agree with it might look rather suspicious, I answered as carelessly as my conscience would permit:

"Rome! Is it not rather early to go there? We shall meet nobody!"

"And who the deuce wants to meet anybody?" retorted the General, quite testily, to my intense but private delight. I knew of old that opposition would but decide him.

"Would not Naples or Florence do as well?" I demanded hypocritically, inwardly consigning both places to regions not generally mentioned in sensitive society.

"Naples! Tut, man! I'm sick of the place; and as for Florence, it is overrun with second-rate foreigners, who are highly objectionable at all times, but especially in stuffy Italian towns."

I considered that foxing had its limits.

"Oh! very well," I replied graciously, "then Rome let it be;" then as an after-thought: "I have an old manuscript which I should like to compare with one at the Vatican library; I shall look up a cardinal friend of mine, who may obtain me the necessary permissions.

"Exactly; very convenient!" remarked the General absently, relapsing into his usual quiet manner, now that the discussion had been decided in his favor.

That night our tickets were taken, and eight days later found us comfortably ensconced at the "Bristol" in the Piazza Barberini. For the first few days I did not care to venture in the direction of San Clemente, as Herbert very seldom left me alone. One afternoon, however, he complained of feeling a little over-tired, and changed his intention of spending some hours at the Villa Borghese, for a quiet stay at home.

"I am not as young as I used to be," he said with a half-sigh, as he bade me go on without him. The words recurred to my memory as I drove along the Via di S. Giovanni in Laterano, on my way to the Church of the Irish Dominicans, and pursued me even within the cool guest-room, where I awaited Henry's arrival. It was true. Herbert was no longer on the right side of sixty, and who could tell how long he would be spared to the prayers of those who loved him so dearly! His junior by several years, and blessed with an iron constitution, I felt that the future might have more than one trial in store for me: were he to die, and to die in his present way of thinking! Ah, no! surely God would spare his son and his friend such affliction as this! I was still thinking this quietly over, when the door opened to admit, not my god-son, but his whilom guide, philosopher, and friend, Father Hickton. A few words of pleased greeting were quickly followed by an inquiry for the absent one. What was not my deep disappointment to learn that only that very morning he had left Rome for Lisbon.

"He has been very delicate for more than two years, and the Prior thought the climate of Portugal might restore him," said Fr. Hickton, explainingly. "To tell you the truth," he added thoughtfully, "he never quite recovered from the effects of his accident."

"What accident?" I asked quickly, never having even heard of any such possibility.

"So he never told you anything about it? Well, it is just like him to hide his good deeds from the eyes of all save his divine Master!" said my interlocutor, gravely. "I shall raise the veil cast by his humility over one of the most heroic actions that mortal man was ever capable of."

Heroic! yea, truly! As I listened to the deed recounted so earnestly by his brother Religious, I marvelled at the beauty of the soul whom I yet knew to be so grand in its noble generosity. What a tale for his father to listen to! for hear it I determined he should—what a lesson! what a powerful argument to break down the proud rampart of bitterness and prejudice which had separated two hearts so worthy to sympathize one with the other! Promising to return the following day, I hastened home to open the battle. The first shot came from the opposite camp.

"What did you see at the villa?" asked the General, as he poured out his first glass of port.

"I did not go there at all, but went to San Clemente instead," I replied calmly, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "And saw Father Hickton," I continued, bravely, carrying the attack into the enemy's country.

The General continued peeling his walnuts as if he had not understood the full weight of my challenge. I half-feared he would not take it up, which would have forced me use a still heavier battery. A feeling probably of proud defiance, however, saved me the trouble. Pushing his plate a little way from him, my hearer looked over at me, saying steadily:

"You have some motive in telling me this, else you would never have referred to that gentleman so directly. What is your motive?"

Here came the tug of war!

"Yes; I had and have a motive," I replied earnestly, "and a very grave one indeed."

I saw a flash of anxiety in the grey eyes gazing at me so intently. It was a good omen, so I followed up my advantage instantly.

"Henry is ill, and has been ordered to Portugal in the hope of saving his life."

A hasty movement upset the General's port over the cloth. "I thought that—that—name was never to be mentioned between us!" he exclaimed, angrily, rising from the table, and approaching the fire-place hastily.

"There was a time when I saw that silence was allowable," I answered distinctly; "but that time exists now no longer. I should be false to my conscience if I continued to hold my peace on a subject so pregnant with meaning interest for both of us. Will you listen to me patiently while I repeat what Father Hickton told me this afternoon about your noble-hearted son?"

A hasty gesture, which I interpreted as an assent, was the sole answer. Leaning on the mantle-piece, with his face shrouded from view by the thin, white hand, the General listened, without comment, to my rapid story.

Little more than three years previously, an English family, consisting of a gentleman with his wife, and a little boy, the latter aged about twelve, took up their summer quarters in the Villa Falconieri at Frascati. Henry, who happened to be staying for his health with some friends in the neighborhood, came across the little fellow in one of his solitary rambles, and was attracted by his air of melancholy and delicacy. The boy, on his side, seemed to be drawn to the grave young Dominican, and appeared nothing loathe to begin an acquaintance. A few wild flowers, which he had gathered and held in his hand, were offered timidly, as if fearing some rebuff. Finding that none came, but that, on the contrary, the simple offering was accepted with readiness, the child lost some of his shyness, and talked to his new-found friend with the confiding unreserve of extreme youth. Soon it grew into a habit for the child and the white-robed friar to meet almost daily: sometimes in the grounds of one of the villas, sometimes on the shady road which leads to the site of ancient Tusculum. His brief life had been a sad one. Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay, his uncle and aunt, were Protestants, and had adopted him, four years previously, at the death of his widowed Catholic mother, who had brought him up in the same faith as her own. Although only eight years old the little fellow was

a staunch adherent to the religion which his new relations seemed to hold in abhorrence, and succeeded in defeating all their efforts to uproot what they termed his "papistical obstinacy." He had made his first confession in secret in the spring of his ninth year, but had never been able to partake of the Bread of Angels. Mrs. Courtenay, who was gentle and kind-hearted, would have probably allowed her orphaned nephew the necessary liberty to attend to his religious duties, and would not have interfered to prevent him frequenting a Catholic church, or even seeing a Catholic priest, but her husband, a harsh, exacting man of most violent temper, had sternly forbidden any such "rubbishy practices," and ordered the trembling boy to disobey him at his peril. Exceedingly delicate health, inherited from a consumptive father, rendered active resistance well-nigh impossible, but, although passive under the petty tyranny and stinging restraint of his terrible uncle, the child never laid aside the determination to profit by the first opportunity which God would send in his way, and lived on his poor persecuted life uncomplaining and patient, but hopeful. His *rencontre* with this gentle "white-robe," as he called him, appeared to his childish mind as the realization of all his dreams. Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay, absorbed in society and excursions, paid little heed to what Basil did with his long summer days,—a confidential servant was there to look after him, and that was sufficient. The long, long rambles, therefore, and confidential converse, went on unchecked, because unknown. Had Mr. Courtenay come to hear of his nephew's intimacy with a "Papist monk," some awful explosion would have been the consequence, and probably the boy's liberty would have been further restricted. God, however, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," watched over this weakling of His flock, and permitted events to glide on undisturbed by human wrath or vengeance. Each day the earnest face of the little one grew graver, and more recollected, as he listened to the friar's words of teaching and warning. Henry was profiting by the fast-flitting hours spent under the cloudless sky, to prepare the child for his First Communion which, he told him, he should make before September saw his relations on their way North. How it was to be managed he had not yet clearly mapped out, but he was resolved that the God of

consolation should soon be given to this sorrowful little soul, who yearned so anxiously for His visit. A secret bond of sympathy drew him, besides, to the delicate boy, whose position of isolation reminded him so forcibly of his own, and led him to conjure, as far as he was able, the pains of his pathetic loneliness. Matters had gone on thus smoothly for several weeks, when, one afternoon, Basil announced to his "white-robe" that for some reason unknown to him, his uncle had forbidden him walking outside the gardens of their villa. Had that gentleman caught sight of his nephew's companion when both were together, or had the "confidential servant" suddenly developed a conscience, and reproached herself with neglecting her charge? These were questions which neither Henry nor his youthful disciple could answer; the one point certain was, that their unrestrained intercourse was over. The former did not renounce, however, the purpose with which he had commenced his instructions. Oh, no! the tenacity of a Vane's will, strengthened and purified by grace, rose undaunted within the young friar, as he comforted the weeping boy, and promised that all would go well with him yet.

The day following the prohibition, a white-robed figure skirted the Falconieri grounds, and let himself in by a wicket, not far from a tiny cascade. The delighted exclamation of Basil, who had been waiting there for more than an hour, proved that communication was not as completely cut off as Mr. Courtenay fondly supposed, if his suppositions were really engaged in the matter. These sylvan *rendez-vous* continued for more than a week, when, at last, Henry told his over-joyed listener that the next morning at seven he would come for him, and conduct him to the private chapel of the friends with whom he was staying, where, at last, the desires of the child's pure heart would be gratified. So said, so done. Nothing had happened to ruffle the tranquillity of that eventful morning. Pale, quiet, but marvellously happy, the boy stood, once more, within the villa gardens, as from a neighboring tower pealed the hour of nine. His "white-robe" had, at his earnest entreaties, accompanied him back from the chapel, and stood speaking a few last words of farewell. Suddenly, the gravel at the far end of the walk crunched beneath the tread of some person who appeared to be in a hurry. The boy grew very

pale. If his uncle came on the scene and saw him talking, actually hand in hand with that individual's abomination, the detested Papist monk, what violence might not he be exposed to? Henry saw the danger instantly, and refusing the boy's generous offer to brave whatever storm might be brewing, he bade him hasten forward to intercept the oncomer's passage, while he turned back and let himself out quietly by the gate, which stood half-concealed beneath trails of clematis. A sudden click, then a shooting pang through his hand! The long unused lock had suddenly shot forward as he was closing the wicket, and caught the little finger of his left hand in its rusty but excruciatingly painful grip. A feeling of faintness came over him for a moment, as a hot thrill of pain shot up once more through his prisoned arm. He had tried to extricate the finger by a sudden movement, but the iron grasp seemed relentless in its hold. What was to be done? If he called out he would certainly be heard, but what then? Mr. Courtenay would hear of it, most certainly, as the smallest events are gossiped over in these foreign retreats, and if it came to his knowledge, what shape might his anger not take towards his unfortunate nephew? The child would go through a still worse persecution, and God alone knew if his moral strength would withstand it. No; to call for help was out of the question. Once more he tried to disengage the wounded member, striving to push back the lock with a pen-knife. His right hand, although free, was powerless to dislodge the obstinate iron, and, with a feeling of sick discouragement, he saw himself condemned to inaction. Half an hour passed, then a quarter, then another,—the agony was getting intolerable, while the burning sun overhead sought out his fever-flushed face, and shone down remorselessly on his trial. The pen-knife, which had slipped on the grass, once more drew his attention, and seemed to bid him escape from his plight through its help. Stooping as eagerly as the tenfold increased pain would permit, he opened the larger blade with his teeth. One instant of hesitation, one prayer for strength, then with deliberate slowness he drew the keen edge over the mangled and now-bleeding finger. Five times, did the self-inflicted torture stay his unfaltering aim; the clammy drops of intense anguish rolled down his quivering features, and his senses reeled, and seemed on the point of deserting

him in this, the worst hour of his need. Would he succeed? Could he pursue the pain to its end? Yes! one more cut, one more wrench, one more throb of intolerable anguish, and the poor wounded hand was released from its bondage. He thanked God. Yea, even in this moment of utter physical prostration, the brave spirit arose and exulted that a soul's holy secret was safe. Hastily binding the wound with his handkerchief, he went on, not to the villa of his friends, whose comments he dreaded, but to the station, and taking the first train bound Romewards, soon found himself safe within the walls of San Clemente. There the whole history was told to the Prior, whose admiration was carefully concealed beneath a semblance of rebuke. The matter was never alluded to in Henry's presence, but his fellow-Religious deemed it a privilege to converse with him, and counted themselves blessed in possessing his companionship and friendship. Of the boy for whom he had sacrificed himself so nobly, nothing could be found out, save that he had accompanied his uncle and aunt to England about a week after his First Communion. That it had been Mr. Courtenay's step which had led to such painful consequences for his "white-robe," there was no doubt, for the other visitors at the villa spoke often of his angry appearance in the breakfast-room that morning, which he had entered from the grounds, followed by his little nephew, who appeared agitated and ill. Who shall say that Henry's heroic deed had been performed in vain! In the sight of Him who heeds even the "cup of cold water" given in His name, most precious indeed must have been the drops of blood which the green grass drank up in silence, but whose voice spoke more eloquently than even tonsured preacher or Grecian sage.

My tale was over; my task was done. General Vane heard me to the end in uninterrupted silence, which he did not seek to break, even when I ceased. Feeling that he would prefer being alone to fight out the struggle between love and pride, I rose quietly from the table, and softly left the room. What that haughty spirit and obdurate soul went through during the long hours of that painful night, will never be known, save to God alone. The next morning he came to my room early, when the ashen hue and drawn look on his sharpened features startled me

into a sudden dread that the shock might prove fatal to his long-time shattered health.

"Come with me to San Clemente's," he said, in a strained, feeble voice, which I hardly recognized; "Father Hickton will be able to tell me where I can find my son."

My heart leaped up in joy at the welcome title, but suppressing all signs of my happiness, I replied quietly:

"Let us go at once. But he cannot tell us more than he told me yesterday—Henry had left that day for Lisbon."

"He can tell me what route he took. If it was by land, I may perhaps overtake him on his way, and even a few hours gained means much to me now."

All the saints in the calendar could not have given me better news. Hastily ordering a carriage, we drove off to the monastery, and had an interview with Father Hickton within the hour. Yes, Henry *had* gone by land, the doctor having forbidden the tedium and tossing of a journey by sea. If we waited a few moments he would find out from the Prior had any news of the traveller been received. A few moments later he returned with the welcome intelligence that a line had been received from Florence, saying he was going to rest there a few days. A hearty hand-clasp and murmured blessing on our onward route from the warm-hearted Religious, a hurried packing, then our departure in the night express, brings me to the last and saddest part of this, by no means, over-gay history. During the four and a half hours which separated us from the historic city on the Arno, and from the subject of our thoughts, I had time to reflect in a particular manner on the events of the past eight years. Eight long years of bitter prejudice and proud anger, on the one hand; of painful sacrifice and chastened longing, on the other.

Who amongst us has not gone through his hours of sorrowful waiting,—waiting for something which perchance never came? Which of us has not known the keen pang of disappointed expectation; from the foiled statesman, who looked forward to the proud call of fame, to the weary village scholar, who dreamed of a professorship in the neighboring town? Even in ordinary daily life, how many stabs of commonplace care, of insignificant worries, which hurt none the less because they were clothed in

the uninteresting drab of trivial realities! If such as these have power to fret and wound us, what shall we say to those sterner sorrows which gaze at us with dusky eyes from out the deeper shadows of life, and lifting up their filmy wings, shut out the light of hope! How shall we bear the agony of a long reparation, the stern necessity of some soul-rending sacrifice, the bitter pain of a loved one's undying anger! Few of us have been spared the shock of such trials; therefore can we realize, more or less, according to our deeper or shallower nature, what these eight years of oblivion and silence had meant to the lofty-souled friar.

After a short rest, the following morning we set out for the address given by Father Hickton as Henry's halting-place on his journey. To our bitter disappointment, and contrary to all expectations, we were greeted with the news of his departure, the preceding morning, for Genoa, or Siena, or Perugia, it was not known which. This vagueness was indeed a painful trial to both of us, but especially to the General, whose impatience to clasp his son to his heart grew in proportion to the time and obstacles which frowned between them. The best thing to do, in my opinion, seemed to give up meeting with the traveller until we arrived at Lisbon, the place of his destination. If we were first on the scene, we could await him in tranquillity. Abandoning, therefore, our erratic route, we started for Paris, whence we could take the express directly for the Portuguese capital.

Not a thought of coming evil cast its shadow across my unsuspecting mind. Herbert, however, seemed restless, and filled with vague apprehensions.

"I feel as if seeking the "Gabriel" of Longfellow's poem," he exclaimed, wearily, as the train was nearing our destination. "In hope was begun my long journey, but in pain has it ended!"

"Nay, not ended, but touching the goal with joyous thanksgiving," was my reassuring answer. "In a few hours, or days, at the furthest, Henry will be sitting beside us, bidding us forget all past sorrow, and look forward to years of peaceful reunion."

So I thought, so I hoped. Alas! once more had a weak human heart counted with naught save its yearnings, forgetting that not in *this* world are found realized longings. "Man born of woman, comes to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards!"

The Lisbon Dominicans had nothing but sad news to give the anxious, tired-out traveller. A telegram received there from Paris announced Henry's arrival from Rome, and severe illness. He must already have reached the French capital some days before we passed through it, and we knew it not. How often during life has not the hem of our garment swept over some precious relic which we had trod the wide world over in seeking? yet behold! our eyes have been darkened, and we passed by unheeding, nor turned back on our footsteps, until surely too late.

Resisting all entreaties to stay at least one night, for a rest most sorely needed, we bade adieu to the hospitable, warm-hearted Friars of the Irish Convent, and set our faces once more towards France. Driving straight from the *Gare du Nord* to the monastery, our inquiries were met by the grave face of the Prior, who cast a pitying glance at the white-haired figure beside me.

"Le Père Vane's father?" he asked, inquiringly. The latter bowed, almost speechless with anxiety.

Again that look of compassion. I already *felt* what it meant, and did not dare to look at my stricken friend as he received the blow which I knew was now coming.

The Prior coughed, and looked as miserable as ever did criminal in front of the scaffold. At last, summoning all his courage, he said very gently:

"Monsieur, I have a painful task——"

"My son is dead!" interrupted the General, drawing himself up rigidly, while an ashen pallor overspread his features.

The Prior bowed his head in silence.

"Can I see him?"

"He is exposed in our church, according to custom," was the reply. "If you will follow me I will show you the way."

The good priest was deeply distressed, and evidently saw that this suggestion was the only consolation he could offer.

In silence we went through the gardens and cloister, which looked bleak and desolate under the fading light of the winter's evening, while involuntarily I shivered as the keen blast swept through the leafless branches of the trees swaying to and fro in the deserted quadrangle. The Prior lifted a heavy curtain, and standing aside, let us pass into the private choir of the Fathers.

This was separated from the church for the faithful, by a rood screen in wrought iron, with white cloth curtains on either side, to admit the Religious into the sanctuary. As we passed through the latter, I felt Herbert's hand laid heavily on my shoulder, while he whispered hoarsely:

"I shall remain in the choir for a moment—he is here in front of the altar, and I cannot bear it at present."

I glanced at him comprehensively, and watched his figure disappear behind the white hangings before moving forward to where the coffin was lying almost concealed beneath the masses of flowers and palms heaped round it in generous profusion. Tall candles in yellow wax cast down their flickering radiance on the still form, clothed in its black and white habit, and lit up softly the clasped hands and calm repose of the marble-hued countenance. Not heeding the two priests who were reciting the Office of the Dead near the altar, I knelt down by the side of my godson, and gazed long and sorrowfully at the face which was soon to be hidden from my sight. Eight years of self-denial and sacrifice had stamped their strange beauty on the peaceful features, telling in language unmistakable that blessed indeed are they who sleep in the Lord. He had drank deeply at life's cup of sorrow, had known the pangs of desolation of spirit, seen his hopes plucked up ere their flowering, his desires cut down in their birth: even his father's conversion, for which he had offered up the best years of his manhood, was a grace kept from his knowledge, being hidden in the mists of a future which his eyes were never to see. What mattered it? "All was ended now—the hope, the fear, and the sorrow. All the aching of heart, the tearless but soul-felt longing. All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience." Silent, the lips which once had pleaded so gently for a forgiveness which now came too late; closed, the eyes which had gazed so patiently at the fast-fading phantom called happiness in life; reposing forever, the frail fingers which once had the strength to wound so severely sooner than bring pain on another. I felt the tears forcing their way unchecked as I looked down at the mutilated hand now so quietly clasping the crucifix, and prayed God that my life might be purer and nobler for having known such a great soul as this. As I rose from my knees I

saw near me a bowed form resting its head on the feet of the dead. It was not meet that any should witness the grief of that father as he came face to face with all that remained of his son. I stole away noiselessly, and joined the Father Prior in his cell, whither he took me to tell all he knew. 'Twas but little. Henry had left Florence sooner than he had intended on account of the feeling of languor and illness, which he took as a serious warning. A day spent at Siena had exhausted him thoroughly, so, fearing that he might grow too ill to travel if he tarried, he came on at once to Paris, whence he hoped to depart for Lisbon after resting for two or three days. God had ordained otherwise. His faithful servant had run his course, and brought forth much fruit in due season; it was time to call him home, and crown him with the crown of victory. A curious low fever, of which the doctors could make nothing, gradually sapped the fast diminishing strength of the young Dominican, and gently, painlessly, nay, almost softly, lulled him to the sleep from which there is no awakening this side of the grave.

An hour passed thus conversing, when a lay-brother came to warn us that General Vane was seeking me. We went to the guest room to meet him, and had much difficulty in suppressing an exclamation at the change the short period had wrought in his manner and bearing. He looked his full years—sixty and seven,—and turned on us such a haggard face of unutterable misery that even the experienced priest beside me, who had witnessed so many phases of human sorrow, looked shocked and grieved. With a vestige, however, of his old proud reticence, my bereaved friend returned the Prior's salutation with courteous reserve. He would not return for the burial, he said, as he felt that his strength might give way, "and I need it to fulfil my son's wishes," were the significant words with which he bade the kind friar farewell.

I understood later their hidden meaning, when, after a week's rest in Paris, he asked me if I would accompany him back to Rome, where he intended placing himself under Father Hickton's instructions, and being received into the Church at San Clemente.

My grief at the death of my dear god-son was tempered by the joy occasioned by this happy intelligence. Gladly I saw the fulfilment of the words in his letter, written but a few months before:

"One man sows, but another gathers the harvest. If my dear father be converted, it matters little whose hand guides him within the holy portals of our faith. I may not live to see it, but from another world shall rejoice that my sacrifice was not offered in vain."

No! it had not been offered in vain, and assuredly since "there is joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance," therefore must the pure spirit of the departed friar have exulted when he saw the husbandman "gather in the harvest which *he* had sown and died for."

My narrative is fast drawing to its quiet ending.

One year from the day of Henry Vane's flight from this land of exile, his father was lying on his bed of death.

Father Hickton, whom I had telegraphed for to Rome, instantly set out on his journey, and arrived in time to console and assist the traveller, whose end was now close at hand. A few days of painless waiting, a few hours of rapid drifting, then the life of Herbert—General Vane,—ebbed away on the bosom of Eternity's ocean, and floated to the feet of his God.

* * * * *

Reader! your task and mine is ended. With patience have you followed the record of a life whose threads had never mingled with the woof of your own existence, yet whose rich coloring of harmonious beauty could not fail to arrest your passing attention. Laying aside these simple pages, you will soon forget the gentle melody which your own reflections awakened as you turned them slowly over; yet it may be, that some day a passing trifle, striking a faint echo within your recollections in an hour of depression, will remind you of the saintly "white-robe," and lead you to say with the poet:

"Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

CHRIST is the greater light to rule the day, that is, the just;
Mary is the lesser light to rule sinners.—*Cardinal Hugo, O. P.*

SAINT TERESA.

REV. WILLIAM D. KELLY.

WHEN some great saint, with us awhile sojourning,
His glad release from earthly exile wins,
It happens oft, while hearts his loss are mourning,
That here below his fuller sway begins;
And waxes with succeeding years more ample,
Until long after he has vanished hence,
His blessed teachings and benign example
Exert their strongest force and influence.

Thus when Teresa, filled with holy fervor,
For Carmel's greater glory sighed and strove,
And sought to make her Order an observer
Of purer poverty and prayer and love;
While envy, its own selfish purpose seeking,
Essayed to render all her efforts vain,
Saint Dominic, through his disciples speaking,
Enabled her the victory to gain. •

From lips of those who, in his imitation,
Walked in the ways once hallowed by his feet,
She learned the lessons of that abnegation
Which made her sacrifice of self complete;
That love of prayer whereof she wrote divinely,
That zeal to suffer for God's sake or die,
Those high resolves that never slept supinely,
Those deep desires earth could not satisfy.

Ah, many are the modes wherein God's glory
This world with His omnipotence acquaints,
And wonderful beyond all written story
The marvels of His graces in His saints!
We grieve at times because of some life ended,
When lo! its counterpart delights our view,
As some lost star, which suddenly, attended
With all its former splendor, shines anew.

Sweet saint of Avila, whom hail as mother
So many daughters still in many lands,
When enmity and envy with each other
Combined to thwart thy efforts and commands,
Had not the star of Dominic ascended
The zenith of its sky, no more to set,
That glory which makes Carmel's story splendid,
Might not enrich it fully even yet.

WHAT I say absolutely of Jesus Christ, I say relatively of our Blessed Lady. Jesus Christ, having chosen her for the inseparable companion of His life, of His death, of His glory, and of His power in Heaven and upon earth, has given her by grace, relatively to His Majesty, all the same rights and privileges which He possesses by nature. "All that is fitting to God by nature is fitting to Mary by grace," say the Saints; so that, according to them, Mary and Jesus having but the same will and the same power, the two have the same subjects, servants, and slaves.

We may, therefore, following the sentiments of the Saints and of many great men, call ourselves, and make ourselves, the loving slaves of the most holy Virgin, in order to be by that very means more perfectly the slaves of Jesus Christ. Our Blessed Lady is the means our Lord made use of to come to us. She is also the means which we must make use of to go to Him. For she is not like all the rest of creatures, who, if we should attach ourselves to them, might rather draw us away from God than draw us near Him. The strongest inclination of Mary is to unite us to Jesus Christ her Son; and the strongest inclination of the Son is that we should come to Him by His holy Mother. It is to honor and please Him, just as it would be to do honor and pleasure to a king, to become more perfectly His subject and His slave, by making ourselves the slaves of the Queen. It is on this account that the holy Fathers and St. Bonaventure after them, said that our Lady was the way to go to our Lord: "The way of coming to Christ is to draw near to her."—*Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, O.P.*

The Rosary, accordingly, is made up of two equally necessary parts:—namely, first, the oral recitation of 150 “Hail Marys,” together with the interplaced 15 “Our Fathers,” (and a like number of “Glory be to the Fathers”), and secondly, the contemplation or devout consideration of the mysteries corresponding to the 15 decadal parts into which the whole Rosary is divided. These mysteries are, 1. The angel’s announcement of the Incarnation of the Son of God and its realization in the womb of Mary: (The Annunciation); 2. Mary’s visit to her cousin Elizabeth; 3. The birth of the Redeemer of the world in the stable of Bethlehem; 4. His presentation or oblation in the Temple of Jerusalem, and the accompanying ceremony of Mary’s “Purification;” 5. The finding of Jesus in the Temple by His holy parents; 6. The agony and bloody sweat of our Lord in the garden of Olives; 7. The scourging; 8. The crowning with thorns; 9. The carrying of the cross, together with all the other sufferings on the way to Calvary; 10. The crucifixion and death of Jesus on Golgotha; 11. His resurrection; 12. His ascension; 13. The descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles; 14. The assumption of the most Blessed Virgin into Heaven; 15. The coronation of Mary as Queen of Heaven.¹

of Bavaria, it was recited immediately after the “Our Father.” (See Pongratz, *Manuale Præsidum Confraternitatis SS. Rosarii, Labaci, 1774, n. 97, p. 55.*) In Germany, it is the practice, before beginning the Rosary proper, to add three “Hail Marys” to the Creed, and to subjoin to the words, “Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus,” the following formulas:—

“der in uns den Glauben vermehren wolle,
der in uns die Hoffnung stärken wolle,
der in uns die Liebe entzünden wolle.”

Which may be rendered:

“And may He increase Faith in us,
“And may He strengthen Hope in us,
And may He enkindle in us
(the fire of Divine) Love.”

That these additions, likewise, are not component parts of the Rosary, is evident from what has already been said; yet they form an excellent introduction to it, being a gate or an ante-room, as it were, in preparation for what awaits us in the inner temple.

¹ Be it here observed, at the outset, that any essential deviation from the mysteries here given involves the forfeiture of the Rosary indulgences.

These mysteries, then, must be pondered in the heart, while the Rosary prayers are orally recited. Both go together. Just as the being called man is the result of soul and body united, so is the living and life-giving prayer of the holy Rosary the result of devout meditation united with oral prayer in the manner indicated. Not that the merely oral recitation of the Rosary prayers, without meditation of the accompanying mysteries, is not a good prayer, in so far as it is properly addressed to God; but it is not that which constitutes the essence of the Rosary. The oral prayers here are, as it were, the raw material, to which the contemplation of the mysteries first gives its determinate shape and characteristic form. As at man's creation, God completed that fabric by breathing the soul into the earth-formed body, so, in the Rosary, does the pondering of the mysteries breathe a higher life and a new spirit into the oral prayers, and herein alone lies the Rosary's proper nature and essence. What the heart, then, is to man, that is what meditation is to the Rosary. Tear out a man's heart, and you take his life; take meditation from the Rosary, and you destroy its being. What condiment is to food, the gem to a ring, flowers to a garden, brooklets to meadows, the river to a valley,—all these is meditation of the mysteries to the holy Rosary. It is that which lends to the Rosary its zest, its lustre, its beauty, and its fruitfulness. Without it, the Rosary would be as a sunless day, as a moonless night, as a structure without lime and mortar.¹

It is only in the due union of the weighing of the mysteries and of the oral prayers, that we can find any promise to ourselves of those deep-reaching effects upon the soul, and of those extraordinary fruits for the entire Church, which are ascribed to this form of devotion. We cannot even gain the indulgences with which the Rosary is so richly endowed, unless we say it in the manner described; so much does the Church insist upon the necessity of joining meditation on the mysteries with oral prayer in the Rosary.

Only one exception does the Church make: in favor of those

¹ *Miechoviensis*, Discursus prædicabiles super Lit. Lauret., Disc. 334, n. 1. (We cite the new edition of Naples, 1852. The numbers of the *Disc.* are not the same in all the editions.)

who are so unlettered or so rude as to be incapable of the meditation and the reflection that the Rosary mysteries demand. Such persons, of course, can gain the indulgences by merely reciting the oral prayers devoutly; but it is only by special favor, in which the Church takes account of their imperfect mental development.¹

What has so far been said is of itself sufficient to show how void of reason is the imputation often laid to the Rosary, that it is but a senseless and monotonous repetition of "Hail Marys." Any oral prayer, in so far as it is said thoughtlessly and without devotion, merits the same reproach. Our Lord was the first to censure it, when He said, "This people honoreth Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me."² But no devotion, properly performed and carried out as it ought to be, can be reproached so unjustly in this regard as the Holy Rosary. The mysteries from the life of our Divine Redeemer, and of His Holy Mother, the contemplation of which accompanies each decade—nay, each "Hail Mary" of the Rosary,—these are the very deepest and the sublimest we can propose to ourselves for our consideration. Not alone in richness of contents, but also in variety and manifoldness, do they surpass every other prayer. There is really no devotion which has so little of sameness as the Rosary. It is the entire life of our Divine Redeemer, and of His most holy Mother, that passes before our eyes in its mysteries, and we are made sharers, as it were, in each particular scene, as we see it unfolding itself before us. We witness the angel entering the little oratory of the most Blessed Virgin with his heavenly message, and we overhear the timorous conversation. We see the blessed Mother of God on her knees before

¹ Ad consolationem personarum vere rudiorum, ac divinis meditandis mysteriis in præfato S. Rosario comprehensis minus idonearum, præterea declarantes, eas devota ac pia ejusdem Rosarii recitatione prædictas indulgentias, juxta posterius hoc decretum mysteria illa meditantibus tantummodo concessas, etiam lucrari posse; tametsi plane volumus, ut iisdem reparationis nostræ mysteriis sacratissimis meditandis juxta Rosarii institutum assuefiant: *Benedictus XIII.* Const. "Pretiosus," d. d. 26 Maii, 1727, in the *Bullarium Ordinis Prædicatorum*, (Ed. Ripolt Bremond, Romæ, 1729-1740) vi. 615.—Likewise S. C. Indulg. d. d. 28 Jan., 1842 ad 2: *Chery*, La Théologie du S. Rosaire, Paris, 1869, II. 338.

² Matt. xv. 8.

her Babe, or nursing Him at her breast, her virginal countenance radiant with lovely smiles. We hear the glad songs of angelic choirs around the crib at Bethlehem. Soon we find ourselves transported into the midst of scenes of suffering. We perceive, instead of baby smiles, the agony of death; instead of the sweet harmony of angel voices, coarse oaths and blasphemies; instead of fond, maternal caresses, scourgings and hammer-strokes—Jesus, who was crucified for us. But His death is changed again into life. His ignominy gives way to heavenly glorification, and His sorrowing Mother is crowned Queen of Heaven.

And like these sublime scenes, every one of which offers us food for contemplation, sufficient for an eternity, the background, too, in which they are set, presents manifold changes. At one time, it is a cold, rocky grotto into which they transport us; at another, the proud Temple of Jerusalem. Now, in the evening twilight, they conduct us over the brook of Cedron into a garden, whose olive-trees cast long, threatening shadows in the moonlight; then, up to a bare, bleak height, where condemned criminals often paid the penalty of their misdeeds. Now they offer us a glimpse of the tranquil domestic life of a little abode in Nazareth; again, they hold up to view the passionate tumult of a stormy transaction in a judgment-hall.

Where, then, could the mind and the heart and the fancy at once find richer nourishment than in the Holy Rosary? There is, indeed, even a true dramatic element in it. Its mysteries wrought upon the sensitive piety of the Middle Ages with so great attraction that, shortly after the time of their introduction, they were exhibited in living scenes or theatrical representations in the churches and in the churchyards. Not that these religious performances had any direct connection with the Rosary; but they handled the same subject-matter, and were similarly arranged, according to the course of the ecclesiastical year, into Christmas, Passion, and Easter plays. That such exhibitions made a deeper impression upon the intelligence and the heart than even the best sermons, is quite obvious. Even the fragmentary remains of those animating performances, as they have been preserved down to our day,—the Christmas crib, with its figures of the shepherds and of the three holy kings from the East, the alternating

chant of the Passion in Holy Week, the Holy Sepulchre with its slumbering watch, and the solemnities of the Resurrection at Easter tide,—still impressively touch the guileless childlike mind, aye, and the worldly one, too. And in these representations, as also in so many of the popular customs that go hand-in-hand with the celebration of certain festivals, there yet remains a strong tinge of, crude indeed, but nevertheless, lofty poetry.

The magnificent pictorial cycle which the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary set before us, may be divided, by reason of their contents, into three distinct groups, each of which stands, in itself, a perfect whole. The first five mysteries include the entire childhood of our Divine Lord and His intimate intercourse with Mary, His real Mother, and Joseph, His reputed father. The following five comprise His work of the redemption, and the part taken therein by His sorrowing Mother, in His bitter passion and death. The last five mysteries have to do with our Lord's and His blessed Mother's reward and glorification. And so, according to the diversity of the subject-matter of these mysteries, which, in truth, exhibit three distinct, progressively ordered groups of thought—a drama in three acts of five scenes each,—we usually divide the entire Marian Psalter into the joyful, dolorous, and glorious parts of the Rosary.

By reason of this variety and copiousness, there is no rank or condition of life for which the Rosary is not a most apt and fitting medium of prayer. No matter what sounds may be touched on the strings of the human heart, no matter if it be roused and agitated, or sweetly moved and enraptured, uplifted or cast down, in one of the three keys of the Rosary it will always find tones in intimate, harmonious accord with itself. As a practical musician imparts his own mood to his instrument, pours his own soul, as it were, into the sweet concords of his playing, so that he carries his hearers away with him, and transports them into his own humor, so do we, lifting up our hearts to God, find in the Holy Rosary the loftiest and most sympathetic expression for all the varied emotions of our soul. In deepest pain, and in most enrapturing joy; in doleful plaints as in the loudest exultation; in anxious mourning and in serenest sense of gratitude; in solicitous fear and in blessed hope; in extremest aridity of spirit and in the

most contented gladness of the soul; in the oppressive sense of abandonment by God, and in the most delightful foretaste of Heaven, we may ever and always have recourse to the Rosary; for as the heart touches, so does it give forth the response. And never, having said it meetly, shall we put it by with dissatisfaction. There is nothing that may come to pass in our life but we shall find the same in the Rosary, in like traits, drawn from the life of our Divine Lord and of His Blessed Mother. Hence it is that at one time we rise up from our beads ashamed, at another comforted; now gently soothed, now lifted up again, filled with renewed strength and courage.

All this is effected by the mere meditation, indeed, by the mere attentive perception of the mysteries held out to us in the Rosary Mysteries—a meet word for those exalted subjects of our contemplation incomprehensible to the very angels, and yet sufficiently intelligible to every child! They are mysteries which God has confided to us, and which to every man that believes and hopes and has charity, contains the secret of all that can make him happy for time and for eternity. In whatever need, with whatever care, and in whatever temper, one may resort to them, he will always find in them what he seeks. The noble convert, Ludolph von Beckedorff,¹ speaks to the same effect. “The Rosary,” he says, “far from presupposing any special, peculiar frame of mind, is suited to all dispositions, to all needs, sentiments, and concerns. It is the large frame for every manner of worship, thanksgiving, or petition, for every expression of love which the soul may desire to offer to God. It is a fit accompaniment to every divine service, serves to direct devotion at the Holy Mass, at Requiems, at processions, and on occasions of public supplication. As a guide to the meditation of the life of Christ, it is one of the most salutary of all devout exercises; and it is perfectly adapted to the reach of all, of whatever age, sex, state, or degree of education, since it offers the learned an abundance of matter for solid and fruitful meditation, without being unintelligible to the untutored minds of the humblest classes.”²

¹ Concerning him see Klemens Brentano, *Gesammelte Briefe*. Frankf. 1855, II. 189; Rosenthal, *Konvertitenbilder*, I. 368 and foll.

² Von Beckedorff. *Die Katholische wahrheit. Worte des Friedens und der Wiederversöhnung an gottesfürchtige protestantische Christen*. Regensburg. (3 edition) 1852, p. 611 and foll.

Meditation on the mysteries, however, is but one part of the Rosary; the other, as has been said, is made up of the oral prayers which we combine with these meditations. It will be enough to intimate that these oral prayers are, themselves, the most beautiful and the most excellent that we have, without going far to prove it. "Of all prayers and praises of God," says the devout Thomas à Kempis,¹ "there is none holier than the Our Father, and none sweeter and more agreeable to the angels than the Hail Mary. High above all the wishes and devout aspirations of the saints stands the Lord's Prayer. All the sayings of the prophets, and all the sweet psalms and sacred canticles are contained therein in their fulness. It asks for all that is needed. It praises God in the sublimest manner. It raises the soul from earth to Heaven, and unites it with God. It penetrates the clouds, and mounts on high above the angelic hosts of Heaven."

For it—the Our Father—is that prayer which our Saviour Himself taught the apostles when they besought Him: "Lord, teach us how to pray." In it, therefore, the Lord gave them, not merely a prayer like other prayers, but one that, by its contents and disposition, should be at once a rule and a pattern of every prayer;² and therefore our Saviour did not say to His disciples: "Thus can you pray," or "Thus may you pray," but, "Thus *shall* you pray." In this prayer, then, all our duties to God, all our obligations to our neighbor, and all our own needs find their most appropriate expression.³

Human learning and piety, though they be never so great, are yet unable to devise a better prayer than that which our Saviour

¹ Enchiridion Monachorum—c. 5.

² (Apostolis) data est *regula postulandi* a Jurisperito cœlesti: *Sic orate*, inquit. S. August., Enarrat. in Ps. 142, n. 6. Verba quæ Dominus noster Jesus Christus in oratione docuit, *forma est desideriorum*. Non tibi licet petere aliud, quam quod ibi scriptum est: S. August. Serm. de Script. 56 (al. de Divers 48.) n. 4.

³ Hæc oratio cæteras orationes propter quatuor antecellit, scilicet auctoritate Doctoris, brevitate sermonis, sufficientia petitionum, fecunditate mysteriorum: *Guil. Durandus*, Rationale divinorum officiorum, lib. iv., cap. 47, n. 4. Dominica Oratio longe multumque præstat omnibus aliis orationibus auctoritate, brevitate, perfectione, utilitate, efficacia, et denique necessitate: *Jo. Steph. Durandus*, De Ritibus Eccles. Cathol., lib. ii., cap. 46. (Rom. 1591, p. 530.)

Himself, and Mediator with the Father, gave us for our use. In few words, as St. Augustine says, it comprehends many things, so that the simplicity of Faith learns sufficient in it to attain to salvation, and yet it transcends the discernment of the learned by the profundity of its mysteries. Hence it is that the greatest scholars and saints have found the Lord's Prayer a source of inexhaustible treasures of deep and fervent devotion, and that so many of them devoted the highest powers of their intellect to the detailed exposition of all its parts. We need mention only a Tertullian and an Origen, Saints Cyprian, Gregory of Nyssa, John Chrysostom, Augustine, Peter Chrysologus, Blessed Albert the Great, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Bonaventure, St. Theresa and Venerable Louis of Granada. It is always so. In what has been prompted by the Spirit of God, human acumen ever finds new abysses of wisdom and of beauty, and never can it exhaust them. As St. Thomas so beautifully says of the Sacred Scriptures: "The Holy Ghost made them fruitful of truth greater than any man is capable of discovering." ¹

Of the other component part of the Rosary, the Hail Mary, we must speak in much the same way as of the Our Father. It is the frequent repetition of this angelical salutation which makes the Rosary a prayer in honor of the Virgin Mary. After we have invoked our Father, Who is in Heaven, and have put all our spiritual and bodily needs before Him in a sevenfold petition, we turn to Mary, our dear Mother, to beg her loving mediation and intercession. Therefore we greet her with that greeting which the most Holy Trinity sent her by a prince of Heaven, at the moment the Word assumed flesh in her and of her, and she became the Mother of God. And with the angel's salutation we couple that other greeting with which the Holy Ghost inspired Mary's cousin, Elizabeth, when, divinely enlightened, she recognized the Virgin's immeasurable dignity, and became sensible of the blessed effect wrought upon the child in her womb by the presence of Mary with her Divine Infant—a greeting that so filled the holy Mother of God, the Blessed among women, with heartfelt exultation, that, in the excess of her joy, she burst forth

¹ Majori veritate eam Spiritus Sanctus fecundavit, quam aliquis homo adinvire possit. (II. Sent. dist. 12. q. 1. a. 2. ad 7.)

into a canticle of praise, to magnify the Lord who had done so great things unto her. What mysteries does this salutation not contain! The Incarnation of the Son of God, the Divine maternity of a virgin, the redemption of the world—all these are comprised in a single Hail Mary. Truly, the Rosary prayers include an epitome of the whole Gospel; they are a compendium of all that is embraced in the articles of our Faith. No wonder, then, that since the Hail Mary was first uttered by an angel's lips, the furthest ends of the earth echo and re-echo the same salutation that was made unto the Virgin Mother of God. Scarcely has the early dawn dispelled sleep from our eyes, when the Angelus bell reminds us of the Ave, the morning greeting to our Blessed Mother. And when the day is half run, the faithful bells demand anew our tribute of a greeting to the Blessed among women. So, also, at even-tide, when the day's work is done, we are once more to lift up our hands, though heavy with fatigue, the while we say our Ave.

But not content with this thrice-given praise of the Mother of God, who brought us the Salvation of the world, we entwine for her the angel's salutation into a garland, with interwoven blossoms culled from her life and from the life of her Divine Son; and when we have enjoyed the fresh fragrance of its sweet-smelling roses, and have been strengthened therein, we say, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," who have done so great things unto her in our behalf. Yes, let all creatures, therefore, magnify the Most Blessed Trinity: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." And she, to whom we have so often addressed the angel's greeting, which is the sum of all her graces and prerogatives, the Mother of God will surely pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death.

From the mere exposition of the nature of the Holy Rosary, and from the mere enumeration of its parts, it is plain, then, that the same is the simplest and yet the most excellent, the easiest and yet the most abstruse, the plainest and yet the most ornate and beautiful of prayers. It is suited to the most untutored no less than to the most accomplished scholar. It is a prayer adapted to every want, to every care, to every condition of mind, and to every state of life.

REVEREND MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL
DRANE, O.P.

II.

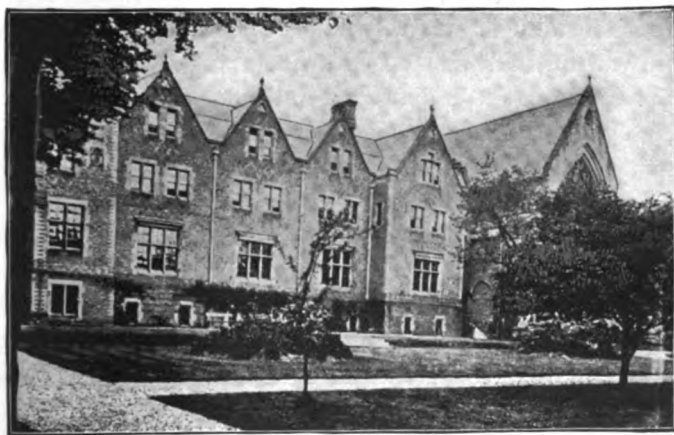
On the establishment of the Community at Stone, Sister Mary Imelda was made Novice Mistress, and, in 1857, Sister Francis Raphael was appointed as her assistant. It was during this period that the attraction which both these great souls had felt towards each other on their first acquaintance, ripened into that pure and intimate friendship that was never afterwards to be broken, but grew and increased year by year, sweetening their lives, and sanctifying and ennobling both their souls, till the death of Mother Imelda in 1881.

Sister Francis Raphael has left some touching words descriptive of this holy friendship:

"It would be utterly impossible," she says, "to put into words all I owe, I will not say so much to her (Mother Imelda's) *direction*, as to the influence of always beholding, unveiled (as far as it ever did or could unveil itself), her most pure, just, and beautiful soul. We began then *to work together*, and, in one way or another, we continued so to work for twenty-eight years. During all that time there never was a cloud, nor *the shadow of a cloud*, between us; it was one serene and sunny expanse of blue sky: a sort of foretaste of Paradise; the daily intercourse with a soul, just, pure, wise, tender, and sympathetic—with every barrier of reserve, human fear, or human respect put away; it was the daily realization of that entire, tranquil, mutual confidence, which is the best part of friendship; which stands on no ceremony, and yet never fails in respect; which I call a foretaste of Paradise, just because it seems to realize one's idea of what blessed souls will feel towards one another in Heaven." Mother Francis Raphael had begun to write as early as 1855, when she published a charming collection of gracefully told "Catholic Legends;" the small "Life of St. Dominic" appearing not long after. "Christian Schools and Scholars," a book that must have required long and careful study, came out in 1867, and the "Life of Mother Margaret" in 1869.

Her superiors, however, were not long in finding out her powers for government; in 1860 she was made Mistress of Novices, and, in 1872, Prioress of St. Dominic's Convent, Stone, which post she continued to fill until 1881, when she succeeded Mother Imelda Poole as Prioress-Provincial of the Congregation.

It was during this period, when her time and thoughts, one would have imagined, must have been very fully occupied with the cares and anxieties of government, that, without neglecting a single iota of her duties, either as a Religious or a Superior; when, by her motherly interest in the smallest troubles of the least of her children, she was winning a place in their hearts and earning their undying love, she, nevertheless, found time to write



SOUTH FRONT VIEW OF CONVENT AT STONE.

the most finished and carefully-written of all her works, and that which cost her the most arduous labor, the "History of St. Catherine of Siena," the actual *writing* of which was completed in six weeks.

To most of our readers, no doubt, her writings are well known, and it is not our intention to enter on any discussion or *critique* of them here. They have been reviewed, criticised, admired, and appreciated, no less by Protestant than by Catholic readers, and it is by them that Augusta Drane is chiefly known to the outside world. But those to whom she is thus known can, perhaps, but little guess how indifferent she was to the praise or blame of

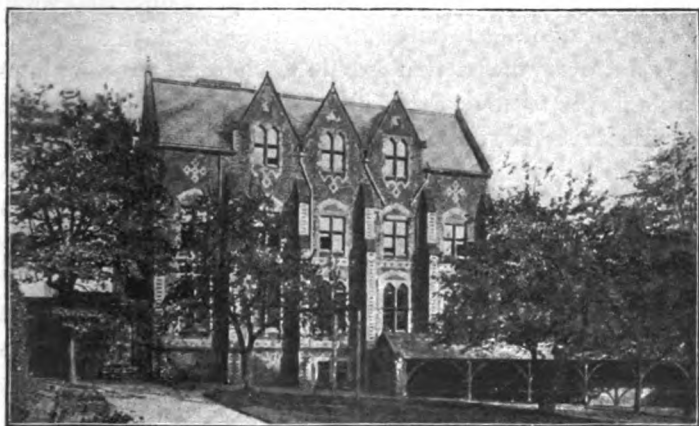
"the world." Her writings were a labor of love ; she never wrote for literary fame, or the mere desire of worldly gain. She wrote *for God*, because she felt that, having received this talent from His hands, she was in some sense *bound* to use it in His service, to help souls, if possible, to know and love Him better. She wrote *under obedience*, and at the express wish of her superiors. "When on her death-bed," says one of her Community, "she told me that the question of whether or not she should write for publication had caused her, at first, much perplexity and anxiety of mind. She made it a subject of earnest prayer and counsel, and it was not until those who stood to her in the place of God had convinced her that to do so would be for His greater glory, and the good of souls, that she consented to undertake such work. And then she added : 'Earthly fame—success—talents—what are they all worth ? *Nothing*. I care not a rush for any of them—but oh ! to think—if I may *dare* to think—that by what I have written, even *one* soul has ever been brought a little nearer to God—that indeed is a happiness to thank God for ! And *I do thank Him !* '"

"In her love of souls," continues the same witness, "she was a true Dominican. They attracted her in quite an inexpressible way ; while she, on her side, drew the hearts of all who were in any way capable of higher things, to open themselves to her, with something of the unconscious power with which the magnet draws the needle. Not long before her death, she exclaimed : 'As long as I live I *must* have souls to care for ; *I can't help it !* '"

The secret of this power over souls, which Mother Francis Raphael undoubtedly possessed—not only in regard to her religious children, but also over a great number of secular persons—lay, of course, to a great extent, in her most unusually high mental gifts, as well as in a natural charm of manner, which, in spite of a certain shyness that sometimes had to be got over at first, no one could help finding very attractive. But it was not only, or chiefly this : the well-spring of her influence over hearts, the true secret of her wonderful power of drawing out and developing what was good in those she had to deal with, lay rather, we believe, in that "Christ-like" gift that was so conspicuous a feature in her character, and was, no doubt, the work of Divine Grace—of always

seeing *the good side of human nature*. She herself has described this gift with a poetical charm and simplicity that is worth transcribing.

"Moralists would fain persuade us
 Kindly hearts are few and rare;
 Never can I learn the lesson,
 For I find them everywhere!
 Up and down our pathway scattered,
 Like the daisies do they lie;
 We need only glance around us
 Would we meet their friendly eye.
 Pride, indeed, may overlook them,
 Cold contempt may turn aside;
 But, believe me, daisies ever
 In the grass their blossoms hide!"¹



BOARDING SCHOOL, STONE.

She had learnt, like St. Catherine, something of the value and beauty of a human soul; and when souls came in contact with her, her one desire was to make them see and understand, themselves, *how much they were worth in the sight of God*. Her counsel and direction always tended to raise them out of the mire of self, to make them realize *how much God loved them*, and to inspire them with the courage and self-sacrifice to refuse Him nothing that He asked, so that they might become *what He wished them to be*.

She hated "sentimentality" of any kind, and was always in-

¹ "Daisies," *Songs in the Night*.

culcating that detachment from self and all creatures which is implied in the motto of the Congregation: "God alone."

She never attempted to draw the affections of others to herself, nor would she ever allow anyone to become attached to her in any *personal* or inordinate way; if she saw any danger of such a thing, she would crush it without hesitation, though, to her loving heart, as she once acknowledged, to do so had often cost her keen suffering.

Mother Francis Raphael also possessed what we believe to be a rare gift: that of being able to love both widely *and* deeply. There is a beautiful passage in the "Life of St. Catherine," which, though applied by the author to the saint, so aptly illustrates her own character, and that absence of selfishness which enabled her to make the sphere of her affections so wide a one, that we make no excuse for quoting it here:

"It is not every heart that is able to share its love with many friends, and yet to love them all with any degree of intensity. The common verdict of mankind is in favor of the theory that affection, to be worth anything, must be limited to few, if not to one; and that what it gains by diffusion, it loses in force. Those, however, who hold that the perfection of love on earth must be found in its resemblance to the charity which reigns in Heaven, will not readily yield the point that, in the heart of man, as in the house of God, there are "many mansions;" and that if once such a heart be purified from selfishness, there is absolutely no limit to its power of loving. Such a heart was St. Catherine's; and she whom we have seen writing so eloquently on the variety which makes up the beauty of God's works, presented an example of that same beauty in the variety of her human affections." Again:

"No souls are so capable of solid and lasting friendship as those whose hearts are truly detached; for they, and they alone, can love *in God*, and to them belongs the happy privilege of giving free course to a tenderness, which, binding them only the closer to the Sacred Heart, is exempt from all peril of selfishness."

"Such a heart," we may truly say, without exaggeration, "was also that of Mother Francis Raphael;" she was the follower and close imitator of her beloved patroness in this, as in so many other ways.

In 1881, as we have said, she succeeded Mother Imelda Poole in the government of the Congregation. This heavy and responsible office only served to develop and bring out the extraordinary versatility and many-sidedness of her character. For more than twelve years she ruled over the Congregation with consummate prudence and skill; interesting herself not only in the general good of the different houses, but also in the personal needs and welfare of each individual Sister. She consolidated the temporal condition of the Congregation, and paid the fullest attention to every detail of practical business; whilst, at the same time, her literary labors were continued. "The Life of St. Dominic," a volume of 500 pages, beautifully written, and full of evidences of



CONVENT AND BOARDING SCHOOL AT STONE. VIEW FROM THE WEST.

the most painstaking research, which our readers already know and value, was published in 1891; whilst, in 1892, she brought out Archbishop Ullathorne's "Autobiography," together with a large and carefully-edited volume of his letters. Her last printed work was a pamphlet on "The Imagination; its Nature, Uses, and Abuses," written for and read by the Literary Department of the World's Congress Auxiliary at Chicago, in 1893.

Her volume of poems, "Songs in the Night, and Other Poems," has gone through two editions, though they were originally written without any idea of publication. They are the expression, as Father Wilberforce says in his sermon, of the deepest feelings of

her own soul, and drew to her the hearts of many who were personally entire strangers to her. Though many of the subjects there treated are of a highly spiritual and mystical character, nevertheless they have appealed to the souls of many even out of the Catholic Church, and are clothed in the language of true poetry, and yet possess a lucidity of expression that greatly enhances their value. Indeed, though she never published but that one small volume of verses, all of Mother Francis Raphael's writings give strong evidence of her having possessed, in no small measure, the poetic faculty. There is a musical flow in her prose works, a charm of expression and vividness of imagination that are of the essence of true poetry, as well as that keen appreciation of the good and the beautiful, which no real poet ever lacked. The sensitiveness of her nature and highly-wrought temperament, all betrayed the poet's soul, and like others of her kind, she had to pay the penalty of her great gifts in that extraordinary and mysterious *capacity for suffering* which always seems to be the lot of those whose spirit has been even lightly touched by the "magic wand" of genius.

Besides these varied occupations, Mother Francis Raphael found time to keep up an immense correspondence, both with her own communities and with many friends in the outer world, who constantly sought her advice and help. Yet, in the midst of all this, her religious duties, her religious life, *never* suffered.

It would be out of place here for us to attempt any sort of account of her interior or spiritual life; none but her religious children or most intimate spiritual friends will ever know all the beauty of that humble and child-like soul; and even to them much must perforce remain hidden—known only to God; but we believe that, in course of time, a short memoir of Mother Francis Raphael will appear, together with some selections from her letters and meditations, which will reveal her remarkable and beautiful character far better than any description could do.

No great soul can attain to the height of perfection to which it is destined by God, without passing through the crucible of suffering, and Mother Francis Raphael was no exception to this rule. For many years increasing infirmities had made her daily life one of heroic, though silent suffering, and, for six months before her

death she endured a purgation of soul and body, which those who watched by her could only compare to that of the souls in Purgatory. Her agonies of pain were borne with a fortitude and loving abandonment to the adorable will of God, which can only have been the result of an extraordinary influx of divine grace, merited, no doubt, by the fidelity of a lifetime. She had often spoken in intimate converse of the *necessity* of suffering, and of its wonderful efficacy as a *sanctifying power*; as though there lay hidden in its depths some sort of *sacramental grace*, that did for the soul what nothing else *could* do.



THE CHAPEL, STONE.

1. TOMB OF MOTHER HALLAHAN; 2. TOMB OF MOTHER POOLE; 3. TOMB OF MOTHER DRANE.

"This transformation," she once wrote, "*can* only be affected by suffering. And the suffering has to touch and strip away all that is sensitive and natural—and this at great cost. This result may be brought about in many ways: by wholly interior trials and

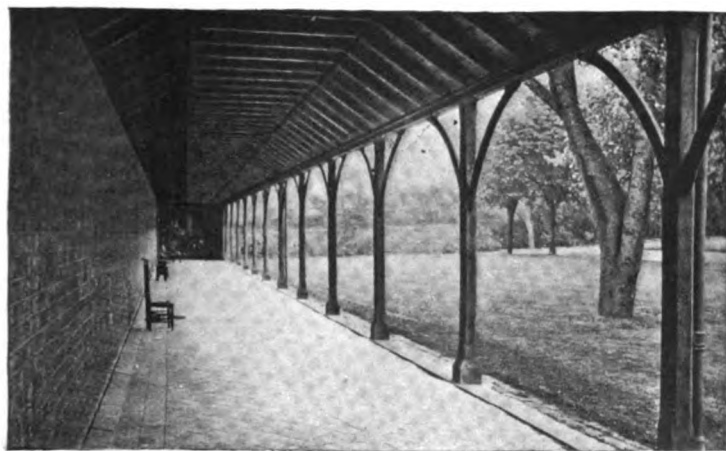
temptations, or by others taking their origin from external causes; the means seem to matter very little—the essential part is the work done on the soul, which, by the purgation of suffering, is at last set free, and delivered from its sensitive nature; and which, without such purgation, remains chained to it, and shut up in it, as in a prison.”

When, then, this suffering came upon herself, she understood, accepted, and welcomed it. On one occasion, when the pain she was enduring was even more terrible than usual, the Sister who was with her at the time could not help expressing her grief at seeing the intensity of her suffering. “She looked at me,” writes the latter, “with the sweetest, most peaceful smile, though her face was all the while contorted with the pain, and answered: ‘Dear Child, if you only knew *what God is doing for my soul* by means of all this, you would not *grieve*, but *rejoice!*’” During her illness she had printed, and hung up by her bed, a sentence she had somewhere come across: “We shall never find anything more glorious than suffering; for it is by suffering that a soul abandons itself to its Creator.”

“Suffering and Love.” Those two words might sum up the whole of the last months of Mother Francis Raphael’s life, and the one seemed to increase in proportion to the other. Even when the intensity of the pain forced her to cry out, she never ceased uttering ardent aspirations of love and abandonment to God’s holy will, some of her favorite ones being, “My God and my All!” “It is good for me to *adhere* to my God!” “What have I in Heaven but Thee, and besides Thee, what do I desire upon earth? Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion forever!” St. Ignatius’ well-known act of abandonment: “Take, O Lord, and receive,” etc., had been her daily prayer for years, and during her last illness was constantly on her lips. “Abandonment to God” was the devotion, the keynote of her whole life, and she was faithful to it to the last.

Her second term of Provincialate expired in the middle of April, 1894. She lived, as she had wished to do, long enough to lay down her office, to give a perfect example to the congregation of obedience and devotion to their new mother, and to assist with her wise and prudent counsel, the members of the Provincial

Chapter, then assembled at Stone. Then, with a soul, we can scarcely doubt, cleansed and purified from all rust of self-love, and ready to meet the Heavenly Bridegroom, she peacefully breathed her last, on the Sunday before the Ascension, which fell this year on the 29th of April, the feast of St. Peter Martyr, O. P., being the very same day of the week and month—and almost at the very same hour that St. Catherine of Siena, five hundred years ago, had gone to her reward. All who knew the intense love and devotion felt by Mother Francis Raphael for this great saint, whose life she had studied, written, and constantly striven to imitate, could not but be struck by this coincidence, or help regarding it as a signal token of the favor of God towards His faithful servant and spouse.



THE CLOISTER, STONE.

This is but a brief and feeble sketch of the life and character of a holy religious, and remarkable woman. Hers was a great and generous soul, with nothing small or mean about it. Her defects—and what son or daughter of Adam is without them?—were those of a noble nature, which may, at times, find it hard to comprehend the little pettinesses of smaller souls; impetuous and ardent, and, when once turned to God, all on fire with divine love.

"God Alone," had been her motto; for Him she had lived and suffered; to Him she had given the whole love of her heart; and

as, throughout her life, He had, in the words of the preacher, "marvellously held her by her right hand, and conducted her by His will," so may we hope and pray that long ere this, He "has received her into His glory, and become Himself her "exceeding great Reward."

Nevertheless, according to her own most earnest desire, we would beg the readers of THE ROSARY, and all those who knew her, either personally, or by her writings, not to forget her in their prayers, but to offer alms and sacrifices for her soul; that if she



CORRIDOR OF THE CLOISTER, STONE.

does not already "rest in peace," she may speedily do so, and that the light of God's countenance may shine upon her, and make her truly "blessed forever!"

LIST OF MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL DRANE'S PUBLISHED WORKS.

1855—*Catholic Legends and Stories.*

1. The Church of Santa Sabina.
2. The Legend of Blessed Sadoc and the 49 Martyrs.

- - 3. The Vision of the Scholar,
 - 4. The Legend of Blessed Egidius or Giles.
 - 5. The Children of the Giustiniani.
 - 6. St. Catherine of Rome.
 - 7. The Demon-Preacher.
 - 8. The Legend of St. Cædmon.
 - 9. The Scholar of the Rosary.
- 1857—The Life of St. Dominic, with a sketch of the Dominican Order.
- 1858—The Knights of St. John, with the Battle of Lepanto and the Siege of Vienna.
- 1859—An Introduction to English History.
- 1859—The Three Chancellors, or Sketches of the Lives of William of Wykeham, William of Waynflete, and Sir Thomas More.
- 1860—Memoir of Sister Mary Philomena Berkeley, Religious of the Third Order of St. Dominic.
- 1862—A History of England.
- 1862—*Historical Tales.*
 - 1. Gonsalvo of Amaranthe.
 - 2. The Victory of Muret.
 - 3. The Martyrs of Stone.
 - 4. The Consecration of Westminster Abbey.
- 1862—*Tales and Traditions.*
 - 1. St. Edward's Death.
 - 2. The Windows of St. Petronio.
- 1867—Christian Schools and Scholars, or Sketches of Education from the Christian Era to the Council of Trent.
- 1868—Biographical Memoir of the Hon. Henry Edward Dormer, late of the 60th Rifles.
- 1869—Life of Mother Margaret Hallahan, Foundress of the English Congregation of St. Catherine of Siena, of the Third Order of St. Dominic; with a preface by his Lordship, the Bishop of Birmingham.
- 1876—Songs in the Night, and other Poems.
- 1876—The New Utopia.
- 1880—The History of St. Catherine and her Companions.
- 1883—Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir.
- 1884—Uriel, or the Chapel of the Angels.
- 1888—Aroer. The History of a Vocation.
- 1890—Dalmeny Brothers.
- 1891—The History of St. Dominic, Founder of the Friars Preachers.
- 1891—The Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne. (Edited).
- 1892—Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne. (Edited).
- 1893—The Imagination; Its Nature, Uses, and Abuses. (Pamphlet; written for the World's Congress Auxiliary, Chicago.)

THE ROSARY FOR THE HOLY SOULS.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PART II.



Lo! though earthly friends are sleeping,
Suffering souls are vigils keeping,
Till for sin atonement's made.
Jesus, by Thine agony
(While forgetful slept the three),
Lessen woes upon them laid.
Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
Let atonement soon be made.



Lo! while scourge of pain is falling,
Suffering souls are on us calling
For the blessed balm of prayer.
By Thy awful Flagellation

Plead we, Jesus, for cessation
 Of Thy justice, spare, oh, spare!
 Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
 Hearken to our pleading prayer.

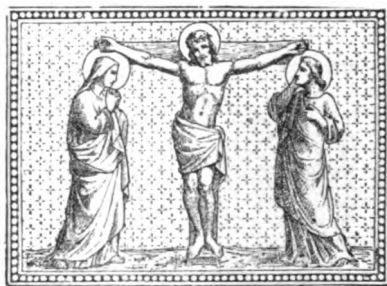


Lo! in suffering souls are rising
 Memories how agonizing—
 Heaven ignored for worldly gain!
 Oh, by thorns that wounded Thee,
 Jesus, in sweet mercy, free
 Suffering ones from mortal stain.
 Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
 Pardon strife for fleeting gain.



Lo! the weight of Justice bearing,
 Souls are by the cross preparing
 For the crown of Heaven for aye.
 By the rood once laid on Thee,
 Lessened may their dread weight be!

Speed their crown, dear Christ, we pray.
Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
Theirs the crown of Heaven for aye.



Lo! they are not dead, but living,
These poor souls, and God's forgiving
At our prayer each farthing due.
Lord, Thy death on Calvary's tree
Let their price of ransom be—
In these souls Thyself renew.
Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
Oh, forgive each farthing due.

WE have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Just, Who also maketh intercession for us, says St. Paul. But because He is not only our Advocate, but also appointed to be Judge of the living and of the dead, and so will examine into everything, and will leave no sin unpunished, human weakness, and especially a sinner—since the just is scarcely secure before Him—might perhaps not bear to approach to Him as an Advocate. And consequently God most loving has provided us with an advocate in Mary, who is all mild and sweet. Nothing harsh is found in her; never did a hard word come forth from her.—*St. Antoninus, O. P.*

WHEN Mary prays to her Son for us, she is heard *for her reverence*, that is, for the reverence which is due to her as His own Mother.—*Blessed Albert the Great, O. P.*

"GET THE DISTAFF READY; GOD WILL SEND THE FLAX."

CAROLA MILANIS.

ON the horizon line between creation and chaos, lies one of the boundary lines of that garden of heavenly delights, that enclosure of sacred intimacies between God and His newly-created, perfectly innocent, rational creatures, that blessed, fruitful space, of exceeding loveliness, called Eden.

Here, amid a thousand evidences of God's love for man, did man fail in his love for God, and because of that failure in love and true obedience, here was enunciated the law of labor, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

Until the utterance of that law, following the commission of the foolish deed that called it forth from an indulgent Father's justice, the two superlatively blest inhabitants of Eden knew naught of necessity for exertion; to desire a thing was to have it, without anxiety or effort, for, aside from God's glory, all existing things of the kingdoms of Nature had reason for their being, only in the service of these beautiful, these superior, these commanding creatures.

During the blessed time of their innocence, God walked with them in the twilight, and angels came and went, as household friends and near relatives are wont to do, in true friendship and fond domestic love, but now they are alone; strangers to sin, the first parents of our race were before the fall, as our baptized infants now, children of God and heirs of Heaven.

Children of the King could know naught of these physical needs that demand labor for their satisfaction; heirs of Heaven could not experience the poverty which requires for its alleviation the exertions of the body which we call work. But when man became acquainted with sin, guilty of sin,—oh, then, how woful the change in condition of body and of soul! How suddenly there comes to these first sinners all the dread knowledge of sorrow and pain which a loving Creator had tried to spare them, when He laid upon them His one easy command!

That command, gracious, simple, and merciful, being disobeyed, instantly there was discord and violence where all had been peace and harmony; instantly, the breakers of the law, so innocent, great and noble a moment before, became unfit to dwell in the garden of heavenly delights, lost their claim on God and Heaven, and were overwhelmed with necessities that could be relieved only by labor, severe and unrelenting. Alas, that the test which was to have proved man's true dignity, as a peculiarly favored creature, should have manifested, rather, his weakness and its consequent misery!

Found wanting in firmness of purpose, he is instantly commanded to go forth from the earthly paradise, into a land of thorns and thistles. Taking with him his helpless companion, immediate cause of his fall, the father of mankind obeys, and the moment that the gates of squandered happiness close behind them, they experience the full horror of the dreadful change from peaceful irresponsibility to the necessity of providing themselves, by labor, with those things that even primitive life demands.

* * * * *

Alone, in a land wild and strange; alone, haunted by regrets, pursued by temptations, tortured by fears of unknown dangers lurking on every side. God will come to them, indeed, to direct and to command, perhaps to punish, but not as in Eden's gloaming hour, to walk with them and sweetly to talk with them.

The angels too will come, not as formerly, to creatures as pure though not as exalted as themselves, but as to creatures fallen from their high estate, creatures to be aided and protected, indeed, but no longer to be admitted to close friendship, as in Eden's happy intercourse.

Having departed from Eden, man found life a continual warfare, an hourly struggle of the free will between good and evil, an endless conflict of the soul, with enemies, heretofore undreamed of, but never again to be utterly dispersed until death.

Heaven itself could not help man, in his dread trial, beyond the possibilities and the conditions he himself had instituted by his sin; not spiritual grace, not physical strength, not mental clearness could now come to him without will and effort on his part.

In sweet paradise, Adam had needed no tools, Eve had needed no distaff; in exile from their first home, their needs became four-fold, doubled for each, by demands from both body and soul. Labor became a necessity, not merely for the supply of physical needs, but to give occupation to the tortured mind, and strength to the darkened soul. In grief never since equalled, was the first man bowed down; he had need of distraction for his mind, as well as comfort for his body, and this distraction came to him, as it has come to every sorrowful son of his, through the daily toil that made, next to prayer, the chief part of his existence.

He and his gentle companion, the beautiful, tender-hearted Eve, forgot to reproach each other for the part played in the awful tragedy of sin, and gave their time to the preparation of the distaff for which, hope assured them, God would send the flax. That making of the first distaff, that first marshalling of man's forces, powers, and abilities before the bar of man's judgment, that he might put them all properly to work, was the origin of the nobility, and the foundation of the royalty, of labor.

We need no assurance that the flax was not wanting for this first distaff, this first grand effort of man and woman as laborers. Did they till the soil, it brought forth in wonderful abundance; did they tame the beasts of the field, these creatures immediately loved and served them; whatever they had the good will to undertake, with true energy and a rightful purpose, that they were enabled to accomplish, for the distaff of earnest endeavor being ready, God always sent the flax: the means to attain the desired end, the materials for the spinning of threads needed in the weaving of life's fabrics.

So it has ever been, as humanity has progressed; fervent desire, earnest endeavor, zealous preparation for a task has won the materials; the materials having been granted, enthusiastic labor has converted them into the desired objects, and these have been chosen for some special purpose or position; that is, the distaff, whatever it may symbolize, having been found ready, God has sent the flax, whatever that may symbolize. The things symbolized are to be found in every life, and they have a place in every household, be it the palace of the rich or the hovel of the poor, for no wealth is so great as to dispense with the distaff, the

qualities and acquirements fit for the fulfilment of life's duties; nor is any poverty so extreme that flax shall be wanting for the spinning of materials for worthy, fruitful thought and action.

True to His principles of love and mercy, God has accorded to the very punishment of sin a grace and a dignity that gives it somewhat the character of a reward, for the poet says truly, "Every-day toil is an every-day blessing." "Stout are the arms that are strengthened by prayer," and blessed the labor they fulfil, for, "work, not titles, proves our worth."

Labor being, then, the chief element of earthly existence, our deeds therein are stepping-stones from earth to Heaven, hence the blessedness of the fact that there is much, in some human lives, of labor that does not seem labor; there is many a distaff, ready, valuable, full of possibilities, that is not recognized as a distaff at all; there is many a willing heart, many an earnest mind, many a ready hand, many a swift foot, desiring, thinking, doing, speeding on the way, and none but the All-seeing is the wiser. The mystic threads have been spun from God-given flax, the fibres strong, smooth, and beautiful; the spinning rapid, silent, perfect; the weaving left to God and His angels, for only He and they can know where to look for the work done by hidden saints.

Not all may work thus, in silence and retirement; the majority must show to all the world, either their diligence or their indolence; all the world must know that they have a distaff, what sort of thread it spins, and to what use the thread will be devoted.

To this class belong the multitude, and, for this public spinning, all life's circumstances have trained them; if they have submitted to the ordeal, and profited by it, they are fortunate, for it behooves us to be well drilled, thoroughly practiced, and eminently disciplined laborers, enthusiastic in the use of our distaff and in the spinning of our God-given flax.

We may not spin smoothly, there may be many a broken thread, and many a rough knot, but, if we do our best, we may hope that the angelic weavers will perfect our work, and that the Master, loving and divine, will richly reward our intention, earnest and noble, though poorly fulfilled.

No one forgets the superb tapestries displayed at our Ameri-

can Exposition, by the French Republic. Did ever brush or pencil of artist, however gifted, produce more graceful forms, shades of stronger character, colors of rarer combination, as to beautiful appropriateness? Yet these marvellous pictures, these scenes from Nature and from history, these figures from the realities of life, and the idealities of the myths, were woven from slender colored threads, spun from soft wool, and tinted with many a magic dye. Can there be a clearer figure of the labor of living, and of the result which we call life?

This, then, is the work that lies before each of us, to have our distaff ready, our colors selected, our flax at hand, and then to spin carefully, skilfully, the threads that Providence will weave into our life tapestry.

The beauty of the woven picture, it is evident, depends upon our own efforts; the accidents and the ordinary occurrences of life are not to our ordering nor of our choosing, but the qualities of mind, heart, and soul, that we bring to bear on those occasions, are what our free will has made them, they are the work of our distaff, only what we have spun can the angels weave for us.

Thus we have human life complete, if not successful; God's free gifts of character and disposition, which we have modified and cultivated, are the distaff; God's opportunities, as presented to man, at every turn in life, are the flax; our accomplished deeds, good or bad, perfect or imperfect, our heart-spun threads; our earthly sojourn, with all that is in it, or about it, or caused by it, is the tapestry picture that is to hang before our dying eyes, and that is to greet the gaze of our soul in the world to come.

It behooves us, then, never to grow weary, never to be discouraged, never to lose our trust, but to keep our distaff ready, and believe, with unquestioning faith, that God will send the flax.

God the Son has communicated to His Mother all that He has acquired by His Life and His Death, His infinite merits and His admirable virtues; and He has made her the treasurers of all that His Father has given Him for His inheritance. It is by her that He applies His merits to His members, and that He communicates His virtues and distributes His graces.—*Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, O. P.*

A VISION OF ST. DOMINIC.

EUGENE DAVIS.

A SWEET smile, like an inspiration, beams
From his wan face. He treads the land of dreams,
Mayhap, throughout the silence of this night
Fragrant with dew, studded with starry light:
It may be that in fancy's bowers he strays
Back to the bliss of unforgotten days
Hallowed by youth, when at his mother's knee
He learned the love of Christ and chivalry,
Hanging upon the wisdom of her words
More musical than voices of rare birds
In tropic climes.

Mayhap, to-night he dreams
Of Castile's boundless plains and crystal streams,
Breathing once more the wondrous subtle balm
Of citron groves and orange, pine and palm,
In whose calm depths he wandered long ago
When spring illumed his young life with a glow
Purer than moonbeams gliding o'er the lea—
More gorgeous than red sunsets on the sea!
Mayhap, he climbs the *Sierras*, and hears
The mule bells tinkling softly in his ears
Their magic music, dulcet as a lyre,—
Or soulful echo of an angel choir.

He doth not dream, but, oh, a vision fair—
Much fairer than aught mortal—greeted him there—
A sylph-like figure, redolent of myrrh,
Wearing white robes the folds of which no blur,—
No stain could touch. Her alabaster face
Shone with the light of glory and of grace
Celestial in its essence. O'er her head
An aureole its sacred halo shed

Bright as transfigured Thabor. In her hands,
Snowy as choicest lilies, woven strands
Of beads were held.

Prostrate before her kneeled
Good Dominic, to whom she there revealed—
In a low voice, sweet as when o'er the sea
The zephyr steals piping melodiously—
That heavenly boon, the Holy Rosary!
"Go thou!" the Blessed Virgin said, "and teach
This pure devotion unto all, and preach
Its mysteries of passion and of prayer,
That all may hope, and none may know despair!"
The good saint wept his thanks. Our Lady sped,
Dissolving into amber space o'erhead.

Such was the glorious vision he did see,
Inspired by which, he preached the Rosary,
Holding before the wond'ring gaze of all
A string of beads, symbol of Mary's call—
A sacred chain which binds with tend'rest ties
This world of ours to that beyond the skies,
Which lifts each heart along its beads of love
Nearer to her who reigns in Heaven above!

Let Dominic be honored for all days—
Through him, to God all glory be and praise!

IF Moses, by the force of his prayer, arrested the anger of God against the Israelites, in a manner so powerful that the Most High and infinitely merciful Lord, being unable to resist him, told him to let Him alone, that He might be angry with and punish that rebellious people, what must we not with much greater reason think of the prayer of the humble Mary, that worthy Mother of God, which is more powerful with His majesty than the prayers and intercessions of all the angels and saints, both in Heaven and on earth?—*Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, O. P.*

THE GYPSIES; THEIR ORIGIN, LANGUAGE, ETC.

REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

THE Gypsies are certainly a peculiar people. We do not allude to every knot of nomads to whom popular fancy may ascribe this designation, but who belong rather to the tribe of that most pesty of all the pests that ever afflict our rural districts—the genus tramp. We speak of the Simon-pure article, of that strange people who, for centuries, have passed through, around, and among every other people on the earth, without ever fixing themselves as an integral portion of any one of them; of that race which we style Gypsy, which the French call Bohemians, the Spaniards, Gitanos; the Italians, Zingari. Who are these? Whence have they come? An ingenious Frenchman answers with another question, “Whence comes the nightingale?”¹ There are several theories as to the origin of this curious race. Some assign Hindoostan as its original home. Others find them setting forth from Egypt on their everlasting wanderings. There are not wanting writers to discern in them a Jewish extraction; to make of them, in fact, a sort of Wandering Jews. Many painstaking students have endeavored, with all the resources of history, philology, phrenology, physiognomical research, etc., to solve this question. Thus, the Russians have contributed the studies of Siyef; the Greeks those of Pospati; the Germans of Reuss; the French of Bataillard. But an exceedingly interesting contribution to this investigation was furnished, a few years ago, *apropos* of chiromancy—a science in which the Gypsies are popularly supposed to be adepts, by a lady-author, Mlle. Emilie de Vars, writing in *La Graphologie*, a journal devoted to a science akin to that of chiromancy, namely, that of studying character by means of the handwriting of the person who may be under consideration. The reader who is curious in regard to the language of the Gypsies, may also consult the pages of Max Muller with advantage.*

One thing that we do know concerning the Gypsy is that he is

¹ M. Nisard, in the “Journal de Nismes.”

* “Science of Language.”

everywhere regarded as a thief, and sorcerer. Once upon a time, in England, to be designated as one of the mistrusted tribe was equivalent to an incurring of sentence of death. Every means was adopted to exterminate them, but immediately on the cessation of persecution, they re-appeared, more numerous than ever. In all countries the Gypsies seem to be adepts in every kind of ruse; their women are especially cunning, and often successful, in their almost universal avocation of fortune-telling. Everywhere that these wanderers show themselves, some dainty lady is sure to call upon them, and she will anxiously place her lily-white hand in the horny palm of some aged presumed pythoness, awaiting a revelation of the future with as much simplicity as that shown by the timid rustic abiding her own turn. Yes, the Gypsies bear an evil reputation; as the Spanish saying has run for centuries: "Los Gitanos son muy malos." And all the tribes present the same type and identical customs; although each has some usages peculiar to itself. In some tribes, communism, in its most absolute sense, obtains in the marriage relation; while in others, the matrimonial tie is regarded as only temporary. Among these latter, it is always the woman who makes the overtures, and she effects her purpose by advancing to the object of her choice, and hurling an earthen vase at his feet. The number of pieces resulting indicates the number of years that she will pass in her temporary lord's companionship. But it must be admitted, in justice to the Gypsies, that they have the utmost respect for the chastity of their women. This is especially noticeable in Spain.

The arguments of those who assign an East Indian origin to the Gypsies are very strong. Almost at first acquaintance with the Gypsy language, the accomplished orientalist will fancy that this speech is Hindoostanee, mixed with words which the wanderers have picked up in the lands in which they or their forefathers have temporarily sojourned. To this day, this people form a distinct caste in India, and the lowest of the many which divide the indigenous population. The very pariahs, the despised of all, condemn the Gypsies; no Indian, who has even entered the domicile of one of them, can recover his caste until he has bathed nine times in the saving waters of the Ganges, and has been purified by a brahmin with a ceremony which politeness forbids

us to mention. But despite the contempt in which they are held; the Gypsies of India are with difficulty ever induced to emigrate. This attachment to the land would indicate that their traditions cause the Gypsies to regard it as their own. Again, although it is true that, during the course of their nomadic existence of many centuries, the Gypsies have often conformed in externals, more or less sincerely, to the cult predominant in the land of their residence for the nonce; and, although it is no less true, that it is not easy to determine what are their real articles of religious belief; nevertheless, it is certain that the Indian doctrine of transmigration of souls is greatly prevalent among the Gypsies of all other regions. Such are the chief reasons for the belief that these swarthy wanderers are of Hindoo origin. They are supposed to have emigrated in the fifteenth century, at the time of the conquests of Tamerlane.

As to the theory that the Gypsies are of Egyptian origin, their very name would indicate some relation with the land of the Nile. And historians tell us that, in the Middle Age, a people called Aigypsos dwelt in a city at the mouth of the Danube, and that they said that their ancestors had come from the Delta of the Nile. We know that these Gypsies arrived at Paris in 1427, still claiming an Egyptian ancestry, but asserting that their progenitors of the early Mohammedan times had abandoned Christianity for Islamism, and that now the Roman Pontiff, Martin V., had received their abjuration, giving them as a penance to wander over the earth for seven years, without ever sleeping in a bed. Some of these nomads accounted for their wandering proclivities by a legend similar to that of the Wandering Jew. They insisted that their inability to remain in any one place for any length of time, was a penalty suffered by them for the crime of their Egyptian ancestors in refusing hospitality to the Divine Saviour, when He fled to the land of the Nile, under the care of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. At any rate, the Estates of Orleans recorded the descendants of these new immigrants as Egyptians, in 1560. It was about this time that the strange people began to be known as Bohemians; and here we must remark that this mode of spelling the word gives rise to a misnomer, one perpetuated in the qualification as denizens of Bohemia, of so many of our respected

friends of the dramatic, journalistic, and kindred professions. Our nomads have never been regarded as real Bohemians or as descendants of the Czechs. The misleading term should be written, *Boemians*, an eastern word, signifying sorcerers, applied to the Gypsies by our ancestors, because of the mystic pretensions of that people.

A third, and very plausible theory, puts Jewish blood into the veins of this interesting tribe. It is thought that, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, a number of Jews, fleeing from Christian persecution, betook themselves to the forests of eastern Germany, and there, dwelling in caves known only to a few of the original inhabitants of the land, awaited better times. These Jews, it is said, were addicted, like most of their race in the Middle Age, to cabalistics, and similar studies. When the better times had come, they emerged from their seclusion, but with an acquired taste for a nomadic and half-savage life. They had also invented that picturesque language which the French call *argot*, although their proper tongue was that jargon which is now quite familiar to our metropolitan citizens of East Broadway and its vicinity, that is, a mixture of Hebrew and German. This proper language of these *Boemians*, observes a critical writer, "this great number of Hebrew words, would demonstrate, of itself, their Jewish origin."¹ Now, when these chiromantically-inclined Jews again mingled with ordinary humanity, think our theorizers, and began to lead their demi-natural method of life, they were soon joined by a lot of vagabonds of every clime, and when they were well organized, they started toward the western regions, 120 of them arriving at Paris in 1427. Here they composed that legend of the Holy Family, and that tale about the absolution accorded by Pope Martin V. Mlle. de Vars contends that the European origin of these Gypsies is manifested by the titles which their chiefs assumed, titles which certainly had nothing oriental in their significance. The principal leader was termed a "duke;" the next in authority was a "count." They were not allowed to enter Paris, but they fixed their quarters at La Chapelle-Saint-Denis, where they were visited by numbers of the Parisians, then as fond of sensations as they are to-day. "They thronged to see these men

¹ In the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Occults."

and women whose complexion was of bronze, whose dress was so strange, and who pretended to penetrate the secrets of the future. The Parisian ladies showed their hands to these pretended Egyptians, who knew enough of French to learn what they discerned thereon, relating to past, present, and future. We read that the seekers not only paid their magicians very well, but also left their jewels, etc., though unaware of the fact at the moment, in the pockets of dexterous Boemians. Hence there were complaints to the authorities; and the bishop of Paris excommunicated both the Gypsies and those who would thereafter consult them. That ruined the business of the duke, the count, and their subjects, and they departed to seek their own fortune elsewhere."

The reader will select for his own, the one of the preceding theories which he deems the most conclusive; for ourselves, we incline toward that of the Jewish origin, although it may appear presumptuous to disagree with the majority of those who have treated this subject, especially Max Muller, who says: "The language of the Boemians, or, as they are termed throughout the Orient, the 'Tzigani,' belongs equally to Asia and Europe. Although it has lost nearly all its grammatical forms, and although its vocabulary is composed of words picked up in every country which the Tzigani have traversed, nevertheless we can recognize clearly the ties which bind it to Hindoostan, the land from which it was exiled."

We have remarked that the Gypsies frequently conformed, with more or less sincerity, to the dominant cult of the people among whom they were living. An author of the sixteenth century, Martin del Rio, informs us that, according to an ancient usage in Spain, the Gitanos, hitherto dwelling outside the cities, used to enter therein on the Feast of Corpus Christi, to take part in the dances held on that solemn occasion. But since they generally managed to relieve the pious Christians of many of their valuables, this permission was taken away, and, in time, they were banished from the kingdom. Down to the time of the French Revolution, both the sovereigns and peoples of every European country were accustomed to persecute the Gypsies, but they still prosper, tell fortunes, and are believed to steal, as much as ever. But it is a great mistake to suppose that all Gypsies are wander-

ers. In Turkey, Hungary, Transylvania, Roumania, and Bulgaria, they often settle down, and are to be found exercising such opposite avocations as those of musician and blacksmith. In the Danubian principalities very many have fixed residences, are wealthy, and have yet their chiefs, whom they pompously style their kings, dukes, or voivodes. Even in Spain, they have quarters to themselves in Cordova and Seville. In Russia there are also many of them regularly domiciled; the late Countess Tolstoi was a Gypsy. However, even in these cases of approximation to civilized life, they exhibit their inveterate attachment to their language and customs, as well as to the chiefs whom they elect. In conclusion, we would observe that the real Gypsies have a fine and expressive physiognomy, not unlike that of the Persians; generally they are short, but exceedingly well shaped, with lithe and supple limbs.

[The dances referred to in the text were often held in the sanctuary; but the reader must not think that they were at all similar to the gyrations of which he has knowledge, or that, when held in the churches, the people promiscuously took part. The religious dance was a rhythmic and very solemn movement, and it was performed by the boys of the sanctuary. Now the ceremony is witnessed only in the cathedral of Seville. It seems, however that in the olden time, there were some abuses in Spain, in the matter of religious celebrations. But we must remember the character of the Spaniards, so different from that of us of colder climes; and we must not forget that in the olden time, on religious festival occasions, men were wont to be gay as well as extra pious. However, in the eighteenth century, Friar Manual de Jaen, a Capuchin, complained that in some churches the devil had introduced sacrilegious representations on Christmas Eve, which called for the interference of the Inquisition. This friar also inveighed against bull-fights; but so had Pope Pius V., and although the Papal commands were deposited in the archives with great parade, the bull-fights went on, and now they attract almost as great crowds as do first-class prize-fights among us.]

AVE Maria! Blessed Maid!
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade!
Who can express the love
That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus' holy love.

—*John Keble.*

The Children of the Rosary.

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY:

WITH the coming of the month of our dear Lady of the Rosary, I wish to speak to you a message that I intend, as if said specially to each little boy and girl of THE ROSARY.

I wish all our dear little children to know how thankful I am for all they have done for the magazine; for their prayers; for their work for the poor, and for the beautiful society of the Angelic Warfare, under the dear St. Thomas Aquinas' care.

Every month, dear little ones, I think of you; and everything that AQUINAS desires to give to you, I am glad to secure. I know you enjoy your part of THE ROSARY, but I want you to do more. I want you to join, one and all, the great crusade of the young soldiers of the Angelic Warfare.

Many of you know what a crusade is. You have read about the great crusades long ago, when brave men died, to free the tomb of our Blessed Lord from the infidels. But, how many know about the crusade of the children? Did you ever hear that nearly seven hundred years ago, in 1211, 90,000 children became crusaders? These brave little ones, mostly from Germany, took the cross (that is the meaning of becoming a crusader) and marched, with a little boy at their head, far from home, to Genoa in Italy, where they hoped to find boats to carry them over the sea. But the heroic boys and girls were disappointed. Wandering about in this strange country, they were soon scattered. We do not know fully what became of these noble little ones, but the historians tell us that 30,000 reached Marseilles, in France, where they either starved, or were murdered, or sold into slavery to the Saracens. This is sad, but they were little martyrs, for they loved our Blessed Lord, and they marched, gallant boys and girls, to save His tomb.

Now, my dear little Rosarians, this is changed. Our Lord's tomb is guarded, and pilgrims go and come as they will. But, His dear Name is not honored as it should be, and there are other wrongs which we must try to right. Therefore, dear little ones, you will take the cross of the new Children's Crusade, and under the patronage of our Blessed Mother and St. Thomas Aquinas, you will march to victory. Yes, dear children, you will fight for the angelic virtue, for good reading, for temperance, and for reverence to the Holy Name of Jesus.

You will always remember your Angel Guardian, who watches over you night and day. You will remember that God loves you as little, living temples, that is, as holy places where He delights to dwell, by His grace. Therefore, you will do nothing to make yourselves unworthy of being the house of God.

I wish all the dear little Rosarians to help in the work of spreading good reading. If each young soldier filled a Rosary card, how many poor people could enjoy this magazine, who are now deprived of it! Remember, dear children, the sick in hospitals, the prisoners in jails, the poor who are in asylums and other such places.

Again, you will fight for temperance. Some of our soldiers have already taken a pledge against saloons and against drinking anything that might injure boys or girls, or make them as unhappy drunkards are. But we wish all our soldiers to take the pledge. We wish them also to pray for the unfortunate people who are drunkards, that they may be converted to a good life.

Finally, dear children, remember how sweet and holy is the Name of Jesus, our Blessed Saviour, Who died that we might be saved. How we ought to love and honor this dear Name! How reverently should we speak it, and how lovingly should we pray to it, every day! But, dear children, there are wicked men who insult God's Holy Name, who curse and use bad language. You must pray for them. You must tell our Blessed Lord how sorry you are that He is offended; and promise Him that you will always love and honor and praise His Holy Name.

Each month we shall tell you something of these good and beautiful things, and soon we shall have a big army of our dear little boys and girls fighting in our glorious cause. May God bless you, dear children, and may our Lady of the Rosary and St. Thomas ever protect you. Pray for

THE EDITOR.





Cred
Ross
1871

THE ANGELS OF THE GIRDING.

THERE'S a story of God's blessed Angels—
So true, and so helpful, and sweet,
That I never can tire of its telling—
Its lesson I often repeat.
'Tis the tale of the Angelic Girding
Of Blessed Aquinas; and, oh!
In temptation we cry to these angels—
They come to assist us, we know.

When the tempter—how vainly—was striving
From virtue his soul to beguile,
How fondly they hovered around him,
Unseen, and yet helping, the while!
Then, flooding his cell with their glory,
When combat with darkness was o'er,
They bound him with Heaven-wove girdle—
The demon could tempt him no more!

O Angels who visibly girded
St. Thomas! unseen are your hands,
But as pow'rful to-day to encircle
Young hearts in God's sheltering bands.
We run to you, cry to you, Angels!
For help of your mystical powers:
Oh, the guarding of youth in temptation—
Your God-given mission, is ours!

LOUISE'S TRIAL.

ROSALINE.

It was our Lady's feast day,—Feast of the Holy Rosary, so dear to her many children. Even nature seemed to be glad and rejoice; seemed to be anxious to do her part in honoring Mary. The little birds twitted merrily in the branches; the green fields were donning their autumnal coat; the trees weighed heavily with their golden fruit; yet to all this little Louise Blackman seemed indifferent.

Motionless she lay on her couch; kind hands tended her daily; loving hearts sought to grant every request, but Louise could not be spared; for the hovering angel of death was near. A sad sight it was to gaze on the loving child and feel nothing could be done; for months she had suffered, and even in her sufferings she appeared a blessing to the household.

A sad accident was the cause of it all. Early in the spring of the year, Louise, with several of her companions, had wandered into the woods to gather Mayflowers. It was on Saturday, for the children vied with one another in bringing the handsomest bouquet to Sister Cecilia, who had charge of the altar in the chapel for the Sunday-school children. They had gathered a large quantity. Loaded down as they were, you would almost think each little one was an actual Mayflower herself. Suddenly Louise espied a white cluster of blossoms on the hillside, and shouted to her companions: "I will have every one myself, for I discovered them!" Louise was not naturally selfish, but the time was coming when she would be admitted to the junior class, and this year marked a very earnest desire to excel in all things. The month of June would soon be at hand, and she had become so accustomed to aiming for high marks that the feverish desire seemed to take hold of everything.

"Better not go, Louise," said Annie Granger; "that stone wall looks pretty rickety. You see how many flowers we have already."

"Yes," said little Sadie Connor, "and perhaps there are snakes there." Snakes were Sadie's one terror.

"Well, I will go," replied Louise in a determined voice.

Now Bertha Lee, the cautious, wise one of the group, spoke up and said, "Be very careful, Louise, in climbing over, for those stones look as if they would tumble easily. We will help you over, and then sit down by the roadside and wait for you to come back."

They all started forward, but Louise had climbed to the top without help, and was just ready to jump when her foot slipped, several stones rolled down, and Louise fell, face forward, in a helpless condition. The girls uttered a cry of horror. Two ladies in a carriage, coming along just at the time, stopped to inquire the cause. They got out and picked up Louise, but she was in an insensible condition. They carried her to her home, and a doctor was hastily summoned. When he came, Louise had regained consciousness, but was suffering great pain. Upon examination it was found that one arm was broken, and that there were, perhaps, other injuries. The little sufferer bore the setting bravely, for she was of a cheerful, sunny disposition.

In the evening her little companions called, and they said when they saw her: "Do you know, Louise, after we gave our flowers to Sister Cecilia, she put them right around the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and then we all knelt and said the Rosary for you. We are so sorry to have you absent from the choir to-morrow, but perhaps you will be better soon."

"I hope so," said Louise, quietly, for she was now quite exhausted.

The next day when the doctor came, he tried to look cheerful, but there was an expression of sadness which did not escape the notice of the anxious parents. "What do you think, Doctor?" asked Mr. Blackman.

"I fear the child is otherwise injured," replied Doctor Williams, "but I will hope for the best."

Very soon the Sisters came. The class did not seem quite the same since the absence of Louise. She was a ruling spirit. A glow of pleasure would brighten the faces of the pupils as she entered in the morning. She was the first to suggest new games; the most energetic in driving away those little jealousies that sometimes enter into girls' lives. She was everywhere the same

cheerful, happy, joyous Louise Blackman; liked the same by the rich and the poor pupils, for distinction seemed beneath her generous nature. As the Sisters looked at their little favorite, a tear dropped involuntarily on the book in Sister Irene's hand, but she concealed her sadness.

"When will you be with us again, my little one?" said she: "We are all anxious to hear your voice ringing through the building." Sister Irene forgot how many times she had said "hush!" as Louise's clear voice sounded through the hall. She did not wish to remember that now.

The weak child replied in a tone which somewhat startled Sister Irene: "Not very soon, Sister;" my vacation commenced early this year."

The Sisters remained for some little time cheering the sufferer, as well as her parents. In rising to go, Sister Cecilia said, "Courage, Louise; we shall remember you in our Communion to-morrow."

The pleasant days of June went by, and commencement was at hand. This was a trying time for Louise. How she had labored to obtain honors, yet no selfishness was ever seen! The coveted medal belonged to her, but she lay on a bed of pain instead of appearing in the brilliantly-lighted hall, crowned and victorious to receive it. Sister Cecilia had said, "Courage! little soldier of Christ." Do not soldiers feel especially honored when asked to accomplish something dangerous? Are they not willing to risk even life at their country's call? And Louise determined to suffer patiently in the service of Him who often sends trials that Heaven may be brought nearer.

To gather flowers for our Blessed Mother was all right, she knew, but the clear sight of the child-soul detected something wrong in the spirit that had prompted her to risk danger despite the prudent advice, and without the proffered help, of her companions. Yes, she knew the pain would bring her nearer Heaven, for would it not purify her?

Vacation had begun. The hot summer weather was at hand, but Louise was not relieved. The Doctor's fear was but too true. A broken arm was not the only injury. Finally, a fever set in. The poor child was hardly able to battle with it; for weeks and months had she lain, ever since that bright and lovely Saturday in

May, when she gathered flowers with her companions. Many times since had they culled the choicest blossoms to bring to her. Often did they say, "Save that for Louise," or "I wonder what we can get to please Louise?" But their beloved classmate was now scarcely able to appreciate their thoughtfulness. She could only smile and extend her hand, as one would be permitted to enter, for few were allowed to see her.

At length, September came, but not to bring Louise back with her classmates. The school-room doors were opened, and merry children again lined the streets. She could hear their glad voices as they passed. The fever had gone on until now, the Doctor said, "there is no hope." At this news the Sisters and their pupils redoubled their prayers, asking, if it were God's holy will, that "our dear Louise," as they were wont to call her now, might be spared. A novena was begun in honor of our Lady of the Rosary. Almost daily was the house besieged asking, "is Louise better?"

The fever was all gone now, and they became hopeful. But Heaven was jealous of nurturing such a tender plant in the thorny field of earth.

"Do you feel better, my child?" asked Mrs. Blackman, early one morning toward the end of the novena.

"Mamma," replied Louise, "you have been very kind to me. I love you very much, but I think I must leave you."

Scarcely able to conceal her tears or suppress her sobs, Mrs. Blackman said, "Why do you speak so, Louise?"

"Well, mamma," answered the child, "every time I go to sleep I seem to see a lady, very beautiful, and bearing in her arms a lovely child, who says 'Come, Louise, for I have flowers for you,' and I know it must be my own true Mother in Heaven."

It was Sunday afternoon. The feast of our Lady of the Rosary was almost over; the rays of the western sun were streaming through the chapel windows of the peaceful convent where Louise had so long been a pupil. A beautiful picture it was; the snowy veils of the children shading, but not hiding, their bright young faces; their clear voices sweetly blending in the soul-inspiring "*Tantum Ergo*," for it was the hour of benediction. The devout Sisters, who, with heads bent, were in silent prayer; the priest

kneeling before the altar imploring blessings upon his beloved children; the incense wafting its odorous breath toward Heaven. At the words "*Panem de cælo præstitisti eis*," a messenger silently enters, and places in the Superior's hands a paper bearing the few words--Louise is dying. Yes, as the monstrance is raised, while every head is bowed, the pure, peaceful spirit of Louise Blackman winged its flight to receive, on the feast of Mary, the crown of bliss. And will we not foster deep in our heart the words of Sister Cecilia, as in company with the pupils she stood around the silent remains of Louise, sleeping, as it were,—so beautiful and happy did she look? "My dear children," said she, "seek only the good and the true; cultivate the flowers of virtue; foster every pious sentiment; watch over, yes, jealously guard that which will make you happy here and eternally happy hereafter,—the love of God and of His ever blessed Mother, Queen of the most holy Rosary.

MARY, dearest Mother!
 From thy heavenly height
 Look on us, thy children,
 Lost in earth's dark night.

Daughter of the Father!
 Lady kind and sweet!
 Lead us to our Father,
 Leave us at His feet.

Mary, purest creature!
 Keep us all from sin;
 Help us erring mortals
 Peace in Heaven to win.

Mother of our Saviour,
 Joy of God above!
 Jesus bade thee keep us
 In His fear and love.

Mary, Queen and Mother!
 Get us still more grace,
 With still greater fervor
 Now to run our race.

Mary, spouse and servant
 Of the Holy Ghost!
 Keep for Him His creature
 Who would else be lost.

Holy Queen of angels!
 Bid thine angels come
 To escort us safely
 To our heavenly home.

—Father Faber.

TRANSITION.

CYRILLE LAVIGNE.

WE used to call her Kitty when she crept about the floor,

WHICH softened into Katie when she reached the age of four;

HER wisdom and her manners, and her many little tricks

MADE her Kit to all companions at the dainty age of six.

BUT she grew so large and rapidly at school,—then she was eight,

THAT no one failed to call her by the pretty name of Kate.

AT ten her First Communion made her long to be, sweet one!

LIKE Prato's dear Dominican, Saint Catherine,—a nun.

AT twelve, with tears to convent halls she fearful went away,

AND Catherine, so sweet and good, came back, and with a K.

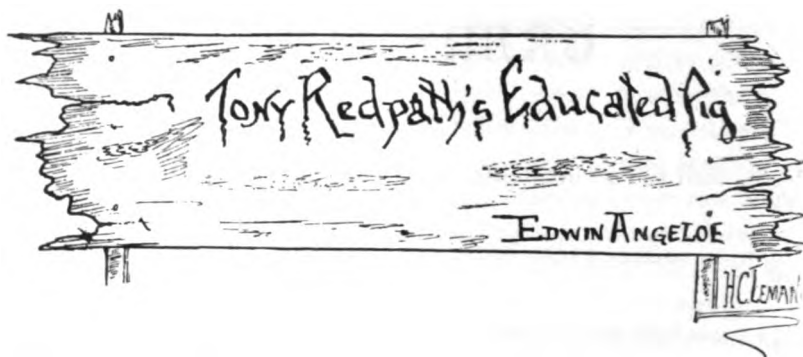
FOURTEEN, and with simplicity of ancient days, and *style*,

SHE made it Kathryn,—nor did we offend her with a smile.

SHE graduates this year, my love! she's budding sweet sixteen,

AND when she writes, her signet reads:—Your own fond one,

KATHLEEN.



TEMPERANCE PAGE SPEAKS TO TONY.—JAMIE'S PUN.—TONY'S TREAT.—
THE PIG PAYS THE RENT.—TONY AND HE START FOR NEW YORK.

VI.

WHEN Temperance Page observed Tony and Barney descending the steps of the Miller mansion, she suspected in the midst of her amazement, that Steve Marbury must have tricked her.

A strong desire seized her to learn the truth from Tony; yet she feared to touch upon the subject lest she might in any way betray her own hand in the matter.

After somewhat of a struggle, she concluded it was wisest to sacrifice her anxious curiosity, and remain silent.



My dear Girls and Boys:— I again
offer five dollars in gold to the
reader not over seventeen who can
draw the best picture of my hero
Tony Redpath and the Educated Pig.
Very sincerely yours,
Edwin Angeloe.

Recovering from the sudden start she had given, she gained a quiet control of herself, and passed on.

Tony had seen her strange movements, and could not but wonder at them.

At the same time suspicion began to creep over him. What if she were the woman who had written the letter to him! Surely her actions were peculiar.

The spinster noticed that he had been struck by her manner, and she saw also that he was somewhat suspicious.

"I am sorry that he noticed my conduct. I was very foolish to allow myself to be overcome by the sight of him and his brute. Even now there's a look in his eye. He's a precocious one. I'll speak to him, and clear his mind of any suspicion he may have."

Temperance Page approached Tony, and asked:

"I say, boy, is that there pig yours?"

"Yes, madam."

"It looks very much like one I owned," said the spinster, not hesitating at an untruth, for she had never possessed any swine. "Mine was stolen from me not long ago."

Her speech really misled Tony, and cast to the winds his previous thoughts.

He began to think that the woman, like himself, was the victim of enemies, and that her pig had met the same kind of a fate that had befallen Barney.

Thoroughly deceived, he related to her the whole story of the attack upon himself and the theft of Barney that night near the woods, and how later on the pig was recovered. He also innocently told her of the sarcastic letter he had received.

A twinkle of pleasure shone in the spinster's eyes as she listened. But it changed to fear when Tony added:

"The editor of *The Weekly Hawk* has the letter. He is going to compare the writing with some he has received from a woman he suspects. She signed herself as an enemy of mine. Who knows but she may be an enemy of yours also?"

Years afterward, Temperance Page remembered this oddly spoken speech, and drew from it a peculiar significance.

"Perhaps," she returned, with an air of mock thoughtfulness. Then she left him, and continued on her way.

"She looks terribly worried," Tony observed, as he looked after her. "It is from the loss of the pig, I suppose."

The troubled expression on the spinster's face was not assumed. It had been there since she had missed her five hundred dollars, the loss of which was consuming her, and making her life extremely miserable.

She had every reason to suspect Steve Marbury of being the thief. But she feared to make her suspicions public lest it would expose her relations with him concerning the pig, and bring worse misfortune upon her.

Even now, Tony's reference to the editor and the letter was filling her with alarm, and her hatred for the boy grew more intense.

When Tony reached home, the family were highly entertained with the story of the birthday reception.

"Did you bring us anything good from the party?" asked his little brothers and sisters.

"Not a mouthful. It wouldn't have looked well for me to do that sort of thing," he said, with boyish dignity. "But I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?"

"If father and mother will let me, I'll give you all a fine little party to yourselves to-morrow. Barney has made some pretty snug sums of money, and we can afford it."

Mr. and Mrs. Redpath readily, and with desire, gave their consent.

The children were delighted.

"None of you has the chances of pleasure that I enjoy," said Tony, considerably. "Wherever I go with Barney, I meet with numerous people who make very much of me, and treat me royally. None of you ever gets any of the fun, so it's only fair to give you a good time at home."

"Hurrah for Tony!"

"Don't 'hurrah' me. Give the credit to Barney. It's the Educated Pig that makes the money—not I."

"Hurrah for the Educated Pig!"

"I have to thank the pig for my new shoes," said little Jamie.

"And the pig got the money for my blue dress," said Susie.

"Only for the pig I'd have had to go without my bat and ball," put in Tom.

"And," chimed in Peggy, "the pig's money bought my school-books, and got a new arm for my doll Daisy. The poor thing had to stay in bed a month, all bandaged around the shoulder."

"There is very little that the pig hasn't done," laughed Tony. "He's going to help pay the mortgage later on. He's paying the doctor's bills as they come in. I wonder if he knows all the good he is doing?"

"Suppose Barney died, Tony," said Peggy, "would you cook him?"

"He wouldn't be fit for cooking if he died from sickness," said Tony. "Even so, I would not cook him. We must never eat Barney. If he ever dies, he should be given a tender burial out of consideration for his great work in supporting us. He looks too healthy just now to die."

"Would he be educated if he was dead?" questioned Jamie, who generally liked to know curious things.

"His education would die with him," answered Tony, with a smile. "Now don't ask me any more such questions, Jamie, for it would take a whole day to listen to all the things you can think of saying."

"Just answer one more, Tony, and I won't ask you anything else."

"Well, what is it?"

"At what college was the pig educated?"

"You've got me. I really don't know. Perhaps the name of the place was Duncan College. That was the name of the man who trained him, and so kindly left him to me."

"I think I'd like to go to that college when I grow up."

"You couldn't get in."

"Why?"

"It is only for pigs."

"Educated pigs?"

"Well, pigs that *wish* to be educated," smiled Tony.

"I made up a joke about Barney the other day, Tony."

"Is that so? I'd like to hear what it is."

"I have to use a big word in the joke, but I know what it means just the same."

"All right, go on."

"Why is Barney a literary pig?"

"I can't guess. Tell me."

"Because he likes the pen."

"My! but you are quite a little pun maker, Jamie."

"I'm going to think up another one by next week, Tony. I like to make up puns."

"I'll give you a dime for every one you make."

The next day Mrs. Redpath, with Tony's assistance, prepared an ample feast of eatables, which, though not so luxurious or expensive as the delicacies at the birthday reception of Frederick Miller, were nevertheless quite as enjoyable.

To Tony it was more so, for he was at home, the place where his young affections were centred, and he was supremely happy in being able to give his brothers and sisters what they considered a great treat, and a "jolly good time."

Some weeks later, Tony received a letter from Elsie Vane's father. It came from New York.

"Come to New York to see us as soon as convenient. Don't forget to bring the Educated Pig."

This extract of the letter caught Tony's eye particularly.

"I shall be glad to go to New York," he told himself. "I have never seen the big city."

Meantime Tony exhibited Barney, out of charity for a poor family, as he had done in Bedford for the widow.

In the present case, a mean, niggardly landlord had threatened to turn the poor people out of their home because they were unable to pay him the rent.

But everything was smoothed out happily when the Educated Pig procured even more than the necessary money.

The day came around for Tony and Barney to leave for New York.

That morning Tony went to Mass and said his Rosary at our Lady's altar.

He bade good-bye to all at home, and with Barney started for the railroad depot.

He had a great confidence that no real harm would befall him in the metropolis, and thought mostly of the pleasures he would enjoy.

Could he have foreseen what else awaited him, he would never have stepped aboard the train.

(To be continued.)



ANGELS GUARD THEM.

TEN dear little children,
With not an earthly care,
Join their youthful voices
In singing and in prayer.

Join their happy voices
In laughing, shouting play,
Till the ten wee children
Grow sleepy with the day.

While the day is sleeping,
Held in the arms of night,
Happy children slumber
In downy beds of white.

Ten of God's dear angels,
Through all the happy day,
Guard these merry children
From danger in their play.

And through hours of darkness
They never, never sleep,—
O'er each child one hovers,
And faithful watch doth keep.



LETTERS FROM THE SOLDIERS OF THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

DEAR AQUINAS: Do you know that one of your soldiers of the Angelic Warfare is a captain?

Well, I am head of an army of twenty-five soldiers. We have met the enemy, and conquered him in several battles, but the dear ones say the big, big battles are to come.

I am fourteen years old, and have played soldiers since I could walk. For four years I know all the stories about Washington and Napoleon by heart, and my desire was to see war, so that I could wear a uniform.

I had a great many faults, the principal ones being giving away to temper, slapping my little brothers and sisters, and making faces at the good Brothers who taught me. I have a big sister, but I never thought girls knew much till one day when I had been very bad, my sister asked me why I did not become a Washington at once.

She told me of that terrible enemy—the black fellow, and of all the battles against sin which might be fought. I called a meeting that night, to which ten fingers, ten toes, two ears, two eyes, and a tongue responded. With the girdle of St. Thomas for a standard, myself for captain, we started forth to win. At first it was awful hard.

When my temper got the better of me, and I felt like dancing with madness, I kept my feet moving as though keeping time. When I heard something that I did not like, I looked very steadily at my men as though to scold them. But my tongue, that needs a scolding very often yet, but I hope before long to have that soldier mind me. Do you think I am a Washington?

Your little soldier,
BERNIE CULLEN.

Young soldiers, what say you *all* to forming and drilling such a company as this?

New York, August 30th, 1894.

DEAR AQUINAS: I know that you will be pleased to hear what we did for the cause of good reading among the poor, during our vacation from boarding-school. There were four of us,—two young friends, and my sister and myself. While at school we read the magazine every month.

Papa belongs to the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, and he gave us the names of twelve poor families,—that made three apiece for us. Then when we called to see our friends we asked them to give us their good reading-matter. My room was the "central office." We divided up the papers and magazines among our twelve families, and then we went to their homes and left the reading-matter there. At first the poor people were not very nice, but when we mentioned papa's name, it made everything pleasant, and then they seemed to know that we "meant all right," as one old lady said. One of my poor people was a blind man, and when his daughter was busy, I used to read to him. He used to say, "God bless you, child, and give you sight here and hereafter," every time when I was leaving.

We feel very sorry to leave our poor people, though we are glad to go back to school. Do you think we were good soldiers, Aquinas?

Please say a little prayer that we may be successful this coming year.

MARY D—.

For herself, and for her three companions in the good work,

{ KATIE D—.
ALICE B—.
MAUDE L—.

Yes, indeed, Aquinas must commend you for your good work, and express the wish that other young girls who read your letter will do

likewise. How good to give to the poor people the means of good reading ! Do you not think that your friends would be willing to mail to poor people the papers and magazines they have already read ?

I am confident that St. Thomas Aquinas will help all his devoted company in their studies if they seek his aid. He is the "Patron of Schools." Did you not know it ?

DEAR AQUINAS: I have read with interest, in the pages of our Lady's ROSARY, the work of the Angelic Warfare. What will the young soldiers and the "children of an older growth" say to a letter from an Old Warrior, who would like to tell them of one of the greatest helps to success in every good fight—devotion to the Holy Ghost ? The Old Warrior feels that he is one of your company, for when he was a little altar-boy, a good Dominican Father enrolled him in the Angelic Warfare, and taught him how to say the Beads.

Dear young soldiers, you are fighting in a good warfare, but do you know when you received the power to carry on the good fight, and from whom ? You received it when you became "Soldiers of Jesus Christ," on the day of your confirmation, and you received it from the Holy Ghost. He gave you seven gifts—of course you can say them in a few seconds,—but do you know what they mean ? They lead up from the last to the first, which is the highest, and if you pray often to the Holy Ghost, and if you try to keep close to our Lady, who lived in His bright light, or His sheltering shadow always, these gifts will grow stronger in your souls every day.

Have you ever, since you were confirmed, prayed to the Holy Ghost to strengthen in you a loving fear of the Lord, a spirit of Piety to serve Him, of Knowledge to see His will clearly, of Fortitude to bear all crosses that come in the doing of that dear will, of Counsel to seek His guidance in everything, of Understanding to know that God's will is better than ours, and of Wisdom, to speak and act right always ?

Take an Old Warrior's word for it, young soldiers ; you need that these gifts of the Holy Ghost should grow stronger every day, to help you win all the battles of the Angelic Warfare ; and that our Lady, in her own dear Rosary month, will obtain this grace for all the young soldiers, is the earnest prayer of

AN OLD WARRIOR.

Gladly we greet you to our ranks, and to heart may every boy and girl take your earnest words in behalf of the too-much-neglected devotion to the Holy Ghost.

From a little southern girl, nine years old, comes the following quaint contribution, "every bit her own work," her mother writes, with the exception of a wee bit of help in spelling the big words.

"These are my own ideas of the English language," the little one says in the note in which she timidly offers her "piece for THE ROSARY."

PECULIARITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I've read a good deal, and the English language has troubled me very much. I am sure I would like it better if it were different. Sometimes I am reading, and will see a word which is pronounced altogether different from what I thought.

The words "*fore*" and "*four*" would puzzle any one. Two persons might be talking, and one would speak of a horse's fore-legs. Well, the other one would not know whether the person who spoke, meant the two *fore*-legs of the horse, or the horse's *four* legs.

Another thing: I don't see why "know" is spelt with a "k" when the "k" does not sound at all. Of course there are many more words I could tell, if I had space.

SUE ROBERTSON FEIGHAN.

We think that the gratitude of this little girl to her benefactor should excite in each young soldier the desire to send the magazine to some poor little one who cannot get it otherwise. Is it not a lovely thing to know that God has made use of us to awaken good thoughts and resolutions, that may live and bring forth fruit always ?

July 25th.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I was made the happy recipient of your beautiful magazine each month since May. I am ever and ever so thankful to my good kind friend and benefactor,—I think I know who she is. I wish to become a soldier in the Angelic Warfare, that I may partly repay such kindness by trying to overcome my evil inclinations. I am a little girl ten years of age, and my name is Anna D——. I have a sister Mary nine years old, and we are preparing to receive Confirmation. As an aid, we wish you to send each of us a girdle, for which I enclose 20 cents, and remain,

Your affectionate

LITTLE SOLDIER.

P. S.—My mamma would like to get the Life of St. Thomas Aquinas, and wishes to know if you could send it, and what it would cost.

The Life of St. Thomas will cost one dollar, and we can order it for you on receipt of price.

Here is something that has the true ring in it, boys and girls; it is by Sister Mary Alphonsus, O. P. "Learn it by heart," and say it whenever you feel just like giving the victory to some temptation instead of gaining the battle yourselves for God and the right.

"*In earnest*" is a word of power,
It strives with sin and woe,
It fights its battles every hour,
And conquers every foe.

* * *

Pray with a firm resolve *to do*,
And God will aid the right,
But crowns were never meant for you,
Who never dared to fight.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.
2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.
3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.
4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.
5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

With Other Young Folks.

Month after month in this department we have been telling you of the good things in other young folk's papers and magazines. This month we shall leave books and papers for nature's great book, and, boys and girls, we shall tell you of the great Saint of Assisi, and his "little brothers and sisters," the animals, fishes, birds, and flowers.

Boys and girls, you have all heard of that noble society which does so much towards making cruel people know that God's gifts of beasts and birds are given for our use and reasonable enjoyment; not given that we should inflict pain upon them to gratify our temper, or the desire for senseless, wicked enjoyment that we might, unhappily, let into our minds and hearts. Of course you know I mean the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Out of this society have come children's Leagues of Little Defenders for the same good purpose among boys and girls.

But do you all know of the dear saint who lived hundreds of years before this society, and whose feast comes on the fourth of October? Do you know of his love for all God's beasts and birds and fishes, his tender care of them, and how the rude beasts at his word, would be gentle, and the birds would sing or be silent at his bidding?

It would take pages of our department were we to tell you of all the beautiful things that have been written about St. Francis and the animals, the birds, the fishes, and the flowers.

"Why dost thou torment, my brothers, the lambs, in that way?" he cried out one day to a man who was carrying two of them in a way that made them suffer. He bought the little things, giving in payment a fine cloak that had just been given to him. Then after an earnest talk, during which he caressed the pretty creatures, he gave them back to the

man, who promised to care for them and never to sell them again.

A fierce wolf was at one time filling the neighborhood with terror. St. Francis went forth, met the wild beast, and as though it were a human being, he talked to it. The fierce animal, tamed completely, lifted its paw and placed it in the saint's outstretched hand.

Flocks of sparrows, doves, and crows he met one day. They did not fly from him, and he preached to them this exquisite sermon: "My

brothers, the little birds, you ought to love your Creator particularly, and love Him always. He has given you feathers to cover yourselves, wings to fly, and all that you need. He has made you noble among all the works of His hands, and given you a place in the pure regions of the air. And without your having any care or need to sow or to reap, He governs and nourishes you." And when the dear saint saw that the crows and doves and sparrows listened to him, he could not help expressing his sorrow that he had never preached to them before about God. He blessed the little things before he let them fly away.

St. Francis loved these creatures, not only for themselves, and because God had made them, but because he saw some holy symbol in them all. Lambs reminded him of the "Lamb of God;"

doves, of pure souls, and perhaps, too, of the "Holy Spirit Dove;" the dusky color of the larks reminded him of penance, and he loved them, but not only for their color. They taught a beautiful lesson of gratitude, he thought, noticing how short a time they remained on the ground. Just as soon as they have taken a little food they soar up into the sky.

Whenever he saw this he expressed his joy. Just as the little dusky lark soars heavenward after it has partaken of God's gift of food, so



should the thoughts of all God's human creatures arise to Him after each gift of nature or of grace.

You may say that he could not see any beautiful symbol in the ugly beasts and mischievous foxes that he tamed and loved. It is true; but there is a text of scripture that says, "All things work for good to those who love God," and the great big temptations that are fierce as wild beasts, and the little ones that do mischief like little foxes, can be tamed, and *you* know, boys and girls, that every one mastered by us, makes us stronger and better in God's sight. So, perhaps, St. Francis saw in unlovely animals, the symbol of temptation.

Once when people would not listen to him, the little fishes came to the bank, lifted their heads above the water, and he preached to them.

Does all this surprise you, boys and girls? Well, you must remember that in the Garden of Eden, before Adam and Eve sinned by disobeying God, they were the masters of all things there by the share of God's power, which He gave them. They lost this power, in great measure, by sin. But it is something God can give back to His people who hate sin, and who love Him with that fond, *trusting* love His saints always have. This is why so many of them could do as they wished with creatures; but in the life of none do we read such strange, sweet things as in that of St. Francis Assisi.

Do you know why we have told you so much about this dear saint? It is because we want his example to be ever before you, and we want you to be kind to every living thing. Never inflict pain needlessly upon anything that God has created. By your words and example win other boys and girls to be kind also. Everyone who was with St. Francis felt that God's dumb creatures were all under his protection; and many a time, boys and girls, you can make your companions feel the

same thing. The sweet blessing of St. Francis will surely be with you if you do.

How many little folks are to respond to the wishes of our Holy Father and, during the month of October, join their voices with father's and mother's in the home circle saying the Beads? Family prayers are a safeguard from many dangers. In some families, perhaps, the beautiful practice is never found. Children have a mission to perform where this is the sad case: They can plead with father and mother to begin with this October, and if pleading fails, as in some cases it may, then brothers and sisters can go by themselves, and kneeling before the statue or picture of our dear Lady, and asking their angel guardians to be with them, they can say the Rosary, that beautiful prayer given nearly seven hundred years ago by our Blessed Lady to St. Dominic.



And you can think in childhood's simple way upon its holy mysteries.

Oh! you can do so much good in this way, boys and girls! Why do you not do it?

"Shall we not love thee, Mother dear,

Whom Jesus loves so well?

And to His glory year by year

Thy joy and honor tell?"

Boys and girls, we ask of you three things. Each day during this month, say five decades of the Beads. Each day pray for THE ROSARY magazine. Each day ask our Lady to make us all love her more and more.



Our dearest Mother's own dear month! Hail to the Queen of the Holy

Rosary! And, Rosarians, friends and readers of this magazine, and lovers of our Lady's Beads, may October blessings rest peacefully and plentifully on you! One word from our heart to yours! Make this blessed time a season of loving praise to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in Mary's dear name; let your voices go up from hearts full of glad thanksgiving, day after day. Join with the Angels; yea, make them your messengers. It will be their happiness to serve you. Think of the poor souls. Ransom them; be generous with the treasures of the Beads. Be mindful of the Church and her beloved Head on earth. Keep his intentions in your hearts; put them with oft repeated *Ave Maria* in our Lady's care. Look abroad, and pity sinners. Beseech the Mother of Mercy in their behalf. Behold the multitudes in darkness and the shadow of death! Have compassion on them. Be apostles by your fervent prayers, that light may shine on them, and that Jesus may be fully revealed to them, that they may also know His dearest Mother. Let us unite in one strong, hopeful, persevering prayer, that the reign of Jesus Christ may be extended and lovingly welcomed in all hearts, through the spread of the kingdom of Mary.

Dear reader, if you are a priest, and you think well of our work, and believe that it is worthy of encouragement, for the sake of souls, because of our Lady's Beads, and for the battle against evil reading, will you not say a word for this magazine to those who listen to you as their Father and Teacher?

Remember, dear Rosarians, the special October devotions that will be held in your respective churches. Faithfully at-

tend them. Edify your neighbors, and enrich your own souls. This month calls for special efforts in our Lady's name. Harken to our Holy Father's pleading cry.

In printing the following notice, which appeared in *The Sun*, New York, August 30, we cannot be accused of unpardonable pride:

"The *Rosary Monthly Magazine* for September furnishes a beautiful poem by Katharine Tynan, which bears the title of "Our Lady of Pity," and which will be reproduced in our columns on Sunday next. The other articles of the number are well worthy of such companionship. *The Rosary* is one of the very best among the numerous Catholic periodicals of the country."

Praise, in this way, and from such a quarter as *The Sun*, is praise indeed.

Dear reader, if you are a teacher, and if you believe that this magazine can help you in your work, will you not speak of it to your associates? Will you not use the influence that you may possess, in behalf of devotion and good reading, two precious and necessary things in your life? Be an active friend of THE ROSARY, and share in our apostolate.

The following notice appeared in *The Citizen*, Brooklyn, September 2d. It is the verdict of a leading journal, and carries weight that needs no further comment than its reprint here:

"That excellent Catholic publication, *The Rosary* magazine for September, is filled with interesting reading on current topics. The editor has a corps of able writers, and he uses splendid taste in selecting topics that will instruct and entertain his wide circle of readers. The most notable paper is furnished by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C. It is an illustrated article bearing the title, "The Forerunner and Rival of Pasteur." It is a searching review of the career of Pierre Joseph Van Beneden, the illustrious Belgian zoologist and paleontologist. The article is republished in to-day's *CITIZEN* under the heading of "Delving Deep." There are equally as well-written papers by J. H. O'Neil, the Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P., and a beautiful poem, "Our Lady of Pity," by Katharine Tynan. An article on the "Catholic Sum-

mer School of America " will attract widespread attention."

We commence in this number the publication of a learned treatise on the Rosary, by Father Esser, of the University of Fribourg, Switzerland. It has been translated from the original German, by Father Volz, of our American Province. We feel confident that the series of these articles will be of interest and advantage to clergy and people.

Dear reader, if you are a parent, and if you believe that THE ROSARY has helped you, has been a blessing to your family, will you not tell other parents of its merits? Can you not do something to promote the welfare of our holy cause?

The present issue of THE ROSARY is notable for the complete sketch by Mr. Jerome Trant. We are confident that our readers will be deeply interested. Mr. Trant is writing a serial for THE ROSARY, which will be published next year. In November we shall offer to our friends the opening chapters of a Peruvian tale, written by a Dominican Friar.

"In the town of Hinckley, last spring, began an angry and formidable scourge in the shape of a general outbreak of smallpox. In a few days it reached all parts of the town. A pest hospital had to be built, but was soon filled, and many persons had to remain in their own houses and families, thus in a manner encouraging its depredations. Meanwhile the Dominicans began special prayers to S. Roche. And it is a remarkable and well-authenticated fact—we have it at first hand—that *not one Catholic* was touched by the scourge. In the factories where Catholics and others worked shoulder to shoulder, none of the Catholics were in the slightest degree inconvenienced, whilst numbers of others were, every day, being stricken down. At length the faith of Catholics longed to express its gratitude for this signal favor on their behalf. In the beginning of last month a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving was therefore sung at the Priory, and during the whole day the students, each hour, took turns to recite the Rosary. On that very day the epidemic, still spreading consternation and sorrow in every direction, *suddenly ceased*, and no new outbreak was reported. There is so little room for doubting the cause of this sudden cessation that the whole town unites in attributing it to the prayers of the Catholics, who, however, in their turn, only recognize another pub-

lic favor on the part of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary."—*The Rosary*, of England, for August, 1894.

Dear reader, whatever your circumstances in life may be, can you not assist in the work of spreading devotion to our Lady? Can you not enlist in the small army of the fighters for good reading? Can you not add one name to our list? Do you ever speak of THE ROSARY? Do you tell friends or neighbors of it? Do you refer to it in your letters? Are there not many occasions in which you can help, without loss of time, without inconvenience? Will you not do something during this month, to encourage those whose labor is for devotion and good reading?

From an Italian correspondent we have received the following edifying sketch:

"There lived in the town of N.... a good priest who spent his life in works of charity and piety. His zeal in administering to the spiritual wants of the soldiers of whom he had particular charge, won for him their love and veneration. Wherever there was suffering or misery in his parish, there he was to be found; he visited the poor assiduously in their wretched hovels, and brought them whatever he could beg for them, and together with his alms he left them the comforts of religion, peace of soul, and the joy of a good conscience.

One evening in the December of 1855, he had just returned to his humble abode, and tired after the fatiguing labors of the day, was seated at his table reciting the Divine Office, when a knock came to the door. Presently a little girl entered, begging him to go as soon as possible to attend a poor woman who was dying in the Via.... No. 28. The good priest laid aside his Breviary to accompany the child, but she told him the case was not so very urgent, and only asked him not to wait till the morrow. He then took down the address, bidding the child say he would soon be there.

As soon as he had finished his Office the good Father went out, heedless of the pelting rain and the piercing night-wind: it was a question of saving a soul, and cold or rain should not prevent him. When he reached the street mentioned by the girl, he stopped at No. 18, thinking that was the house. The hall-door stood open, and all was dark within; he ascended the stairs, cautiously groping his way, and knocked at the first door he

found. A rough-looking man opened it, who seeing the soutane of the priest, burst into a fit of rage, covered him with insults, and in reply to his polite enquiries, slammed the door in his face. Patient and meek, like his Divine Master, he knocked at another door, but received no better reception. It is only the inexhaustible charity of Jesus Christ that can support and encourage the priest under the disgusts and difficulties he so often meets when laboring among the Freemasons of Italy for the good of souls.

The good Father makes his way up to the next floor, where he meets a little boy. "My son," he says, "can you show me the room of the poor woman who is very sick in this house? Her name is Mrs. G——." "Yes, Father, in a room down there, a poor woman is very ill,—daddy said she will not live till morning. But I think that is not her name." "Well, no matter; will you bring me to her door?" The boy accompanies him; the priest enters the room and finds a poor woman almost in her last agony. Seated at the bedside was a man of about fifty, who stood up and appeared confused on seeing the priest enter. The man of God addressed him politely: "I suppose, sir," he said, "this poor sick woman is your wife, and you are Mr. G——."

"I am not Mr. G——," replied the other snappishly, with a dark frown on his repulsive face. "I know nothing about you or Mr. G——. What brought you here, poking your nose into our affairs?"

"I was called a short time ago, and was told that a poor woman named Mrs. G—— sent for me to administer to her the last rites of the Church. But if I have mistaken the house or the room, I think this poor woman stands no less in need of my sacred ministry than the other. The good God has certainly conducted me here, and permitted the mistake for this poor creature's sake."

"Oh, yes, sir!" murmured the dying woman, in a thin, feeble voice; "it is the good God that has brought you here."

"Say nothing," yelled the husband in a state of fury. "It is ten years since a priest entered my house; you shall not hear my wife's confession! She is mine. Away!"

"You are quite mistaken, sir," said the Curato sweetly, but, at the same time, with a touch of determination in his voice and gesture. "Your wife belongs to God, by a higher right than yours, and you have no power or claim to dispose of her soul. If she wishes to confess, I will hear her; it is my duty not to abandon her unless

she refuses my ministry." Then approaching the bedside, he said to the dying woman: "Do you wish to be reconciled with God, and die a good death?"

The poor creature raised her hands to Heaven saying, amid tears and sobs: "Oh yes, Father, yes. This has all been the Providence of God! For many days past I have been asking my husband to call a priest, but he always refused. I wish to be reconciled with the good God who has had pity on me."

"Have you heard, sir?" said the Curato, addressing the husband. "Be good enough to leave me alone a few minutes with this poor woman." These words were pronounced with such authoritative firmness that the man retired.

"Behold, Signor Curato, what has saved me," said the penitent, showing him her Rosary beads. "I have had the misfortune to fear my husband more than God, and to avoid quarrels I have neglected my religious duties for more than ten years, but I have always recommended myself to the Holy Mother of God. Every day, or nearly every day, I have recited a part of the Rosary, and I have always loved our Blessed Lady. It is she that has sent you here. It is she, O Signor Curato, it is she that is saving me!"

The good priest was deeply moved. He consoled her, helped her to make her confession, and reconciled her with God, and, on leaving her, told her to prepare as well as she could to receive the Holy Viaticum, which he was to bring from the neighboring church. The priest, when passing out, extended his hand to the husband, but he refused it, and muttering something between his teeth, turned towards his now jubilant wife.

On looking at his note-book the Curato found that the number of the house to which he was called was 28, not 18. Thanking God for his happy mistake, he went on to 28, where he found the person who had sent for him, and heard her confession. He then aroused the sacristan of the parish church, and taking with him the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils, returned to No. 18, only to find that his penitent had already expired. With the sacramental absolution she had received the pardon of all her sins, and the fervor of her soul had perhaps made up for those other aids which she did not receive. Her happy death through fidelity to the Rosary, shows us what a powerful means it is in the work of our salvation, and how merciful Jesus is to those who love His Mother."

BOOKS.

From John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, we have received **BIBLE SCIENCE AND FAITH**, by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C. We realize in this work the hope of the author, that it would be an acceptable contribution to a subject which is daily growing in interest and importance. The origin of the world, the true interpretation of the first chapters of Genesis, the Noachian deluge, the age of the human race—are subjects of value, not only to students, but to all the faithful. The one great lesson to be learned from Father Zahm's book is that the Bible and Faith have nothing to fear from the progress of scientific investigations. It may seem strange that it is necessary to re-affirm such a fundamental truth, but it is a sad fact that many of those who call themselves scientists, live in the hope that every new discovery will furnish an argument against the Mosaic account of the creation and the deluge. Father Zahm's book takes honorable rank with those that show how ready we are to meet the scientists on their own ground. If the wavering or the unbelieving will read this book with a desire to be instructed, they will easily understand what has so often been said: the truth which comes from Heaven is not opposed to truth found on the earth. Science and Faith must be friends. Father Zahm's work is full of good theology and genuine scientific knowledge.

From James Pott & Co., New York, we have received **THE ASCENT OF MAN**, by Henry Drummond. The name of Professor Drummond is in just renown. This latest work which he has issued is interesting, instructive, brilliant; it deals with the much-discussed question of Evolution in relation to man. The author is a Christian, and expresses the belief that acceptance of the true story of Evolution is reconcilable with Christianity. In the second part of the "Introduction" he plainly tells writers on this subject that in their eagerness to explain the "struggle for life," they have forgotten to note the importance of the "struggle for the life of others," which is a very important factor in the case.

The main object of Professor Drummond's book is to point out that evolutionary philosophy has misread nature, in "fixing on a past," whereby they might "reconstruct the ultimate." However,

let the theorists fight it out on their own line. We have no fear of anything upon which they can *agree*, and which they can *prove*. We are glad to notice that Professor Drummond refuses to admit that man's mind could have been evolved from matter, but we must suggest that the God-Creator will solve the "inscrutable mystery," the origin of mind. Another thing that pleases us in this work is the assertion made on page 78: "It is certainly the fact that man is not descended from any living ape." Professor Drummond's theory is that man and the ape ascended together from lower types, but that man kept on climbing after the ape had stopped. This is better than some of the "evolution" stories; but we can smile at all of them.

THE BLESSED DE LA SALLE, FOUNDER OF THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS (CHRISTIAN BROTHERS), is the title of a well-printed volume of more than 200 pages, issued by the Brothers of De La Salle Institute, New York. The first part contains the life of the saintly founder. This will be of general interest and edification. The second part treats of his pedagogical principles, his method, his mode of teaching, and his schools. We are all familiar with the achievements of that noble army, the enlisted sons of De La Salle, but many know little of the spirit of his great work. While the pedagogical part will chiefly appeal to teachers, we can freely and cheerfully commend the volume to the general reader.

The second part of the **BOOK OF THE FAIR** maintains the excellent promise of the first. The illustrations are of the highest class work, and the paper is in line for its part. The second number deals chiefly with the buildings and the Commissioners. The Bancroft Company, Chicago, stand at the head of the publishers who have undertaken to issue books on the great Fair.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received two small volumes, both of which we find excellent in matter and manner: **THE MAID OF ORLEANS; HER LIFE AND MISSION**, by Father Wyndham; and **"DIVINE WORSHIP AND DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN CONNECTION WITH IT,"** edited by Father

Eyre, of the Society of Jesus. Father Wyndham's work is compiled from original documents. It is written in a tender and reverent spirit—an offering, in reparation for the English people, his countrymen, to whom he appeals. "DIVINE WORSHIP" bears the approval of

Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, who is ever ready to promote true devotion to our Lady. This little book treats of the Mass, and of love for our Blessed Mother, in a way that gives it a special value. We commend both volumes to our readers.

MAGAZINES.

In close touch with the question of education in public schools, beyond the line of a proper common school training, and of indiscriminate college education for many whose only reason for entering such places is the ability of their parents to pay for them, or the eagerness of the colleges to secure their stipends, we quote a strong editorial utterance from *The Popular Science Monthly*, for May, and we commend its sentiment especially to parents. The editor of the *Monthly* writes:

In an article on "The Unemployed," which appeared in last month's *Table*, we ventured the opinion that one reason why the number of these was so great was that thousands of persons in the present day were receiving an education which they were not able afterward to put to any satisfactory use; and from an article by Mr. Goldwin Smith, which fell under our eye just as our own was finished, we were able to quote a passage strongly confirmatory of the position we had taken. Years ago Prince Bismarck had said the same thing in regard to Germany, and we remember how sharply a certain college president in this country resented the idea that college classes could by any possibility be too large, or engineers, architects, chemists, lawyers, doctors, etc., qualified or semi-qualified, be in too great proportion to the rest of the community. Of course, the financial prosperity of a college depends in a measure on the number of students it can attract, and we can understand why college authorities might not like the idea to get abroad that to send a boy to college is not always the wisest thing to do with him. Still, the truth that college education and semi-education can be overdone is one that, in our humble opinion, is destined to force itself, despite all that college presidents can say to the contrary, on public attention.

As regards Germany the opinion which, as we have said, Prince Bismarck expressed years ago, is strongly confirmed by Mr. William H. Dawson's recent work on

Germany. We take the following summary of his observations on this question from the *London Saturday Review*:

"He draws a very gloomy picture of the result of too many universities and too much higher education. We should like to think he exaggerated here, but we are forced to admit he does not. Twenty-two seats of learning are yearly turning out studied men in thousands, and the unfortunate 'studied men' are lucky if, at the age of thirty-five, they are earning the wages of English bank clerks. The paternal state finds money for universities, and looks to the qualifications for the professions and the civil service; but that paternal state can not provide its carefully examined would-be lawyers and doctors and civil servants and teachers with briefs and patients and posts and pupils; and as a consequence, the educated unemployed increase mightily in numbers year by year. Still more formidable are the 'breakages'—the horde of superficially book-learned young fellows of the middle and lower middle ranks whom stupidly ambitious fathers have sent to universities (the state aiding) to fail in examinations when they ought to be selling groceries or hoeing potatoes. These undoubtedly form a truly 'dangerous class'; unfit for real intellectual effort, they have just sufficient smattering of letters, philosophy, economics, and science to make them the readiest tools of the agitator and the most permanent and effective nuisances to society, against which they have the very real grievance that they are unable to serve it in any useful way."

We have the case here very succinctly stated. These are the men who say that "the world owes them a living," the truth being that they have contracted a debt both for previous living and for education which they have little prospect of ever being able to wipe out. The sooner we recognize the fact that our modern systems of education are largely experimental, and that much of the way we have gone may have to be retraced, the better

it will be for the permanent peace of society. At present we are using too much yeast of a not very wholesome kind, and the result is an excessive and dangerous amount of social fermentation."

The New York Observer recently made a lame and an absurd attempt to account for A. P. A-ism by the presence and mission of Monsignor Satolli in the United States. The protest of "Saxon Americans," as the *Observer* puts it, in behalf of the Americanism of Americans, and the dislike of the Church, which "the blunt Saxon has blurred out," may be considered mere catch-words, despite their flagrant contradictions. How honest Americans must smile at this worn-out Saxon myth! *The Observer* probably knows the situation as it is; but bigotry must be nourished, and fools must be fooled. The statement further made by the *Observer*, that the Catholic hierarchy and clergy in the United States, have, with rare exceptions, done all they could to bring to confusion and ruin the American public school system, has been so frequently denied and refuted, so authoritatively repudiated, that no man claiming the privileges of a public writer can make such a statement and escape the brand of bearing false witness against his neighbor.

The American Journal of Politics for August contains a paper on "The Abolition of Pauperism," by Doctor Edward Everett Hale. To the fair-minded reader, the sense is one of disappointment and pain to find that this distinguished Unitarian cannot discuss a modern economic question without dragging in John Knox frightening "poor frivolous Mary from her iniquities." This cruel and false fling at the unhappy Queen of Scots speaks more loudly for the doctor's bigotry than it does for his manliness or love of truth. Towards the close of the paper he refers to St. Dominic and St. Francis as "apostles of beggary," which emphasizes Doctor Hale's thorough ignorance of what is meant by "evangelical poverty." "Pullman and its Lessons" is the title of another article that we read with peculiar satisfaction. It is an exposé of Pullmanism that will explain why the Illinois Attorney-General has taken steps to secure the forfeiture of the Pullman charter. The story of Pullman and Pullmanism, as told by Mr. Grant in the *American Journal of Politics*, ought to be widely circulated. It may silence some of the cuckoos who have taken their cue from

monopoly, and who have been repeating, in a self-satisfied way, denunciations of the poor strikers.

The following from the *Ave Maria* is so good that we take the risk of being judged as a member of a mutual admiration society, in reproducing it:

"The editor of *The Rosary* expresses the wish that an article published in *THE AVE MARIA*," last month, on "Missionary Work for the Laity," be printed in circular form for general distribution. "Such a practical bit of advice, clearly and pointedly put, would do good.... Thousands would be benefited by such reading."

It would be as much of a surprise as a gratification to us to hear that Father O'Neil's suggestion had been acted upon. Though strong in the faith, it must be said that American Catholics are not firm believers in the power of the press. ("Unbelievers," whispers a cynic at our side.) Father Hecker used to say that there was a vast amount of good to be done in the United States by means of type; but he was singular in his conviction,—at least, few besides himself have been distinguished for acting according to such belief. Catholic writers, editors, and publishers are in no present danger of finding their headgear too small as a result of the intoxication of "taffy." It would be the rankest kind of vanity in those given to the ink habit to look for praise of their little performances; but they have a right to expect co-operation and encouragement when their best endeavors, however feeble, are put forth with the intention of spreading the faith and promoting good works."

"Fostering the Savage in the Young" is the rather vehement title of a paper in the August number of *The Arena*, by the editor, Mr. Flower. It is a protest against the formation of cadet corps by churches, against the encouragement, by teachers of Christianity, of the military spirit in the young. The author rightly contends that the efficacy of arbitration, in international disputes, has been tested and not found wanting. He instances the Alabama claims and the Behring Sea controversy. Looking forward, therefore, to the future, when wars will have passed away, as lovers of peace and humanity and civilization so earnestly desire, he contends that it is wrong to foster the military spirit with its consequent brutalizing tendencies, in the young boys of to-day. He appeals to the example of our Blessed

Master, the Prince of Peace, and to the inspired words of the Prophet foretelling the glories of the day when "men shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." The present outlook is not seemingly encouraging for this, and yet, the next great clash of arms in Europe may eventually sound the death-knell of war. We agree with Mr. Flower "that there can never be an approach to civilization so long as the child mind receives military drill, for the associations, ideals, and dreams which necessarily follow in the wake of warlike instruction, are so at variance "with the ideals which alone can redeem the world from hate, greed, and injustice, that until children are taught to entertain a profound reverence for human life, human rights, and for justice in its broadest sense, humanity will not know what true civilization is." We would improve the expression, "ideals which alone can redeem," by saying that the spirit of Christianity treasured in the hearts of men, and practised in their daily lives, is the great power in civilizing and refining the world.

The claim that military drill gives the boy needed physical culture is denied on eminent authority, that of Dr. Sargent of Harvard, Master Case of the Dudley School, Boston, and Colonel Edmands of the Boston Cadets. We have not space to quote their words: we refer readers to the *Arena* article. It is suggestive reading, and we commend its principles and spirit to those who have the care of boys. We know that it is just now considered the proper thing to inject the military idea, in connection with temperance movements and church societies, as well as in our colleges. We feel, therefore, that we are running counter to a popular fancy, but we are strongly of the opinion that it is not good to "foster the savage in the young," and that there are better equipments for church societies than guns and swords, and that physical culture will be much more efficiently secured in the gymnasium than by the military drill.

The Review of Reviews for September is a valuable number, especially for its timely articles on political, economic, and international questions.

The Popular Science Monthly for September is an exceptionally good number. "Studies of Childhood" and "The Humming Birds of Chocorua" will be of general interest. "Ethical Relations between Man and Beast" would be a better plea for kindness towards our poor fellow-crea-

tures, the dumb animals, if the author did not preface his paper by a rather turgid disquisition, in which he tries, in vain, to prove that these animals are endowed with certain gifts and rights which science and theology and the common sense of mankind deny.

The Arena for September is a strong, timely number. "A Review of the Chicago Strike" is an excellent paper, which can be read with profit, especially by those who joined so merrily in the monopolistic cry against the workmen. The recent investigation by the United States Commission, appointed by the President, of the great railway strike, has revealed Mr. Pullman as one who could hardly claim Abou Ben Adhem's just prayer: "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." We welcome every contribution to the cause of justice and humanity, and, therefore, we are glad to call attention to Mr. Harte's article, and also to Professor Parsons' "Chicago's Message to Uncle Sam," in which he appeals for government ownership of railroads and telegraphs; and Mr. Smart's "Public Schools for the Privileged Few," in which he points out what most people, excepting the teachers engaged and the "favored few," regard as an outrage, namely, the maintenance of public high-schools to the detriment of the primary, and for the benefit of three per cent. of our children attending public schools, ninety-seven per cent. never going beyond the primary. Nevertheless, their parents must share the taxes imposed for the support of high-schools that are patronized chiefly by those who are able to pay, and who ought to be compelled to pay, if they wish their sons and daughters to enjoy a high-school education. It is a vexed question, but those who look ahead see danger in the methods that go far beyond the original common-school purpose, in trying to train a large number of boys and girls beyond their just capacity or fitness, till a very swarm of half-made doctors, embryo lawyers, and other "professional" failures is spread over the land. In the meantime, the true dignity of manual labor and the mechanical arts is ignored; a great many poor specimens are sent adrift through the "professional" and "business" craze, who might have made a decent success as modest and useful mechanics.

The North American Review for September contains several articles to which we call special attention:—Bishop

Spalding on the A. P. A's, and William S. Walsh on the conceited sex. The latter is pungent, sarcastic, and sweepingly severe, but justly we think, on our amiable friends, the "women's-righters." "The Development of Aërial Navigation" is ably discussed by Hiram Maxim, who recounts his own experiments in an interesting way, that holds out the promise that some day, in the near future, we shall enjoy a sail through the air. *McClure's Magazine* for September also discusses the question, in an article that has added value for the general reader, because of clear and copious illustrations.

The Century for September publishes the first installment of Aubrey de Vere's "Recollections." These go back to the days of the "Liberator." O'Connell's picture is reproduced in connection with the paper. "School Excursions in Germany" and "Play-Grounds for City Schools" are both good articles. *The Century* for this month is altogether a fine number.

That the tendency of modern industrialism is not to make the rich ever richer, and the poor ever poorer, and to crush out the middle classes, but rather to make the rich more numerous, though slightly poorer, to multiply the middle class far faster than the rich, and to lift the masses of the people further and further above poverty, is the contention of Mr. W. H. Mallock in an article entitled "The Significance of Modern Poverty," published in the September *North American Review*. He justly distinguishes between the number of the poor and the rate of pauperism. His argument is clear, and his conclusions hopeful. He cuts the ground from under the feet of the "economic impressionists" who are continually clamoring that our present industrial system is *absolutely* wrong. It is not perfect, nor are the rapacious among the rich willing to amend it; but it is a senseless cry that indiscriminately condemns the many good features of our modern industrial system, which has brought comfort and prosperity to the homes of millions of diligent and sober workingmen. The growth of this spirit of diligence and sobriety, among a certain class, would better serve them than listening to the utterances of professional demagogues, who have a knack of juggling figures and making them lie. The chief gainers in the socialistic campaigning for the abolition of poverty are these professional

"orators" and "economic writers," who generally make a great success of abolishing their own poverty. Mr. Mallock's article ought to dispel some popular illusions.

McClure's Magazine for September is an exceptionally interesting number. "Foods in the Year 2,000;" "Are Composite Photographs Typical Pictures?" and "The Flying Man," are articles of practical and popular value. The last named is a timely coincidence in connection with that of the *North American Review*.

The Eclectic Magazine for September covers a wide field. A dozen of the English reviews are represented in well-chosen articles. "The King, the Pope, and Crispi," by the Reverend H. P. Haweis, from the *Fortnightly Review*, is a good illustration of a writer trying to be historical and judicial while holding a brief for a client whose cause is doomed for reasons that the advocate does not comprehend. It is painful to witness the efforts of men trying to settle the "Roman question" without God.

Under the title "Paddles and Politics," Poultney Bigelow contributes an article to the September *Pall Mall Magazine*, the main purpose of which is to describe a trip on the Moldau River in Bohemia. Having arrived at Prague, he observed a special statue of St. John Nepomucene, venerated by the Church as a martyr to the seal of the confessional. With that glibness which marks the magazine "historian," and with that flippancy which disdains even an attempt at proof, Mr. Bigelow writes that "the story (of St. John Nepomucene) was invented and vigorously circulated by the Jesuits, not merely to make the confessional popular, but to efface, so far as possible, the memory of Bohemia's great reformer, John Huss, who was burned at the stake for protesting against papal abuses." Further on he indulges in some inane remarks about John Nepomucene "invented" for the people. We shall let Mr. Bigelow's bigotry pass, but we desire to recall a few points of genuine history, not the "history" that magazine scribblers write. Twenty years before the death of Huss, St. John had gone to his reward. He was in veneration among the people more than one hundred and fifty years before the rise of the Jesuits. Among the most ruthless, though unsuccessful invaders of the Saint's honored tomb, were the Hussites.

from whose disorders for more than one hundred years the kingdom suffered. If by these marauders, Mr. Bigelow means the people of Bohemia, we can only pity such ignorance, while we hold his bigotry in contempt. It is sad that so many well-meaning people are exposed to the poison of "magazine history."

A writer in *The Independent*, September 6, discusses at considerable length, the question of religious instruction in the public schools of France. The system of non-religious morality (whatever that means) is praised, as an invention of Jules Ferry and Paul Bert ought to be praised by those who believe that there can be morality without religion, and that duties to God are to be taught, only inasmuch as they are expressed in reason and conscience! God help the little ones trained in this way. The *Independent* writer admits that both Catholics and Protestants repudiate this system, but pleads that it is too early to pronounce judgment on its merits, that we must wait for the rising generation of French men and French women. In the April number of *THE ROSARY*, the present year, we called attention to the "startling and mournful fact that both crimes and suicides have been steadily increasing in France during the very years in which education has been advancing with such rapid strides." A large proportion of criminals and suicides, 17 per cent. of the former, and 10 per cent. of the latter, is found to have been of youths under twenty-one years of age. "We must make education more Christian." This is the cry that should be heard in the land. Away with non-religious morality!

"Industrial Problems in the Light of History" is an able article, contributed by Edward Atkinson to the September *Forum*. One point deserves special praise. He denounces our modern "commerce destroyers," a disgraceful and barbarous feature of war, which ignores a vital principle that commerce is not aggressive, and that nations are interdependent for the necessities of life. Other interesting and valuable articles on the labor question, are Judge Cooley's "Lessons of Recent Civil Disorders"; "The Profit-Sharing Labor Unions of Antwerp"; "How to Bring Work and Workers Together." In the same number "The Results of the Parliament of Religions," by the Chairman of the Parliament, the Reverend J. H. Barrows; "Macaulay's Place in Literature," by

Frederic Harrison; and "Home-Life in India: Child-Marriage and Widows," are very pleasant reading. The last named is by a native of India. It might be unkind to criticise too sharply his references to America and to religion in this country; but we may justly say that he has gone into magazine print prematurely. He is not qualified to discuss the influence of religion in the United States, nor do facts lead him to the sweeping conclusion that we are materially progressive because we ignore religion in business. If this Indian gentleman's reflections carried any weight or were of importance, we could understand why the *Forum* publishes them; but considering the case as it is, we think that the editor should have suggested a little pruning. Mr. Purushotam Rao Felang's article would have been more valuable had he confined himself to his Indian "last."

"The Discomforts of Luxury: a Speculation," is a capital piece of writing in the "Contributor's Club" of *The Atlantic Monthly* for September. In the article on "The Religion of Gotama Buddha," in the same number, we were surprised to find the statement that Gotama Buddha was enrolled as a saint in the Calendar of the Roman Catholic Church. The writer adds, "I believe the date and circumstances of his canonization are not historically traceable." If Mr. Davies or the editor of *The Atlantic* can reconcile such statements with each other, or with facts, we shall be glad to see the performance. Buddha as a saint of the Catholic Church is a bit of "history" worthy of the "Pope Joan" affair. The readers of *The Atlantic* ought not to be treated to a specimen of writing that savors of the style of a Western A. P. A. journal.

It may seem incredible; to most people of ordinary intelligence it will seem incredible, but the following paragraph was published in *The Christian Intelligencer*, New York, September 12, 1894:

"Father Petroni, a young Italian priest at Florence, has recently seceded to the Protestant Church. His conversion from Catholicism took place under singular circumstances. A sick man in his parish called him in to receive his confession, and, among other sins, confessed having a forbidden book in his house. He delivered it up to Father Petroni. It was a Bible, and the perusal of the book, thus curiously obtained, opened the priest's eyes to the unscriptural character of his papal creed."

And this in the waning years of the nineteenth century, and from an *intelligencer*! None so blind as those who will not see!

The Irish Monthly for September publishes the first part of what promises to be a worthy tribute to Mother Drane. The Reverend Doctor Kolbe, in the same number, gives "A New Analysis of the *In Memoriam*." In the course of his excellent essay, this writer speaks warmly of the work of the late Brother Azarias in a like vein. Father Kolbe's "Analysis" will interest even familiar students of Tennyson; it will be of special value to beginners.

Il Rosario Memorie Domenicane, for the first Sunday of September, announces the appointment to the chair of Philosophy, in the University of Amsterdam, of Father Vincent de Groot, O. P., the author of "Summa Apologetica de Ecclesia Catholica," recently noticed in THE ROSARY.

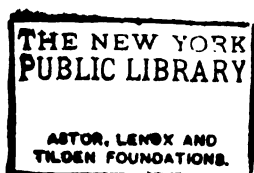
The Churchman, September 15th, lays the lash of just indignation and scorn on the backs of the contemptible A. P. A's. In the course of a manly and Christian editorial. *The Churchman* speaks approvingly of the efforts of *The Western Watchman* to pillory the members of this infamous organization. Referring to the article in the *North American Review*, by Bishop Spalding, *The Churchman* happily says: "If A. P. A-ism is cap-

able of doing any good at all, even indirectly, it may be credited with being the occasion of calling forth a noble protest of indignant patriotism from such a man as Bishop Spalding." How sincere a pleasure it is to note, and approvingly to proclaim, such evidence of a true Christian spirit!

The editor of *The Annals of St. Joseph*, Father Durin of West De Pere, Wisconsin, is vigorously prosecuting his pious and beautiful project of a Eucharistic Convention. Many thousand names have been signed to the petition, which, we understand, is in the hands of Cardinal Gibbons, who will present it for the consideration of the Archbishops at their annual meeting, this month. We commend to our readers this worthy and devout work. None should be warmer, in their love for our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist, than the children of our Lady of the Rosary. The recent Eucharistic Congress held at Notre Dame, Indiana, was composed of bishops and priests. Father Durin wishes to spread the divine fire among the laity. Assuredly his is a loving cause. His little magazine specially aims to promote devotion to St. Joseph, and therefore, THE ROSARY is glad to wish it God-speed.

THE cable has brought word that our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has issued another encyclical on the Rosary, in the course of which he refers in a particular manner to Lourdes, and to the calumnies of the wretched book by Zola. As the text is not available for us before going to press, we trust that it will be in the hands of our people before the opening of the October devotions. The following extract from a former encyclical of Leo XIII., will be applicable in our present condition:

"Our need of divine help is as great to-day as when St. Dominic introduced the use of the Rosary of Mary as a balm for the wounds of his contemporaries. That great saint indeed, divinely enlightened, perceived that no remedy would be better adapted to the evils of his time than that men should return to Christ, who 'is the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' by frequent meditation on the salvation obtained for us by Him, and should seek the intercession with God of that Virgin to whom it is given to destroy all heresies. He, therefore, so composed the Rosary as to recall the mysteries of our salvation in succession, and the subject of meditation is mingled, and, as it were, interlaced with the angelic salutation, and with the prayer addressed to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. We who seek a remedy for similar evils do not doubt, therefore, that the prayer introduced by that most blessed man, with so much advantage to the Catholic world, will have the greatest effect in removing the calamities of our times also. Not only do we earnestly exhort all Christians to give themselves to the recital of the pious devotion of the Rosary, publicly, or privately in their own houses and families, and that unceasingly, but we also desire that the whole month of October in this year should be consecrated to the Holy Queen of the Rosary."—*Leo XIII.*





THE CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
(*After Raphael.*)



VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

No. 1.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

A STUDENT residing in the city of New York ought to be not only a good student, but also a healthy, happy, and grateful mortal. In the Old World there are cities that may justly claim to be even more beautiful than our beautiful Manhattan; but in the New World not one dare venture such a claim. Nowhere else, in the Old World, or in the New, are the streets as well paved or as cleanly. Nowhere is the sewerage better, or the water as plentiful, sweet, and wholesome. Nowhere are the dwellings as comfortable, the shops as attractive, the restaurants as well served. Within an hour, or two at the most, a student seeking change of scene or recreation may enjoy the one and the other on our own coast, or on the Jersey coast, or upon the Sound, or the Great South Bay; or among the delightful Orange, or Pocantico, or Connecticut hills. The pedestrian, the bicyclist, the equestrian, the driver, find good roads, charming scenery, and agreeable fare, along either bank of the Hudson, the Harlem, or the Bronx. And where can the stroller so completely satisfy the eye, or distract the mind, as by the Riverside, or on the Morningside, or in our spacious and picturesque parks! As for Neapolitan skies and Venetian moons,—go to! go to!

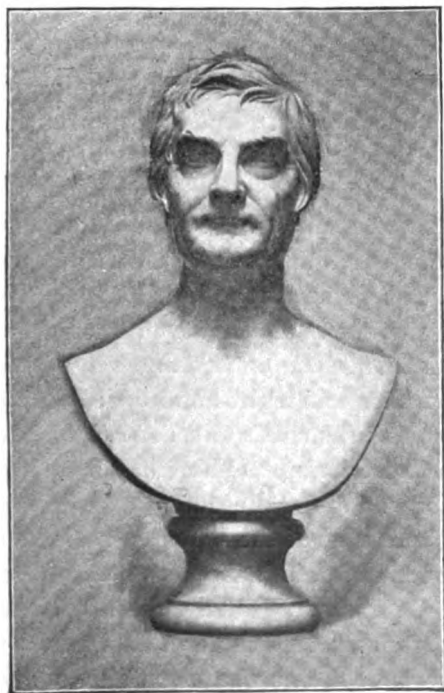
Now and then, Health, Comfort, and Beauty meet by chance in a suburban town or village; but wisely they retain a perman-

ent residence in Gotham, where they can at all seasons, delight in the company of Peace, Security, the Graces and the Muses. Here Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Music, abide in splendid palaces, and vie one with another in generous hospitality. History, Poetry, Fiction, the Sciences, Philosophy, and Theology often club together. and thus, under the same roof, one may pass the day with a learned friend, or an hour with a more or less thoughtful, imaginative, or witty companion. Frequently, the satisfied, though unfortunate, denizens of nice little cities or towns, convince themselves that Nature designed that a Summer School should find a home in a proximate section where a speculation in salt meadows or stone-crop lots would not be unprofitable. If Nature support the claims of the promoters, their claims are not against Nature. Still the claimants should never forget that on this continent there is one—and but one—site, on which Nature, Commerce, Science, the Arts, and Intellect have combined to establish a perpetual Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter School, whose doors shall ever be open to earnest students. This site is bounded only by the limits of the great City of New York. There a Summer School course of three months will benefit the student; a twelve months' course will be more helpful. To those who are desirous of knowing something fairly well, a life-course is recommended. Those who take the life-course will live several more lives than one can possibly live elsewhere. Life, in New York, is worth living.

A New York student, I said, should be not only good, healthy, and happy, but also grateful. The reasons why he should be grateful are many; though, here, I shall offer no more than one reason. It is for, and to, those "clubs" which unite under one roof, the theologians, philosophers, poets, dramatists, rhetoricians, writers of fiction, essayists, economists, humorists, and biographers, that a student especially owes gratitude. You have guessed that these cosmopolitan "clubs" are our libraries. Neither the Union, nor the Millionaires', nor the Century Club is half as clubable as the public library; for in the social club one can meet only living and partly alive men, while in the library one may associate freely, on any day other than Sunday, with the living, the dying, and the dead. A day in Elysium! Even the

Millionaires' Club will not guarantee its members one such day in the year. And why? Because the Elysian initiation fee is payable in a medium less common than cash. In the social club, a member is precluded from determining who shall be his associates; but in the library every man chooses his own company. There neither clique nor crowd control; there the most radically democratic student may share in the glorious independence of an autocrat.

Though many of our libraries are not public, all of them will admit a student and place in his hands any book that may serve him. The librarians of the Society Library, or of the Mercantile Library, or of the Historical Society, will be as attentive and affable as those of Columbia College, or the Lenox, or the Astor. A student who spends three months at least, in New York, acquires an air of distinction so marked that no librarian can fail to recognize it; while students who are natives and residents of the city are assured of receiving the most polite attention, not only at home, but abroad also.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR I.

However valuable the collections of the Historical, the Lenox, and Columbia, it is in the Astor Library that the inquiring scholar first seeks assistance. The spacious reading-halls are no less inviting than the cosy alcoves. Peace with dignity, seems to have been the motto of the founders, who, by the way, receive less credit than they deserve. Years before his death, John Jacob Astor (the first) made a provision in his will for the founding of a public library, bequeathing, therefore, the sum of four hun-

dred thousand dollars. He died March 9th, 1848; the Library was incorporated in January, 1849, and the first building, South Hall, as it is now called, was opened on January 9th, 1854. William B. Astor, the only son of the founder, surpassed his father as a benefactor of the Library, and of the city. Serving as a trustee, he frequently loaned and donated considerable sums for the purchase of books and for improvements in South Hall. A new building, now known as Middle Hall, and erected wholly at his expense, was thrown open to the public in September, 1859. John Jacob Astor (the second), the elder son of William B., was no less devoted a friend of the Library than his father had been; indeed, the donations of the second John Jacob almost equalled the combined gifts of his father and grandfather. W. W. Astor, the elder son of the second John Jacob, perhaps from motives of prudence, has not shown a constant, personal interest in the Library, like his father and grandfather. Still he has not wholly broken with the traditions of the elder branch of the family, and it is to his generosity that we are indebted for the paintings—worth some 70,000 dollars,—that hang on the walls of the Trustees' room. With one exception, the junior branch of the Astor family has contributed nothing to the Library. The exception was William Astor, brother of the second John Jacob. William bequeathed fifty thousand dollars to the Maintenance Fund.

North Hall, opened in 1882, was a donation of the second John Jacob, a grandson of the founder. The sums contributed by William B. Astor, and by his son, John Jacob, added to the bequest of the first John Jacob, amount to about one million eight hundred thousand dollars; of which five hundred and fifty thousand dollars came from William B., and eight hundred thousand dollars, or more, from his son, John Jacob the second. Of the whole sum donated by these three, about one-half has been expended on the site and buildings, and for the purchase and cataloguing of books and the maintenance of the library. Nine hundred thousand dollars have been invested in bonds and mortgages, and in other securities. Of this sum, by a thoughtful provision of the second John Jacob, four hundred thousand dollars have been set aside as an endowment for the purchase of books.

From these various endowments of the elder branch of the Astor

family, the income received during the year 1893 amounted to about 43,900 dollars; of which 24,140 dollars were expended for the maintenance of the library, and 14,769 dollars for books, periodicals, and binding. Occasionally the managers have been criticized. After a careful reading of the Report of the Trustees, for the year 1893, it will be apparent that the Trustees have more to contend with than the critics can be aware of. Since the establishment of the Library, the financial administration of the Astor trusts has been uniformly careful. The bequests and donations of the founders have been increased more than two hundred thousand dollars, through a prudent handling of the income. Of these savings, the greater portion has been applied to the purchase and cataloguing of books. Of the total annual expenditure for maintenance, the salary account is but 17,186 dollars. Besides the superintendent, there are four librarians, four assistant librarians, and two junior assistants, a janitor, an engineer, a porter, and eight messengers. Whoever has the slightest conception of the labor required in administering a library of the size of the Astor, will acknowledge that no one of the twenty-two connected with the administration has a sinecure, or receives more pay than he is entitled to. Indeed, I am inclined to question whether the librarians or their assistants could make both ends meet if they did not add to their modest incomes by literary work of one sort or another. If the critics of the Library would join in contributing or collecting one or two hundred thousand dollars, to be added to the Maintenance Fund, they would probably receive the thanks of the staff of the library, as they would certainly deserve the thanks of the public. Being less hampered for means to carry out their trust, the Trustees might welcome criticism, or even set aside a little fund for the encouragement of critics.

Two hundred and sixty thousand volumes, and more than one hundred thousand pamphlets, are subject to the call of a reader in the Astor Library. Ordinarily the word pamphlet conveys the idea of a few wired pages, a paper cover, and an ephemeral subject. In the library dictionary the word has no such meaning, but is applied to all books less than one hundred pages in length. Were it not for our desire to be exact, we would have said that three hundred and sixty thousand volumes were at a reader's call.

Within the last twelve years about sixty thousand volumes have been added to the collection. During this period, however, the annual increase in the number of books has not been regular. Last year, about seven thousand volumes were placed on the shelves, and during 1894 the accessions will number ten thousand volumes at least; eight thousand volumes having been acquired since May. Evidently the Trustees have not been for-



WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

getful of our students. Nor will students forget, or fail to regret, that the more their needs are considered, the more laborious will be the work of the librarians, and of their assistants, whose salaries are likely to be lessened rather than increased, if the Maintenance Fund is not considerably enlarged.

One of the original Trustees of the Astor Library, and its first President, was the cultivated and witty Washington Irving.

Elected President on February 14th, 1849, the biographer of Columbus held the office until his death, in 1859. Under him the foundations of the great Library were laid ; and whoever examines them must give him credit for his more than good work. Fitz-Greene Hallock was also a member of the first Board of Trustees. None of his or of Irving's contemporaries are now on the Board. Dr Thomas M. Markoe, the *doyen* of the Board, and the present President, has been connected with the Library since 1863. Next to him, in years of service, comes Professor Henry Drisler, LL. D., of Columbia College, the Secretary of the Board, who was elected in 1876; and Mr. John L. Cadwallader, who has held a trusteeship since 1879. The Treasurer of the Board is Mr. Edward King, so favorably known in the world of finance. The associates of these gentlemen, in the management of the Astor trust, are Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer Cruger, Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Mr. Stephen H. Olin, and Mr. Charles H. Russell.

Many visitors mount the broad and tall stairway of Middle Hall, turn to the right or left, and, with more or less interest, scan the rare manuscripts and early printed books exposed in the cases. Crossing to South Hall, and re-crossing to North Hall, surveying the absorbed readers, in and out of the alcoves, and the books that crowd shelf upon shelf and gallery upon gallery, some visitors are pleased to think they have seen the Astor Library; but they have not. And even if they had: seeing is not knowing.

To see the Library knowingly, one must understand the system of classification. An imaginary line drawn through the centre of Middle Hall separates the Library into two great divisions. South of this centre line is the Science and Art department; north of the centre line, the department of Philosophy and History. Under the general term "Art", all the arts and the belles-lettres are included; under "Science", all the natural sciences; under "Philosophy" are grouped Theology, Ecclesiastical History, Jurisprudence, Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, Education, Social and Political Economy, Finance, Statistics, Commerce and Navigation.

Nowhere in the United States can a student of art, what-

ever his specialty, find a collection of books at all comparable with that of the Astor Library. The country is chock-full of scribblers and talkers about art. One day in the southernmost galleries of South Hall might paralyze the right hand of some of the scribblers, or the vocal chords of some of the talkers. To managers of kindergartens, trustees of school-boards, editors of pedagogical magazines, organizers of teachers' congresses or of reading circles, this hint may be as helpful as it is gratuitous. The length of art can be estimated, if not measured, by the tyro who will merely look at the titles of the books that fill the shelves of South Hall. And even the expert in the history of painting or of sculpture, or in the history and technic of the graphic arts,—line engraving, mezzotint, aquatint, etching, wood cutting, lithography—or of ceramics, may here add to his knowledge. The selection of works on architecture is also large and remarkably good; and the archæological collection is no less notable. It is questionable whether, if we except the national libraries of London, Paris, and Berlin, any European library possesses a more comprehensive collection of works on Egyptology; and in the sections devoted to Assyriology, and to Biblical Archæology, few desirable volumes will be missed. To students of music the Library has been made especially useful, during the past five years, by the acquisition of complete scores of the works of the great composers.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR II.

Lovers of literature, whether gourmands or gourmets, can sat-

isfy their appetites or their tastes at the tables and side-boards of the same South Hall, where the supply of meats and of dainties, Classical, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, British, and American, is inexhaustible. Out of consideration for the palates and nostrils of cultivated folk, as well as from motives of hygiene, that unpleasant dish of hash, the "modern" novel, is excluded from the Astor *ménu*. If it were served less frequently at the *table d'hôte* of the circulating library, we should have fewer fatal cases of mental and moral dyspepsia.

I have given the titles of some of the divisions and subdivisions of the department of "Philosophy." Were I to note those of "Science," the catalogue would be even longer. Suffice it to say that every branch of science, however rapid its development, has been fairly treated by the managers of the Astor Library, and that, as a natural consequence, students find there unequalled opportunities for the pursuit of any, as of every science. "History," like "Literature," is classified by country and period, and while there are wants on the shelves of the "History" section, the foundation is invaluable, and the recent additions give promise of a collection that will permit our historical writers to control their authorities more effectively than was customary, or perhaps possible, in the past.

A bibliophile could easily fill a volume of moderate size with readable notes on the rare books or editions in the Astor Library. On the shelves there are incunabula quite as interesting as those in the cases in Middle Hall; Manuscripts, rubricated, and ornamented with miniatures, whose art is out of the common; bibles printed before Luther manufactured his; Columbiana as old as Columbus; and *éditions de luxe* of literary and art works that are, and always will be, a delight to the trained eye. And yet it is well to remember that the Astor is not a bibliophile's library any more than it is a "popular" library, or a college library. A people's library it should be, according to the founder,—a library for people who are learned, or who are studying with the hope of becoming learned; not a mere reading-room for stragglers or dreamers; not a library merely for young men or women who are at school to be lectured; but a "reference" library, where those who have completed the preparatory studies can consult all

PROPRIMUM

SANCTORUM

A FESTO

SANCTI ANDREÆ

AD FESTUM

SS PHILIPPI ET JACOBI

EXCLUSIVE



89



IN FESTO

S. ANDREÆ

AD VESPERAS



Nus ex duobus

qui secuti sunt

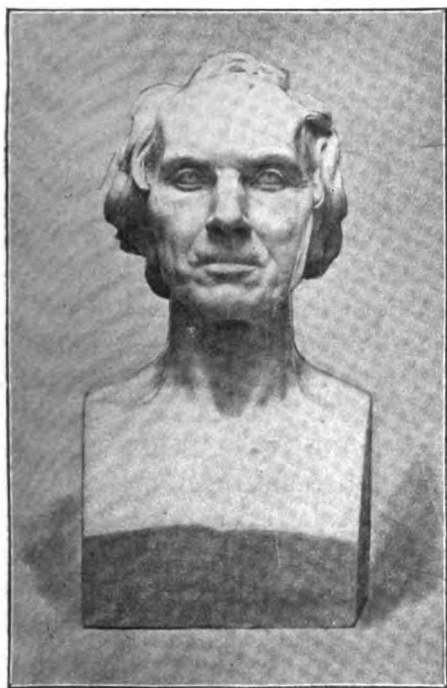
Dominum, erat Andreas

frater Simonis Petri, alleluia.

90

the recognized authorities on every subject that may fitly be classed under the general headings of: the Arts, Science, Philosophy, and History.

Long before South Hall was built, the Trustees had begun to gather books; and when the Hall was opened in 1854, the Trustees had every reason to be pleased with themselves, and with Mr. J. G. Cogswell, the first Superintendent of the Astor Library, who had spent several years in Europe gleaning among old books and



J. G. COGSWELL.

new. The political disturbances of 1848, and of the years immediately following, were the cause of many treasures being thrown on the market, and it is apparent that Mr. Cogswell's eyes were at least as open as the Trustees' purse. Owing to their zeal, and to the Superintendent's rare judgment, the literary foundations of the Astor Library were constructed out of the most substantial material,—material that cannot be duplicated to-day at any cost. Whoever recalls that forty years have passed since the opening of South Hall, will safely conclude that the collection made

before 1854 is not the only portion of the Library beyond competition. New libraries, however ambitious, cannot annihilate time, or time's work.

Mr. Robbins Little, the present Superintendent, who is also a member of the Board of Trustees, has been in office for seventeen years, during which time the Library has grown quietly, steadily, and solidly. Associated with him in the direction are four librarians—Mr. Frederick Saunders, not unknown as an author,

who by reason of his years of service is deservedly entitled the senior librarian, and who is charged with the business affairs and accounts of the institution; Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregaard, the custodian of the Library, who receives and classifies all the books, and has general charge of the collection; Mr. Oscar A. Bierstadt, who controls the delivery of the books in the reading-rooms, and for whose considerate and untiring attention so many readers have been thankful; and a Cataloguer, whose place is now vacant. Few of those who use the Library are aware of the material changes daily effected in one or more of the galleries. Seven years ago, Mr. Bjerregaard, the custodian, was charged with the re-classification of the books. Re-classification meant re-arrangement, of course; and the re-arrangement of a quarter of a million volumes is no slight task. Proceeding as it has done, the re-classification of the Library will require three years longer; and no sooner has it been completed than a revision will be necessary. Mr. Bjerregaard's qualifications for the work he has so thoroughly performed, are apparent from the work itself. He comes from a family of scholars. His father was President of Fredericia College, Jutland, Denmark; there the custodian of the Astor Library graduated, and there also he held a professor's chair. The following extract, from the Report of Superintendent Robbins Little, for the year 1894, referring to the re-classification, emphasizes what we have already said about the care with which the Trustees are compelled to husband the Maintenance Fund: "It should be remembered that this general re-arrangement, though not a part of the ordinary working of the Library, but on the contrary, a serious interference with it, has not been done once for all with a temporary force, but by the degrees, with such assistance as can be lent from time to time to that branch of the regular staff having charge of the entry and classification of new books, and the general order and security of the collection." The critics have a temporary force which they can use all at once. If they would give seven days to examining the seven years' re-classification, they might be less exacting.

In the Report of the Trustees for the year 1893, there is a "Table showing the number of readers, and books read in the reading-rooms," and a "Table showing the number of alcove read-

ers, and the character of their studies," as well as a "Table showing the number and character of the accessions to the Library." If these tables were based on the present system of classification, they would be more serviceable to those who are not on the Board of Trustees, and one could follow closely the pursuits of the students who frequent the Astor Library. As it is, the readers are grouped under such vague headings as: "Chemistry and Physics;" "Commerce, Manufactures and Useful Arts;" "Natural History;" "Metaphysics, Political and Social Economy;" "Theology, and Ecclesiastical History;" "Mythology, Inscriptions, Numismatics, and Universal and Ancient History;" "History, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese." What "Natural History" includes, one may guess; but who can discover a relationship between Metaphysics and Political and Social Economy? The science of Theology is quite independent of Ecclesiastical History. Of course a student of Universal History might as well take in Numismatics; but one could—and many do—read up on Mythology without consulting inscriptions. However, we gather from the "Tables" certain statistics that prove how useful the Astor Library is.

During the year 1893, the readers in the alcoves and reading-rooms numbered 64,354. To the 60,947 readers who did not enter the alcoves, 210,376 volumes were supplied. No record is kept of the number of volumes used by those who are admitted to the alcoves; but, making a reasonable estimate, we may fairly assume that the total number of volumes drawn from the shelves was at least 250,000. In the reading-rooms, Literature is the more popular study, the demand for the year amounting to 50,302 volumes. British literature holds the first place, with 16,314 vols.; American literature the second, with 9,889 vols.; French the third place, with 7,715 vols. Next in order come the Classics, with 6,005 vols., and German literature with 3,523 vols. After Literature, the demand runs to History, and amounted, in 1893, to 39,413 vols. American history heads the list, with 23,637 vols. British history follows with 6,703 vols.; French next, with 4,985 vols., and then German with 1,119. Considering our large German population, and their attachment to the fatherland, and to its language; considering, also, the number of our young men who have made stud-

ies in Germany, and the influence long exerted by German thought and scholarship on this country, the slight demand for works dealing with German, as compared with French literature and history, is remarkable.

Twenty-eight thousand, seven hundred and forty-one volumes on scientific subjects were delivered in the reading-rooms, as against 16,071 on subjects connected with the arts. Of the arts, Music was the least cultivated, though as many as 1,995 vols. were drawn. Architecture attracted many more readers, the volumes distributed numbering 2,946; but Painting, Sculpture, and Archæology held the lead, easily, with 11,130 vols. The record of "Theology and Ecclesiastical History" is good: 6,680 vols.; while that of "Domestic Economy," 388 vols., is most unpromising, all the more so that "Magic and Witchcraft" reached a total of 341. The branches of knowledge least affected by those who seek light in the Astor Library, are "language and rhetoric,"—151 vols. Probably owing to the admirable methods of our colleges and universities, language and rhetoric are so completely mastered at an early age, that only strangers, or self-made New Yorkers, deem it needful to study language or rhetoric, after sixteen.

It may be assumed that, in general, those who use the alcoves, whether students, teachers, writers, or dilettanti, do more serious work than those who sit at the reading-room desks; and, therefore, a glance at the "Table of alcove readers" may help to a better acquaintance with those who "club" at the Astor. The list of admissions tells this story: The Arts have more votaries than their staid sisters and brothers. Of the 3,407 readers in the alcoves, 823, almost a fourth, followed art studies; 51 giving their time to architecture, 21 to music, and 751 to painting, sculpture, and archæology. In accordance with the system followed in the "Tables," I retain archæology alongside of painting and sculpture; and yet I shall venture saying that not one per cent. of the 751 readers put under this heading were engaged in archæological studies in connection with the arts of painting and sculpture, or architecture, or music. Pursuing scientific studies, 646 frequented the alcoves; 542 were occupied with historical, and 365 with purely literary subjects. Theology and ecclesiastical history stand well on the list, with a credit of 232, while commerce, manu-

factures, and useful arts, with 137, lead philology and linguistics by no more than eight points.

Under "American History," the "Table of alcove readers" notes admissions to the number of 324, as compared with 147 under British history, 31 under French, 21 under Dutch, and 1 under German. From these figures, and from those reported in the reading-rooms, one might argue that a new school of research in American history was at work. Unfortunately this is not the case. The greater number of those who call for works on American history have no more than a personal interest in a page or a volume. They are trying to convince themselves of the antiquity or reputability of the Allens, or the Vandams. Then there are many writers for newspapers and magazines, who, in order to prepare themselves for an article on political or social affairs, refer to the very large collection of journals preserved in the Library; a collection which is now classified under "History." Really, American history counts very few serious students among those who are credited to it in the Tables.

In Literature, 52 of the alcove readers had the wisdom and good taste to choose their models among American authors; 129 consorted with British authors, 50 confined themselves to French, and 39 to German writers, and 21 communed with the Classics. Here again we remark, in History and in Literature, that our students take more kindly to French than to German.

The sixty-four thousand and odd readers with whom I credited the Library during 1893, are not the only ones that utilized the collections. Purposely I omitted one department, that of Patents, a specialty of the Library which is classified under "Science." The importance of the department of Patents can be judged from the admissions to the alcoves for the purpose of consulting the patent reports. These admissions numbered, last year, 4,644. Adding these to the figures already given, it will be found that the total number of readers who were benefited in 1893, by the endowments of John Jacob Astor, and of the senior branch of his descendants, amounted to 68,998. And estimating the number of volumes consulted in the department of patents, we can hardly exaggerate when saying that 300,000 volumes were, within one year, transferred from the shelves of the Library to the readers' desks.

I suggested that there were "wants" on the Library shelves. A Catholic would note more than one, not only in "Theology and Ecclesiastical History," or in plain "History," but also in "Science," and in "Literature." However, in time, all these "wants" will be filled; or if not, it will be on account of the deficiency, or the inexperience, of Catholic students. The administration of the Astor Library invites those who fail to find important works in the catalogues, to send the full title and a description to the Superintendent. The books may not be on the shelves a month later, but they will be ordered in due time. In a library like the Astor, books are not purchased every day. The various departments are considered; selections are made reflectingly by the Superintendent, and then passed upon by the Trustees. Call for a useful book, if it is not catalogued! It may come too late to serve your purpose; but not too late to serve those who will need it later. And here let me give another hint to the inexperienced. A book may not be in the catalogue, and yet may be in the Library. This is true, especially, in the case of voluminous publications that are not completed for several years. Such publications cannot be rightly catalogued or bound, as one volume or another appears; but each volume is none the less subject to the call of a student. A good rule, then, in the Library is: Not seeing in the catalogue what you are seeking, ask for it!

I return to the subject of scholarly Catholic works. Probably there is not a single Catholic connected with the Library. Under the circumstances it would be unfair to expect that the administration should have a close acquaintance with Catholic works. Indeed, how could they form an intelligent opinion of the intrinsic value of a Catholic work on Theology, or even on History! The demand for a book can be their only guide. A recent experience in the Library will serve as an illustration. Beside me stood a gentleman who asked a librarian for a book giving a Catholic statement of Catholic doctrine. I ventured to suggest that the "Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, would probably serve the purpose of the applicant,—who proved to be a Methodist minister. The book was not in the Library, though a later volume by the Cardinal was there. Expressing surprise that the famous volume was lacking, I was told that they had no demand for it. Demand will bring a supply.

This experience confirmed me in a view that I have long held. It seems to me that if Catholic writers, instead of lavishly distributing volumes to newspapers and magazines, were to present copies of their books to the prominent public libraries, the writers would serve themselves and others more than they have done heretofore. Being catalogued in a Library catalogue is not altogether the same as being catalogued in what a Catholic publisher still calls a Catalogue; but, to the coming historian of Catholic literature in the United States, I dare say, the one catalogue will be at least as useful as the other.

A writer, whatever his subject, must have access to the current periodicals as well to standard works, otherwise he may miss material of real value. In the Astor Library he will find a good collection of these periodicals,—American, English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish; periodicals artistic, literary, historical, and scientific; periodicals weekly, monthly, bi-monthly, and quarterly.

Every year the Library receives from governments, institutions, and private persons, donations of books to the number of a thousand on the average. Since the foundation, no private library has been presented or bequeathed to the trustees. Evidences of public spirit are not too common among our citizens. As it is, the Library—buildings, books, and fixtures,—is the work of the senior Astors; and its current expenses and the additions to the collection are assured only by their endowments. The heirs of wealthy men who had a taste for things intellectual, frequently distribute rare private libraries through the auction room, estimating them meanly as mere marketable stuff. The honor that would always attach to the family name, were the collection preserved where it would serve public uses, is less esteemed, seemingly, here and now, than elsewhere it has been. Surely the day will come when the names of many of our more fortunate lovers of learning will be associated with that of the far-sighted Dutchman, whose ideas extended beyond the limits of the counting-room.

The Astor Library is a public library. Such was the expressed intention of its founder, and so its charter qualifies it. The Trustees hold a public trust. Annually they report to the Legislature. The Mayor of the City of New York is, *ex-officio*, a member of the Board of Trustees. Though, from the incorporation of the Library, it was customary to have an Astor on the Board, the present head of the family, W. W. Astor, has made an end of

the custom; thus establishing the public character of the trust, and relieving the administration from any charge or suspicion of pursuing a policy dictated by a descendent of the founder. The public, therefore, has a right to criticize where criticism is justified; and, as the best of men make mistakes occasionally, it is not improbable that the Trustees will, from time to time, deserve, receive, and accept judicious criticism. However, we may confi-



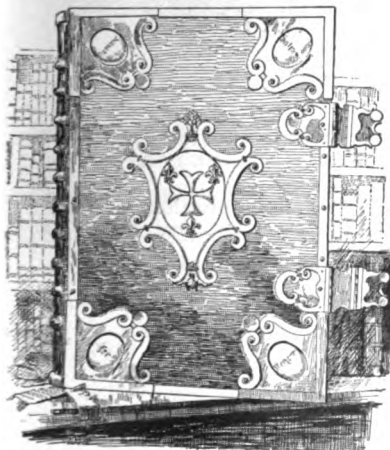
EXTERIOR VIEW OF ASTOR LIBRARY.

dently say, judging from the past, that they will also deserve and receive the thanks of increasing thousands, each twelve-month. What would, or could, a poor, or even a well-to-do student have done, for forty years back, without the Astor Library? In all public libraries there are drawbacks—a rude porter, it may be, or a tiresomely slow messenger, or an assistant who enforces regulations unintelligently,—but these are mere trifles, not worthy of consideration, when one recalls the advantages daily and freely

enjoyed. Having frequented the Library for more than thirty years, it is not the trifles I remember. Rather am I mindful of the many exceptional opportunities there afforded me, with hundreds of thousands of others. Few public or private resorts retain their hold on a man for thirty years.

Even socialistic students should join with their saner brethren in rejoicing that the first John Jacob Astor preferred being a millionaire landholder rather than a professional single-taxer. Thanks to his earned and unearned increments, New York students have facilities denied to others. Year by year, from the cash increment, an increment of books will accrue; and from this again, an increment of knowledge, of intellectual pleasure, of true politeness, and, unless the students fail in their duty,—of virtue. To the founders of the Astor Library, therefore, I repeat, not students alone, but all our citizens, should feel grateful, and should show their gratitude by just commendation; nor should they cease in making its collections known, or in encouraging lovers of learning to add to these collections, so that the Library may continue to be what it has been, and is, the first, the most scholarly public library in the United States.

In connection with this paper on the Astor Library we have procured an illustration of the famous Antiphonale, which is valued at \$10,000. The following description of this book is by one of the Librarians of the Astor, and is taken from an article on "Illustrated Manuscripts," which appeared in *The Literary Digest*, March 22, 1894:



THE ANTIPHONALE.—Showing the Binding.

"Leaving out of consideration the Oriental illuminated manuscripts, and coming down through the decadence of the art of illumination to the age of printing, we find illuminated

manuscripts becoming scarce. Few specimens are worth considering. Yet, after printing had become an established art, there are a few fine specimens. Among these we mention a marvelous "Antiphonale" in the Astor Library, New York City. It consists of 228 pages of stout vellum, and is 78 centimeters high and 56 wide—an extraordinary size. It contains 272 small and 53 large miniatures. The first miniature represents Christ in the Virgin's lap, just before His burial. It is a masterwork. The second page, which begins the music of the Even-Song for the Feast of the Nativity, has a magnificent border, on the top of which is a representation of the Shepherds at the Cradle. The drawing and color are worthy of Le Brun, to whom it in fact has been attributed, but it does not seem likely that he did the work. The date of the Antiphonale is 1696, and Le Brundied 1690. This manuscript was used in the coronation services of Charles of France. It has heavy brass ornaments on the cover, in which the Orleans lilies play a conspicuous part. On the front brass corners, once gilded, we read *Domine, salvum fac regem*. On those of the other side are the King's initials in interlaced letters. On the whole, the manuscript is unique, not only as regards size, but also in respect to the perfectness of the skin, the illuminated work, and the musical notation. Nowhere has the workman been allowed to abbreviate any music or sentence, a fault we often find in the old manuscripts. The greatest care has evidently been taken in the preparation of pigments. Our illustration shows the manuscript from the outside, and a richly illuminated page. All the lettering is in burnished gold, and the colors are as fresh to-day as if they were laid on only yesterday."

We regret that we could not secure good illustrations of the interior of the Astor Library building. An effort was made to photograph it, but the result, further than the views and portraits we present with Mr. Mooney's finished article, were not satisfactory.



Were not ten made clean? And where are the nine?—St. Luke xvii. 17.

THANKSGIVING.

In all things give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you all.—1. Thes. chap. xviii.

MORN and night our lips are pleading
For the bread our lives are needing,
And God's providence is feeding
Creatures of His hand each day.

Yet we take each priceless blessing
As though right thereto possessing,
With the ingrate lepers pressing
Thanklessly upon our way.

Hearts to higher life aspiring,
Plead for gifts their souls desiring,
God, in giving never tiring,
Grace bestows on all who pray.

Oh, the words of saint-like sages,
And the sacred scripture pages,
And the Church throughout the ages,
Teach all men glad thanks to pay.

Love Divine! we've read Thy yearning—
Newer fires are kindled, burning,
We, with grateful one returning,
At Thy feet thank-offerings lay.

THE CORONATION.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

WHAT means this joyous rustling of innumerable angelic pinions, this concert of thousands on thousands of harmonious voices, this melodious mingling of dulcet flutes, of sweetly piercing violas, of sounding cymbals and long drawn exultant trumpets, with the harp of ten strings? Is there a lifting of the tides of bliss in



MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Heaven, is there an increase of its eternal beatitudes? And who are these in their shining garments, whiter than the driven snow, mingling, as roses mingle in their fragrant hedge-rows, with the crimson-robed heroes and heroines who carry the palm branch of victory? A multitude without confusion, the voices as of many waters without their terror! There is no undertone save that of peace, and the exultation is full of serenity. Through the infinite spaces of that Heaven

which is above all the heavens, above the constellations that move on from cycle to cycle, above the worlds, each with its sun and its satellites, are coming, in troops that fall into procession with the swiftness of light, ecstatic in movement by the force of love and of gladness, angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and

Eliza Allen Starr was born on August 29, 1824. She was received into the Church in December, 1854. Her first volume was published in 1867. A venerable and lovable old lady, she is still vigorous in the cause of Catholic letters and art, despite her three-score years and ten. The readers of *THE ROSARY* will be pleased to see her gentle face reflected in these pages. The Editor hopes that the beautiful Rosary articles which Miss Starr has written, will enkindle in many hearts an artistic and an intelligently devotional spirit towards the Beads. With great pleasure we commend to our readers the following

evangelists, pontiffs, bishops, priests, martyrs, confessors, doctors, monks and hermits, cloistered nuns, veiled virgins, kings, queens, and the lowly workers in the vineyards, the highways and by-ways of suffering humanity—all attracted towards one radiant centre, and this the Beatific Vision Itself!

"Who is this," had sung the heavenly choristers, "that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved?" And now they see her who had come up "like the dawn gloriously rising, fair as the moon, radiant as the sun," seated beside Him who called the light out of darkness, before whom "the stars shine forth in cheerfulness as to Him that made them," and the Hand that fashioned all things is raised, not so much to place upon her head as to signify His will that it is to rest there, the crown destined from all eternity for the Mother of the Word made flesh and dwelling among men!

And this Mother, perfect in her humility as when she said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word," bends the head which had never, for one instant, bowed under the yoke of sin; crosses her hands adoringly on her bosom as when she knelt before her Babe on the floor of the stable in Bethlehem, giving herself altogether and eternally to that Son who is, indeed, "true God of true God, begotten not made, co-eternal with the Father," and yet as truly, Son of Mary ever Virgin! The humanity of the Redeemer, enthroned at the right hand of the eternal Father, His five wounds shining "celestial, rosy red," claims the humanity of His Mother, from which has been derived His own, to crown it everlastingly to the sight of angels and of men, as, necessarily, above all created beings, second only to the God-head itself? Wonderful sentences inclosing the

works by Miss Starr, copies of which can be obtained by addressing the author, St. Joseph's Cottage, 299 Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

- 1.—"Patron Saints," one volume, \$2.00. 2 vols. illustrated, \$8.00.
- 2.—"Pilgrims and Shrines," in various styles of binding, with or without illustrations, from \$2.00 to \$8.00.
- 3.—"Songs of a Life Time," with author's portrait. \$2.50.
- 4.—"Isabella of Castile," illustrated. \$1.50.
- 5.—"Christmas-Tide." 50 cents.
- 6.—Christian Art in our Own Age. 30 cents.
- 7.—What We See,—an illustrated book for the young. \$1.00.

mysteries of Incarnation, Redemption, and Glorification, into which "the angels desired to look;" to the comprehension of which they bring their magnificent intelligences, illumined by the beholding of the face of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, from the instant of their creation, absolutely unclouded by a shadow of sin, and yet declaring with the little child—"How can we comprehend? but, we adore!" It is to the consummation of these mysteries, never to be understood even by angels, that now come in resplendent choirs, the heavenly hierarchy with the redeemed of all nations and epochs, from Adam and Eve to the last baptized infant admitted to the Beatific Vision; come with their melodious canticles of praise, their felicitations and thanksgiving; while it is, also, to this triumphant song that we unite our voices on the Feast of All-Saints, of whom our Lady is the Queen.

Of the inspirations flowing out of this event in Heaven, to those who send their imaginations thitherward from earth, it is impossible to speak worthily. From Saint John, who describes our Lady as "crowned with twelve stars, the moon under her feet," through all those poetic ages when Saint Ephrem's songs breathed forth the very frankincense of praise, and Saint John of Damascus and Saint Bernard of Clairvaux would have exhausted, had it been possible, the fountains of eloquence which the Church has opened for her doctors, her poets, and her scholars, whenever Mary's name is mentioned, poesy has recognized the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin by her Son, as an act of poetic justice, necessitated for the honor of the Son as well as of the Mother. The imagery, withal, has been so vivid in all these ages, that the brush of the painter, like the pen of the theologian and the poet, could be dipped only in rainbows; above all, when, with the delicacy of the miniaturist, he touched in the parchment of the choir scrolls with the delightful compositions of a devout imagination. But what had been the treasure-trove of books of Antiphonals, was to come forth above the altars at the hands of the greatest masters of their several ages. In Santa Croce, where Giotto illustrated the life of Saint John Baptist, as well as of Saint Francis, the Baroncelli family secured an altar-piece for their chapel from Giotto, which has never been concealed, and which has always been declared one of his masterpieces, worthy to be referred

to as a proof of Giotto's *technique*, as well as of the vivacity of his narration; and this picture is a Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, with all the *grâce* of circumstance in which the poets themselves delighted, and with which they ecstasied their listeners.

In a blaze of glory, enthroned on clouds, is our Lord, in the very act of crowning the Mother at His side. Around them are the angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, principalities and powers and dominions. The joy of trumpets, the sweetness of cornets, all the music that escapes from stringed instruments, or stop or reed, fill the heavens with sounds of delight, while directly at the foot of the throne, kneeling angels not only play harps, but swing their censers. Towards this centre of glory, which might seem to mean enough to satisfy the hearts even of that fervid thirteenth century, multitudes on multitudes are pressing with that celestial ardor which is without impatience, since nothing is hidden from the eyes of the blessed. Throngs do not conceal the pomps of a heavenly ceremonial, for these spiritual bodies are no refractors, even, of the beams of the Triune Deity; and thus the same joy, the same satisfaction, lights up the countenances of those seemingly distant as those that are near. And this multitude, which no man can number, shows us, literally, of those who have "walked on earth and conversed with men," patriarchs and prophets, apostles and evangelists, pontiffs, bishops, priests, martyrs, confessors, doctors, monks and hermits, cloistered nuns, veiled virgins, kings, queens, saints of all conditions, all degrees, and, so far as was possible to be seen, each with the symbol which verifies individuality; while this individuality is kept in the seemingly countless heads, one above another, beyond and beyond each other, making, what was assuredly in Giotto's mind, the "innumerable cloud of witnesses" to the triumphal coronation of Mary, Virgin and Mother; Mother of Him whom we adore as our Lord and our God. The pencil and the brush of the son of Bondone, the shepherd of Vespignano, actually compassed in this altar-piece, the universality of Mary's kingdom as "Queen of Angels and of Saints."

But there was a place in which Mary's glory was a theme too dear to be overlooked, and this was in Rome itself. On the apse

of her Santa Maria in Trastevere, the first church founded in her honor in the Eternal City, and that so early as 224, had appeared in the twelfth century, a mosaic in which Mary is represented as crowned, sitting at the side of her Son, His arm around her in a filial embrace; and this as a part of a composition in which figure the two Apostles, "those two bright eyes," as St. John Chrysostom calls SS. Peter and Paul, "of the city of Rome," with those accompaniments which give the fullest authority to the representation of the Blessed Virgin's Coronation. And as if it did not satisfy the desires of the Roman people or the Roman Pontiff to have but this one in their city, Nicholas IV. with a Calonna as his cardinal and assistant, caused to be executed in the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore, that truly Franciscan work of art—since pontiff and cardinal and artist were all Franciscans, Jacopo Turrta working under his cowl and cord—the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin. In this we see represented the very act and the very moment of the Coronation, and to one who has lingered, again and again, in "the Beautiful Basilica," as it is called by pre-eminence, until the setting sun lights up with level rays the golden apse with its glory of color, there is a bringing of Heaven to earth in the old mosaic which lifts the soul from earth to Heaven.

With an arrangement under three arches, which serve as a canopy for the whole scene, is a Coronation painted by Fra Filippo Lippi, for the chapel of San Bernardo at Arezzo, belonging to the monks of Monte Oliveto. This charming picture is now in the *Belle Arti*, Florence. The Virgin kneels before her Lord and her Son, who is fully vested in cope and tiara, seated on a throne which gives a wonderful architectural breadth and richness to the picture. Immense stalks of lilies spring from the sides of the throne on either hand, while lilies innumerable are held by innumerable happy virgin saints, filling in the background on each side of the throne, the inner niche, as we must call it, relieved of all mere architectural forms by an angel to the right and left, lithe as willow wands, bearing up in their hands the mystically lettered drapery. Of the innocence and beauty of their virginal heads it is vain to speak, and their joy has a touch of tender sweetness which one recalls with delight. In front of the throne, standing so as to have the steps free to the eye, are saints like

Job, in his last days of holy prosperity; noble bishops with crozier and mitre, monks who gaze with tonsured heads in silent rapture on the vision. The virtues, also, like Justice bearing her name on her jeweled girdle; Charity, surrounded by radiant children. Yet this multitude of figures, so far from crowding the picture, absolutely suggest architectural effects of grouping and distances; empyrean spaces, while from all these groups and combinations, the eye turns entranced to that kneeling figure, the veiled head bowed, but the eyes raised to His who regards her with such infinite love, her ineffable meekness to be acknowledged by the crown held above her in the hands of her Son and her Saviour.

Vasari dwells upon the charms of this picture, its inimitable coloring. It comes to us dimmed by centuries since Vasari wrote, but the charm is one which centuries cannot destroy. The heart recognizes that it is no pageant; but the endeavor to give to the eye some little glimpse, to the mind some faint realization, of what Heaven is: the Heaven for which we were created, toward which we are trying to guide our feeble, uncertain footsteps. How many, now feeble, now uncertain, would become strong if only the mind were incited, by such scenes, to overcome the mere straws laid in our path by the enemy of souls! Nor must we forget to note on the two spandrils of the arches, two medallions; in one the Angel Gabriel, in the other the Virgin of Nazareth; thus giving the Coronation as the fruit of that word of assent—"Be it done unto me according to thy word."

There is a medium, however, and one we believe, which will be chosen by our own age and generation and country, as it has been in many an Abbey-church of the Old World, to set this Rosary mystery before the eyes of the faithful, kindling in them the fires of a true Catholic devotion, and this is stained glass; baffling, as it does, the skill of the painter and the mosaic worker by giving to color an effulgence belonging to light itself. The very use of this medium in setting forth the ineffable glories of Heaven, the ineffable glory, too, of Mary in Heaven, is an homage which may well arouse the emulation of our skilled workers in glass, and which will reward, as few subjects can, the artist and the artisan.

But our Rosary mystery, the last of those fifteen on which we meditate as we count our beads, and holding within themselves, like so many epitomes of dogma and of grace, whole volumes of theology and poetry and sweetness of thought, comes to us under a diviner aspect still than we have yet given; for no one has ever depicted the Coronation of our Lady with a pencil of such spiritual import as the artist monk of the Order of Preaching Friars within his cell in San Marco, Florence. The white habit of the Dominican, Fra Angelico, clothed a being who lived and painted, literally and altogether for Heaven. "What we are in the sight of God, that we are and nothing more," according to à Kempis, was the thought which acted as the instructor and critic to which he yielded himself in the production of his works. His aims all for Heaven, his mind occupied with the things of Heaven, his meditations, from whatever point they started, ending in Heaven, what subjects could engross his pencil more naturally than those which represented heavenly events, and among those events, the Coronation of our Lady? Her Assumption he takes for granted without attempting to depict it; but the Coronation comes to him again and again and again, with an ever increasing depth of significance, and an ever increasing splendor. On the wall of a cell in San Marco he gives a Coronation as a subject for meditation; serene in its rainbow setting like a vision, on which gaze Saint Dominic, Saint Francis, Saint Benedict, Saint Peter Martyr, Saint Thomas, the Angelic Doctor, as if replenishing their souls with celestial truth and celestial realities. His Coronation, again, which is one of the treasures of that wonderful gallery of the Louvre, Paris, set as this gallery is, in the midst of modern pride in *technique* as if to rebuke its arrogant claims by the immortal charm of "holiness to the Lord"—gives us our Rosary mystery under the form of one of those solemnities which mark the ecclesiastical year. There is all the pomp and decorum of ceremonial with the old Giottesque feeling of the multitudes waiting upon it, and the uplifting of the intelligences of Heaven in its participation.

But his Coronation in the gallery of the Uffizi, Florence, is the Mystery itself! As if, having been in the mind of God from all eternity, it were now revealed to the hosts of Heaven that Mary is

their Queen ; has been their Queen from the moment of her Immaculate Conception ; no rainbow as if it were seen through human tears ; no vestige of mortal circumstance. The glory of the Godhead fills the picture, streams forth in rays through which angels pass and repass, blowing long trumpets and cornets, touching stringed viols and citherns, but weaving in and out from groups arrayed in loveliest tints like flowers, their hands touching as if in the gladness of sympathy. The graceful simplicity of this supernatural joy in action reminds one of butterflies in the sunshine, of everything most charming in nature, as if the same thought of the Creator pervaded Heaven and earth. There is the humility, the bliss in the face and attitude of the Virgin Mother, the loving benignity of the Son, making the supreme act so tender in its omnipotence, as He bears the world in His left hand, which belongs to Fra Angelica's Coronations ; and then, filling out the space of the picture, ranges on ranges of saints, with their symbols ; to the left pontiffs, bishops, abbots, doctors ; to the right the virgins and martyrs of the Liturgy with their symbols, headed by Saint Mary Magdalen with her vase of precious spikenard, and at the very edge of the resplendence ranging downward, two kneeling angels, one with a harp, the other drawing the sweetly sounding bow across the string of a violin, while we, whose fingers touch the blessed beads of our rosaries, seem to be remembered by more than one saint calling on us to join in their transport, to lose ourselves in their beatitude.

To recognize ourselves as destined to share in these beatitudes according to the intention of Redemption, what is it, but to take not only the sting from death, but the sting from the inherited sorrow of life ? And this we recognize when we recite the last decade and meditate upon the last mystery of our Rosary, the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary as Queen of All Saints.

AFTER the conflict the blessings of peace,
After the conquest the crown,
And after the struggles of life shall cease—
Sweet silence and Heaven's renown.

—J. W. N.

LOVE'S BEST TRIBUTE.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

FRIENDS brought sweet flowers with which to strew
The grave that hid from mortal view
The lifeless form of one they loved,
And Friendship's tender fealty proved
By wealth of rarest blossoms twined
In symbols fair, that held enshrined
A message from each grieving heart,
Which comfort's balm would fain impart,
While veiling with their light and bloom
The dread and horror of the tomb.

But lo! amid the gazing crowd,
One knelt in silent sorrow bowed,
She brought no wreath from garden bowers,
Her gift was bright celestial flowers,
Roses whose petals shining dyes
Were bathed in dew of Paradise,
As bead by bead, her Rosary chain
She counted o'er, and o'er again,
Pleading in Ave's pure and blest
For her friend's soul eternal rest.

Oh! that poor woman's grateful prayer
Outweighed the costly offerings there,
For scorching suns and winds efface
The earthly blossoms' smiling grace,
But our dear Lady's roses shine
In splendor, where the Most Divine
Receives thro' her pure hands each prayer
Love breathes to her, asking a share
Of Heaven's blest joys and endless day
For the beloved one passed away.

THE LILY OF CHIMU.

A TALE OF THE INCAS.

REV. A. H. DE VIRAS, O. P.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was just vanishing on the horizon beneath the tranquil waves of the great Pacific, and its last rays still gilded a vast expanse of sky, giving to the disordered flocks of clouds crowded together in the west, fantastic shapes of unnamed fiery-fleeced monsters. The surface of the ocean seemed encircled afar with a broad zone of shells which quivered luminously, breaking, at times, into miniature whirlwinds of glittering spray. Between the gold-clouded azure of the heavens and the silver-clouded azure of the



REV. A. H. DE VIRAS, O. P.

waters, white albatrosses and melancholy halcyons described numberless concentric circles, like giant moths drawn, fascinated, by the irresistible blaze of a Titan lamp. On the sea it was a fairy spectacle; on the shore, far otherwise; there was in nature that unconscious sadness of which Virgil speaks: "*Sunt lachrymæ rerum.*" The farewell of the sun created there, at least for some moments, a painful emotion, almost a grief. All the sounds, all the voices of earth appeared to die with the day; the waves expired silent, foamless, on the powdery sand of the shore; the crickets were mute in

Father A. H. de Viras, O. P., was born in Lima, Peru, March 26, 1867. He was educated in France. On June 1, 1888, he received the habit of the Dominican Order, and made profession the following year. On May 31, 1890, (with special dispensation of the Holy See) he was ordained priest. By the authority of the Master-General of the Dominican Order, Father de Viras is now affiliated to St. Joseph's province of the United States. He is the chaplain of the Convent of St. Mary's of the Springs, Ohio.

the grass under the clustered orange-trees; the refreshing breeze of evening had not yet stirred the wild heliotrope nor caressed with its timid kiss the perfumed corolla of the jasmine; the birds had ceased their vesper-song, and seemed to take breath before intoning their hymn of the night. It was the short, solemn hour of the inter-tropical twilight, full of mysterious revery. A few moments before, it had been broad day; a few more and it would be deep night, save that the moon was already rising in the east behind the angular peaks of the Andean Cordilleras.

A brook, pure and transparent as a thread of crystal, wound across the gay carpet of verdure which stretched away out of sight, lost to view in the further end of the little bay of Chimu, one of the most beautiful and picturesque of the whole Peruvian coast. This brook, after many windings and sharp turns, fell, almost regretfully, into the ocean in a liliputian cascade about three feet above the highest tides, at the left of a hillock shaped like an irregular pyramid, which constituted the sole elevation on this part of the shore.

On the summit of this hillock one might notice, this evening, a dark object on the tender green of the grass, and approaching more nearly, might distinguish that this dark object was a human form; a yet closer inspection, and doubt would be no longer possible—some one was sleeping there, or at least resting, lazily extended on the thick, soft turf.

It was a young girl. Her great black eyes, fathomless as an abyss, were obstinately fixed on one point of the sky, without seeing it, perhaps, because their gaze, borne on the immaterial pinions of the soul, winged its flight beyond the limits of the finite to lose itself in the infinite; on her brow, radiant with youth, rested a shadow of care, of anguish, of moral lassitude; her beautiful rosy lips were smiling sweetly at some loved memory or some ideal hope; her heart seemed hardly to beat, so motionless was her bosom. One would have thought her dead, not knowing that ecstasy resembles death much more even than does sleep, and Ollacpya was in a sort of ecstasy, and had been so for long hours.

A wasp buzzed indefatigably about her head, then it paused to play in her long, black hair, unbound and floating loose around

her: then perched motionless on her cheek, as if to kiss it, keeping silent the while; then descended on her neck, and disappeared for a moment in the folds of her dress, afterwards suddenly reappearing, more noisy even than before. This charming performance might have been repeated indefinitely if chance had not caused the insect to deviate for once from its usual route, and boldly approach the half-open lips of the maiden; at this disagreeable contact of eight rough little feet the delicate, soft skin trembled, and Ollacpya, returning to herself, rose quickly, while the wasp, the involuntary cause of this awakening start, flew off, buzzing more lively than ever.

Ollacpya was tall and admirably proportioned. Not taking into consideration the precocious development of woman under torrid climates, one would have placed her age at twenty; but she was at most not over sixteen. Her dress was of a strange cut; it was a sort of tunic of fine *Vicuna* wool, scarlet, bordered with white, scant and short, reaching only a little below the knees, and bound at the waist with a narrow cord of twisted gold thread; a chaplet of diamonds imperfectly set clasped her neck, and costly bracelets studded with various precious stones adorned her wrists; light sandals of plaited palm protected her small, delicate feet. The perfect regularity of her features, the majestic simplicity of her bearing, her graceful form, slender and pliant as one of the royal palm-trees of her country, would have made her a model of the Madonna worthy of the brush of Raphael or Murillo, if her dark complexion, between the tawny color of a young lion's mane and a luminous ray reflected from one of the rich bronzes of Corinth, had not given her a rank apart, very marked and original, among the hundred diverse types of feminine beauty. Ollacpya belonged to the American race, and had all its free, wild charms, all its savage grace, but her skin was not a blending of lilies and roses. No, she would not have tempted either Murillo or Raphael; she might have allured Rembrandt, and certainly would have been adored by an Arab poet or a bard of Hindostan.

Beauty outside of a certain general character—or it may be a certain perfection of *ensemble* which strikes at first sight and commands recognition,—beauty, I say, is mainly relative if we

descend to the particularities of detail: in this, as in many other things, "many men of many minds."

Ollacpya cast a rapid glance around her, and looked surprised to see the last brightness of the daylight fading on the horizon. Doubtless, while she was dreaming there, the hours had fled faster than she had wished. After a few moments of hesitation, and another glance around, too abstracted and mechanical to distinguish anything at all, not even that some person was advancing lightly towards her, the young girl descended the mound on the side nearest the sea, and kneeling some paces from the little cascade of which we have spoken, her face turned towards the west, her hands crossed upon her breast, her eyelids lowered recollectedly, she murmured this beginning of a prayer in a strange language whose rhythmic intonations and full, sweet, melodious sounds seemed rather the warbling of birds than human speech:

"I salute thee, and I adore thee, O Sun, powerful God of Nature, King of the Universe, Principle of Life, Author of souls which come from thee, and are destined to return to thee, Father of my lord and master, the Inca. I salute thee, I adore thee, and I love thee, because thy divine light rejoices our mortal eyes, because thy fruitful heat gives to the flowers their fair bloom, to fruits their sweet savor, to the palm-trees their coronets of green, to the lilies of the valley their delicious perfume, to the llamas their gray coat, and their shining fur to the leopards, to the nightingales their tuneful voices, and their rainbow plumage to the humming-birds, honey to the chalices of the roses, and to men happiness in love here below, whilst looking forward to repose in the glory of eternity! I salute thee, I adore thee, I love thee, I thank thee, because it is thou whose subtile and impalpable ray, filtering through adamantine rocks, penetrates deep into the heart of the mountain, and there solidifying, is transformed into gold to enrich the Inca, my lord and master, and to enrich also his subjects! Hear, O Sun, Powerful God, the prayer of Ollacpya at this hour when thou art returning to thy eternal palace, there to prepare blessings with which thou wilt load us to-morrow; hear the prayer of Ollacpya, and before disappearing from her sight, bless her and accord her——"

The young girl paused abruptly, and startled, turned her head;

a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a fresh voice exclaimed in playfully teasing accents:

"The god cannot bless thee to-day, foolish one that thou art. Dost thou not see that he has been gone this quarter of an hour? Why, where have thy thoughts been?"

"Oh, it is thou, Mocllanta? thou hast frightened me," replied Ollacpya. Then rising, she added, "It is true; it is too late to finish my evening prayer."

The newcomer laughed heartily, then passing her arm around Ollacpya's waist and leaning her head upon her shoulder with an expression of infinite tenderness, said:

"Never mind, for this time the god will forgive thee this omission, and will not bless thee the less. Thou art so good, all those who know thee love thee so much that I should be surprised if the Sun, who knows all things and sees all things, even the most secret thoughts hidden in the depths of the soul, did not love thee also. Fortunate the maiden whom the Sun regards with love! Her happiness in this life will be immensely greater than that of other mortals."

"And what if the Sun have nothing to do with our destiny? What if he be but the minister, the servant of a Being greater than himself? Who knows?"

This reply, or rather this multiple question, was made in a tone of exultant revery; while uttering the words, the gaze of Ollacpya seemed to lose itself again in the azure of the heavens, and the expression of her countenance was tinged with a mysticism that amazed, not to say alarmed, Mocllanta, who said sorrowfully:

"Into what vain dreams art thou falling, dearest? For many a day thou hast not been thyself. The joy, the gaiety that formerly characterized thee have vanished; thou dost not hear when we speak to thee; at times one would say thou hast become deaf, dumb, and blind. This change many have already noticed in thee, and the very first, thy father, Curaca Gupanqui. Almost every one suspects a something within thy heart,—perhaps the memory of that fair youth of royal lineage who lately passed some days in Chimu, and who, when leaving, intimated that he would ask thy hand in marriage of thy father—through our lord and master, the Inca, who alone can authorize the union of a descendant of

the Sun with a daughter of the inferior nobility. Yes, Ollacpya, all believe this of thee but myself; I see more clearly, do I not? I know thy thoughts are far different, though just what they are I can not divine."

"What dost thou know about it? Canst thou read the heart?" replied Ollacpya. "Let us see; tell me frankly, why dost thou not believe of me as thou sayest the rest do?"

Mocllanta was silent for a moment, as if weighing the words of her answer, then disengaging her arm from around Ollacpya, and facing her, she looked intently into her eyes, saying with some emotion:

"Dost thou then think I have forgotten the past—forgotten with what intense desire thou didst long, even with thy child's heart, to be consecrated among the holy virgins of the Sun? With how many bitter tears thou didst learn that this honor, this happiness, was refused thee by thy father, whose fond love would not consent to separate from thee forever? With what loving envy thou didst see thy young sister enter the sanctuary, of which thou hadst dreamed as thine own place of repose? Then it was that my affection for thee had its birth—from the time thy father willed that I should be ever near thee, hoping that I would prove a consoler in thy sadness. I became thy companion,—yes, sweeter still, thy friend. How often have I dried the tears from thine eyes, or when unable to do so, mingled my own with thine, sharing thy sorrow when I could not solace it! And dost thou ask me to-day how it happens that I know better than the rest what passes in thy heart? But I am sure thou didst it only in jest. —then, too, thou dost never pay attention to the compliments that thy beauty so often elicits from our young warriors. Thou art never seen to offer the flower-crown, nor other such gifts, at the altar of the Moon, as, in the usual solemnities, the maidens are accustomed to offer when wishing to meet the spouse that is to make them happy."

"Like thee, for instance," interrupted Ollacpya with a somewhat mischievous smile.

Mocllanta colored, and in the glow of this blush slowly dried the big tears that had gathered in her eyes while she was speaking. There was a silence of several moments. Then she replied with the rebellious air of a spoilt child:

" Yes, I for example, and all the others who do not know how to dream in the stars from morning till night, and from night till morning, and who do not look for pink and white phantoms in the blue sky or the green ocean. It is not given to every one to drown herself in a sea of chimerical visions under pretext of seeking, in an imaginary world, joys unknown in the real. I would rather weave garlands of roses and jasmine for the altar of the Moon, than boldly, almost sacrilegiously, measure the mystery of the infinite. I would rather ask the goddess to give me, during the course of my existence here below, a companion who will love and understand me, than employ such senseless phrases as those I have just been hearing, ' What if the Sun have nothing to do with our destiny? what if he be but the minister, the servant of One greater than himself? ' "

Excited by her own violent outburst of feeling, Mocllanta did not notice that she had afflicted her friend. Without a word of redress, and in a pouting air, she turned to look upon the sea.

Let us take advantage of this moment to paint her as she appeared. She was younger, smaller, less beautiful than Ollacpya, and less richly adorned, the shade of her complexion, too, seeming less dark; in fact, one could easily discern that the two young girls did not wholly belong to the same race, to the same variety of race. Ollacpya was descended from the Indians of the *Sierra*, Mocllanta from those of the coast. This constituted an important difference, not only from a physiological point of view, but also in regard to caste privilege, the division into noble and plebeian springing therefrom.

The dress of Mocllanta was a marine blue; a girdle of twisted palm replaced the rich gold cord of her companion; her sandals were only a thin layer of leather, fastened at the ankle with narrow straps. Her heavy black hair fell on her shoulders in a single braid intertwined with jasmine.

A sound, as it were, of sobs arrested Mocllanta's pouting. Turning quickly around and comprehending at once that she had been the cause of affliction to the friend she loved, she threw her arms around her, and with tender caresses endeavored to console her.

" They say that doves, after tearing each other nearly to pieces

with their bills, eat each other up with kisses, and I see it is true," all at once sneered a deep, sardonic voice, so lugubrious that it seemed to come from the depth of a sepulchre.

It was as if a thunderbolt had suddenly fallen. Pale and trembling, Ollacpya disengaged herself from the arms of her friend whose countenance exhibited equal terror, but whose gaze had in it, moreover, an expression of ungovernable anger amounting to hate.

The being whose sudden apparition had brought about so great a change, was a something so deformed, so horribly ugly, that it seemed an Apocalyptic beast under human form; it would have been difficult to determine whether it were man or woman, but surely it was a monster. Whoever had seen it walk on four feet, or crawl reptile fashion, would have been less surprised than to find it proceeding after the manner of bipeds. Disgusting, colorless rags torn in a thousand places and covered with blackish mud, clothed this hideous thing, which was so emaciated as to seem but skin and bones; the long, horny nails like claws; a thick mane of hair falling around the neck and hiding the face as under a mask of tow soaked with oily blacking; under this mask two coals that appeared to have been taken from an infernal furnace—these were the eyes; a sort of vulture beak covered with old and dried parchment—this was the nose.

"The sorceress!" murmured Ollacpya, grasping the hand of her friend as if for protection.

"Yes, the messenger of *Supay*, the Spirit of Darkness," said Moclanta in a tone of defiance, in which was perceptible an ill-dissimulated rage, and yet great terror.

"The sorceress, the messenger of *Supay*, the daughter of Hell, anything you wish, my beauties," sharply retorted the monstrosity, straightening its small lank figure with a sort of menace like an asp when, by some mischance, one has crushed its tail. "But I am feared as much, or even more, than I am hated, because I command the spirits of air, water, and fire. The past, the present, and the future are all one to me; I know the secrets of nature and the secrets of the heart; I see what is taking place where I am not, as well as where I am; and what will happen to-morrow is as certain to me as what is happening to-day. I am the revealer of destinies.

"I know a pretty child of fifteen years of age, for whom I yesterday unlocked the mysterious arcana of the future, and to-day she casts in my face the insulting name of daughter of the devil."

In saying these words, the sorceress looked malignantly at Mocllanta, who trembled visibly at this blunt revelation.

"Yes," continued the other, "I know that my predictions oftener make enemies for me than friends, for as misery is more frequently the lot of mortals than is happiness, I must, under pain of failing in truth, foretell sorrow rather than joy, tears than smiles, afflictions than pleasures, and this does not suit every one; no, nor does it suit any one. Had I spoken falsely when Mocllanta consulted me, had I told her that he whom she loves would become her husband, she would have overwhelmed me with blessings; Mocllanta would have welcomed me with open arms. But I said to her, 'Your lover will be killed by pale-faced men armed with thunder and carried by great swimming-birds with broad, white wings: he will be killed, and many others with him, and Mocllanta will become the slave of the assassins,' and Mocllanta did not like it, and her impotent rage breaks forth in injuries against me."

Mocllanta, with heartrending sobs, cast herself into the arms of Ollacpya.

The latter, without anger, but in a tone of sorrowful reproach, addressed herself to the sorceress:

"Wicked woman! how darest thou cause my friend to weep! Ah, if my father knew it!"

"Well, if your father knew it he would have me cruelly beaten, and it would not be the first time. The *Curaca* is one of those of whom I spoke but a moment ago, who cannot hear the truth without falling into a fury, and chastising those who utter it."

She paused, and after a moment resumed:

"And you, Ollacpya, will you not also give me your hand that I may read to you the future?"

"Never!" replied the young girl.

"Never!" sneered the sorceress, "that is always your word, 'never'; but it matters little, I can read in the eyes almost as well as in the hand; you doubt it? I will tell you what you are now thinking."

Ollacpya looked surprised, and Mocllanta raised her head with curiosity; the witch continued:

"Within this child's thoughts is going on a mysterious combat between our immemorial beliefs and new ideas. Ollacpya foresees the fall of our temples and our altars. A superior spirit visits her and discloses to her secrets which formerly were known to me alone. This spirit is the enemy of the spirit whom I adore, and by whom I am possessed. This white woman, virgin and mother, of whom Ollacpya dreams night and day, is my most deadly foe. It is she whom the pale-faces will bring to this country to occupy the throne of our Gods."

Ollacpya became ashy, and Mocllanta, not understanding a word that had been spoken, darted from one to the other, glances of inquiry, yet without explanation the hag went on:

"But Ollacpya will not see the triumph of the White Woman; she will die before the departure of our gods and the ruin of our worship, and the Spirit whose head the White Woman everywhere crushes, will tear her from his rival; this will be his last vengeance."

In a voice as of one dying, Ollacpya cried out, "Help!" and sank unconscious on the grass.

"Help!" repeated Mocllanta in accents of despair, and casting herself beside her companion, wept bitterly, for she thought her dead.

The witch stood motionless, and regarded this scene of desolation with fiendish joy.

She was too deeply absorbed in gloating on the anguish her prophecy had effected—the desolate Mocllanta; too grief-stricken to notice the tramp of men rapidly approaching.

Suddenly she was surrounded by a troop of warriors, and before she could take a step, found herself face to face with a man of lofty stature, who seemed to have command over the others. It was evident she recognized him, for she fell on her knees, and her whole frame shook as if moved by hidden springs. She sank upon the ground whining: "Mercy!"

"Mercy!" roared the new comer, "we'll see first if you deserve it."

Mocllanta, roused from her grief by this voice, looked up.

"My Lord, the sorceress has killed Ollacpya!" she cried out.

"What! my daughter dead! my treasure, my all!" And the warrior, almost in a madness of grief, cast himself on the unconscious body of Ollacpya, covering her with caresses, calling her by the tenderest of names, and murmuring in the midst of his sobs:

"Oh, I knew that something had happened to thee, my beloved child! I knew that, else thou wouldst have returned to me at the accustomed hour, and when thou didst not, I started out to search for thee; for more than an hour I sought thee in despair, when thy piercing cry for aid reached me and brought me hither,—but too late, alas! No, it is not possible; thou art not dead! Thou hast not abandoned me thus! Speak to me, Ollacpya! speak to me!"

Then like a wounded tiger he sprang up, and pointing to the sorceress, said to his followers:

"Seize that wretch; erect a pyre, and burn her as slowly as possible."

Four soldiers advanced, prepared to obey orders, when a sweet voice broke the death-like silence that had fallen on all.

"Father," breathed Ollacpya, "have mercy on this unfortunate, she has done nothing to me; it was but a passing faintness, and I am well again."

The chief, hearing the voice of his beloved daughter whom he had believed dead, took her to his embrace, his anger forgotten; but she, before returning caress for caress, insisted:

"Have mercy, father, I conjure thee if thou lovest me."

"So be it," said he; "let the woman be released."

"Oh, I thank thee!" joyously cried Ollacpya.

"What folly!" muttered Mocllanta.

The sorceress stole away without her usual curses, but when at a distance of twenty feet, turned, and with a gesture of fury and hate, exclaimed:

"I will be revenged on thee, proud Curaca, because had it rested with thee alone, I would be but ashes at this hour. And thou, haughty girl, playing the role of generous victim, now that I owe my life to thee, I hate thee more than ever; and thou shalt see, ere long, what hate can do in a creature such as I. The Lily of

Chimu, thou hast been called; but I will blast thy vaunted beauty, and make the name a hollow mockery."

CHAPTER II.

At the rosy apparition of the dawn which ushered in the following day, and whilst the first rays of the light were yet contending with the last shadows of the night over the city of Chimu, still sleeping, lifeless as it were, and wrapped in a gauzy shroud of light mist, a man quickly crossed the threshold of the citadel, and addressing himself to the soldiers on guard, asked:

"May I see the Curaca? I come at his request."

"I know, Taita Tupayachi; enter," laconically responded the sentinel, bowing reverentially before this distinguished early comer. He was a man of majestic stature: his bronze visage was grave, severe, almost fierce; one read in his eyes full of a sombre fire under the deep arched brows, an indomitable energy in the service of a superior intelligence. His forehead, broader than is ordinary with men of his race, was furrowed with lines deep and numberless, traced there, perhaps, rather by care and misfortune than by years. He was entirely beardless. On his lips there was not even a shadow of a smile; the tenacious impassibility of a mask of stone rested on his features.

He wore a short, sleeveless tunic, reaching to the middle of the leg, parted as far as the belt, and fastened on the breast with a curiously-wrought clasp of gold. A sort of square mantle passing under the right arm, which remained completely free and entirely bare, and negligently knotted over the left shoulder, partly hid the tunic, and fell around the left arm, somewhat after the fashion of the *toga virilis* of the ancient Roman. The mantle and tunic were of the same material, a very fine weave of *vicuna*, but the color differed, the tunic being a deep brown, and the mantle scarlet. Thick sandals of hide protected his feet, and were supported by straps of gilded leather wound around the leg in double crossed spirals above the knee. A narrow silver ribbon, ornamented with small, natural feathers of shining hue, confined his long, thick hair. For the rest, there was no other ornament on his person save the clasp on his breast, and on his right

wrist a gold bracelet in the form of a serpent coiled about itself, the projecting head having two rubies for eyes.

After several steps across the vast square court, around which rose the buildings of the immense citadel, which was at once fortress, barracks, palace, prison, and a hundred other things, he directed his course towards an opening at the left before him at the end of a long transverse alley. Here he at once met face to face an individual coming the opposite way, whom he had not, at first, perceived because of the fog still thick, and of a *chirimoyo*, whose branches extended into the alley, interposing between them a screen of verdure.

The sight of this personage seemed anything but agreeable to him, judging by the tightening of his lips and the expression of his glance. However, he spoke to him:

"Hold! it is thou, Paraymi? thou art up betimes. It is not a too frequent occurrence with thee."

Paraymi retorted sharply:

"Were it not for the respect that I owe his Lordship, the High-priest of the Sun, I might ask him the same question."

The man of the scarlet mantle bit his lips with vexation.

The other broke out into a false laugh, opening his large mouth from ear to ear, displaying the yellow, pointed teeth of a starved hyena. If Satan ever laughs it must be with some such a laugh as was this.

He was small, thin, dried up, nervous; his forehead was low, receding under thick, matted hair; his little greenish grey eyes twinkled with a wicked hypocritical glitter, vaguely recalling those of a tiger-cat lying in wait for its prey. His flat nose gave him an appearance of malignant stupidity; he wore at his ears two heavy rings of gold, which, far from serving as an ornament, but rendered him the uglier. The custom of this unprepossessing individual differed entirely from that of the other, and reduced itself, so to speak, to a kind of coat of a grey color, very coarsely woven, and bound above the hips by a girdle made of the skin of a wild beast, from which hung a bag fairly bursting with roots and dried herbs, packed together pell-mell. His arms and feet were bare. His age seemed between twenty-five and thirty.

The High-priest prepared to pass on without adding a word, but Paraymi barred his way, and cried:

"In truth, I have no reason to make a secret of my presence here at this hour. I passed the night at the palace, and am on my way home."

Tupayachi seemed puzzled, but asked no question.

"Yes," added the other, "I passed the night at the palace, but, thou mayest believe, without sleeping a single instant. The daughter of the Curaca was seriously ill, and I was summoned to attend her."

"Ollacpya!" interrupted the High-priest; "but she was perfectly well yesterday morning."

"I do not assert the contrary, but after her noon repast, she set out alone for a walk, as happens often enough with her; the walk was so prolonged that her father became uneasy, then really alarmed, so that after sending several persons to search for her, but in vain, he finally went himself with his guard, and long after the stars had risen found his daughter, but in what a state!"

"What!" demanded Tupayachi, with unfeigned anxiety, "had any evil befallen her?"

"Not exactly, but the sorceress of *Huanchaco* had, it seems, so frightened her by certain sinister revelations, that the poor child was half dead with terror. It was necessary to carry her on a litter, for she was too weak to walk. A terrible fever, accompanied by delirium, seized upon her, and they were obliged to have recourse to my art. I was sent for on the instant. I came, and, thanks to the beneficial effects of my herbs, succeeded in putting her out of danger; not without some difficulty, however. She has now been sleeping peacefully for two hours. I am going to sleep in my turn; that is fair, is it not?"

For a moment the High-priest did not reply, but remained thoughtful, then asked:

"Does the Curaca know the cause of his daughter's illness?"

"Well, I should say he does; he came near roasting the cursed sorceress (and it would not have been a bad thing either); but they say that the Lily of Chimu having interceded, the father was constrained to have mercy. My pretty kinswoman, Mocllanta,

was furious at this pardon; she said this morning that she would willingly have lighted the stake herself."

"Mocllanta was there, then?"

"And is she not always where Ollacpya is? Thou knowest that they are inseparable, although they do not always entirely agree. The Lily of Chimu has too much mildness, and my darling Mocllanta at times too much cruelty. I know about it from personal experience, poor me! But I am not too downhearted about it, for I know very well that in the end I will find means to tame her!"

This reflection was made between two malicious sneers, in which could be detected more spite than pleasantry.

Tupayachi took no notice of them, but shook his head, and murmured sententiously, as if speaking to himself:

"The Curaca is wrong to act so arbitrarily; it is the judge who ought to examine and pronounce sentence, and not he; and besides, since when is it permitted, according to our laws, to burn anyone for a crime, even the most abominable. Certainly I do not like this sorceress, but, after all, justice ought to be impartial. Yes, Gupanqui is wrong; all this will end badly."

"It is for the judge to examine and pronounce sentence; that is all very well, but when one is master he does as he pleases, and indeed he is right. For myself, I am as much for justice as art thou, Lord Tupayachi, but I am, above all, for the powerful, for I find it convenient. Justice thou seest, is like truth and honesty, and all those other fool things thou callest virtues; it is very fine, but what amusement or good cheer do they provide one? while the Curacas, even when they are unjust (provided one has the good fortune to please them, and this is easy since it is only necessary to flatter them and approve all their actions, good or bad, even the roasting of a sorceress), the Curacas, I say, load us with favors and riches, and assist us in certain enterprises in which without their powerful protection we would greatly risk being swamped. I know well that thou dost not think with me on this score. I pity thee sincerely. Thou wilt never be happy, Tupayachi!"

"I scorn a happiness erected on rampant flattery and base intrigue. I leave that for certain degraded beings who value conscience and dignity little enough to sell them both!"

The rebuke was stinging; any other than Paraymi would have felt it cut his face like the blow of a whip, but the fashion-favored *doctor* of Chimu was not of those whom the reproach of their infamy can render ashamed. Moreover, he had just boasted with effrontery that he belonged to that class of people without faith or law, who having for their maxim "that the end justifies the means," spare nothing to satisfy a disgraceful whim in order to assuage an inextinguishable thirst for riches, pleasures, and power; for these creatures, servile adulation, refined hypocrisy, barefaced lies, odious calumnies, the dishonor of others, and even murder, are very familiar and entirely excellent.

Paraymi was born poor and obscure; he would have vegetated at the foot of the social ladder if he had been honest, but with him vice had been precocious; an insatiable desire to escape from his lowly condition, a burning lust of fortune, of greatness, a devouring envy of those above him by origin, merit, or virtue, fermented, night and day, in his dark, evil-loving soul, even to giving him powerful, sinister, criminal energies, capable of transforming his mad dreams into brilliant realities.

An old man who had known the mysterious virtues of those strange plants called *simples*, had taken him when still very young into his service to make him his assistant; the child, in whom intelligence as well as malice was prematurely developed, profited so well by the lesson of the herbalist, that at twenty years of age, that is to say after nine years of apprenticeship, he knew as much and even more, than his master, who, however, had studied with unwearied application, and had had wide experience during more than half a century. When the master died, the disciple naturally inherited his fortune, his secrets, his little house, everything in fine, except his honesty, for it must be said that the aged herbalist had been always a model of integrity. Paraymi became celebrated at Chimu; he had had the fortune to cure certain desperate cases, and immediately acquired a great renown. The Curaca, Gupanqui, who had been charged by the Inca with the government of the province of Chimu, was one of the first patients of Paraymi, who succeeded in curing him in less than fifteen days of a violent and obstinate intermittent fever, a malady which almost always afflicts the Indians of the *Sierra* when they descend for the first time to the lower regions of the coast. Such had been the case with Gupanqui.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEAR SAINT ELIZABETH.

HELEN GRACE SMITH.

THE sunlight lay like gold upon the hills,
The air was keen and chill with winter's breath,
And arms of ice held fast the mountain rills,
Where walked, in peace, the Saint Elizabeth.

And, as she walked, she sang a happy song,
In gayest measure, till the crystal day
Was filled with music, and the rocks along
Her narrow path gave answer all the way.

"O world!" she sang, "will you not join your voice
In loving praises to my dearest King?
O forest life! exult, and bid rejoice
Each free wild creature, till the woods shall ring.

"Rejoice! rejoice! until the day doth close,
Until God's glory lights the wond'ring west;
'Till winds of night shall drift the peaceful snows
And shadows lie upon the valley's breast.

"Then will your silence praise Him. O thou land!
Thou noble country! if thou couldst but know
It is the Lord that loves thee, and His hand
Makes white thy valleys, clothes thy mountains so."

This was her song, and in her faithful eyes
There lay the light of Heaven, and her face
Was very sunshine; youthful she, yet wise,—
Her dear soul filled with charity and grace.

With tender love for all things pure and sweet,
With grace miraculous, and goodness such
As Angels praise, and where her gentle feet
Were pressed, the earth was hallowed with their touch.

"Dear Lord!" she sang, "Dear Love!" and to her heart
She held soft roses—roses white and red.
"Dear Lord! it is Thyself who took my part,
Who gave me flowers in the place of bread."

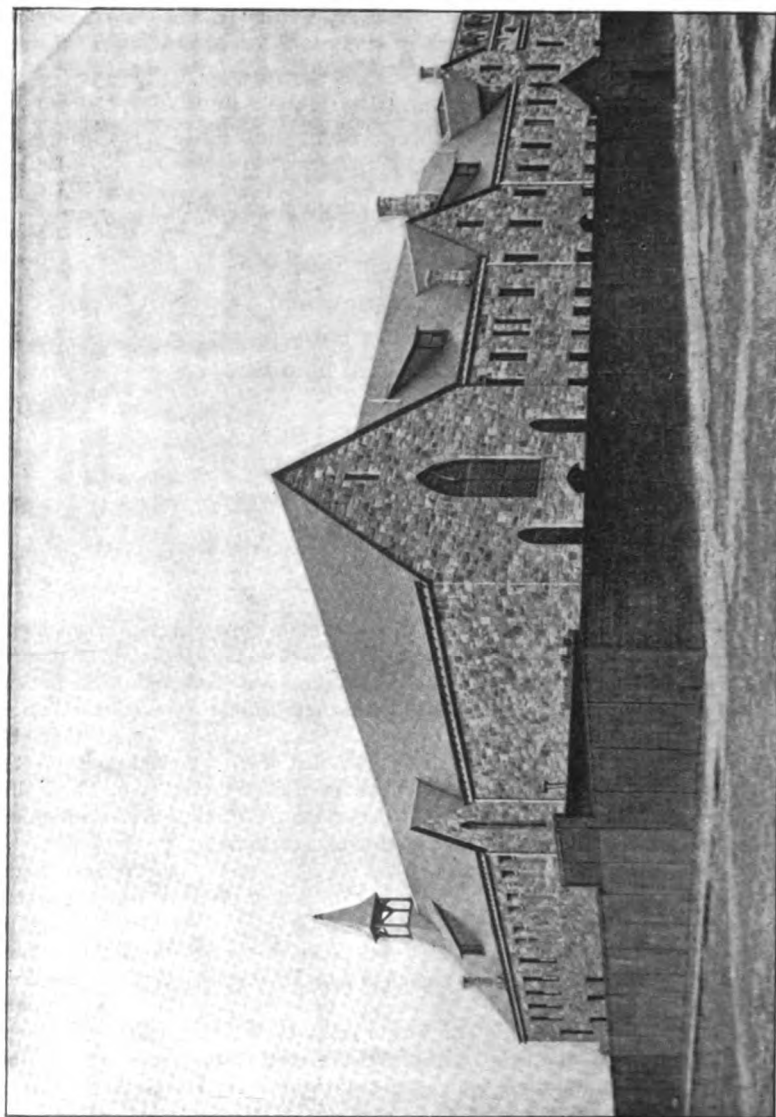
Bread for the starving poor her meek hands bore,
And when, with troubled voice, they bade her show
Her precious burden, roses, nothing more,
Fell from her mantle on the pallid snow.

O dear Elizabeth! thou royal Saint!
O'er German mountains we would walk with thee,
And watch the sun rays reverently paint
Thy toilsome way with glad humility.

'Twas long ago, and now forever more
Thou art exalted, while we love to tell
That treasured story of the days of yore,
The story of thy flower miracle.

"THAT we have recourse in prayer to Mary follows upon the office which she continuously fills by the side of the throne of God as the Mediatrix of mercy; being by worthiness and by merit most acceptable to Him, and therefore super-eminent in power amongst all the angels and saints. Now, this merciful office of hers appears in no other form of prayer, perhaps, so vividly as in the Rosary. For in the Rosary the great part which Mary played as our co-Redemptress is set forth as if the facts were even now taking place; and this with much profit to our piety, through the sequence of the mysteries which we contemplate, and through the prayers which we repeat.

"First come the Joyful Mysteries. The Eternal Son of God stoops to mankind, putting on our nature; but only after the assent of Mary, who conceives Him by the Holy Ghost. Then the Baptist, by a singular privilege, is sanctified in his mother's womb, and favored with elect graces that he might prepare the way of the Lord; and this comes to pass by the visit and the inspired greeting of Mary to Elizabeth. At last the expectation of the nations comes to light—Christ the Saviour. The Virgin bears Him. And when the Shepherds and the Wise Men, first-fruits of the Christian faith, come with longing to His cradle, they find there the young Child with Mary His Mother. He desires to offer Himself before men as a victim to His Heavenly Father, and hastens to the Temple; and by the hands of Mary He is there presented to the Lord. It is Mary who, in the mysterious losing of her Son, seeks Him sorrowing, and finds Him again with joy.—*From the Encyclical of Leo XIII., September 8, 1894.*



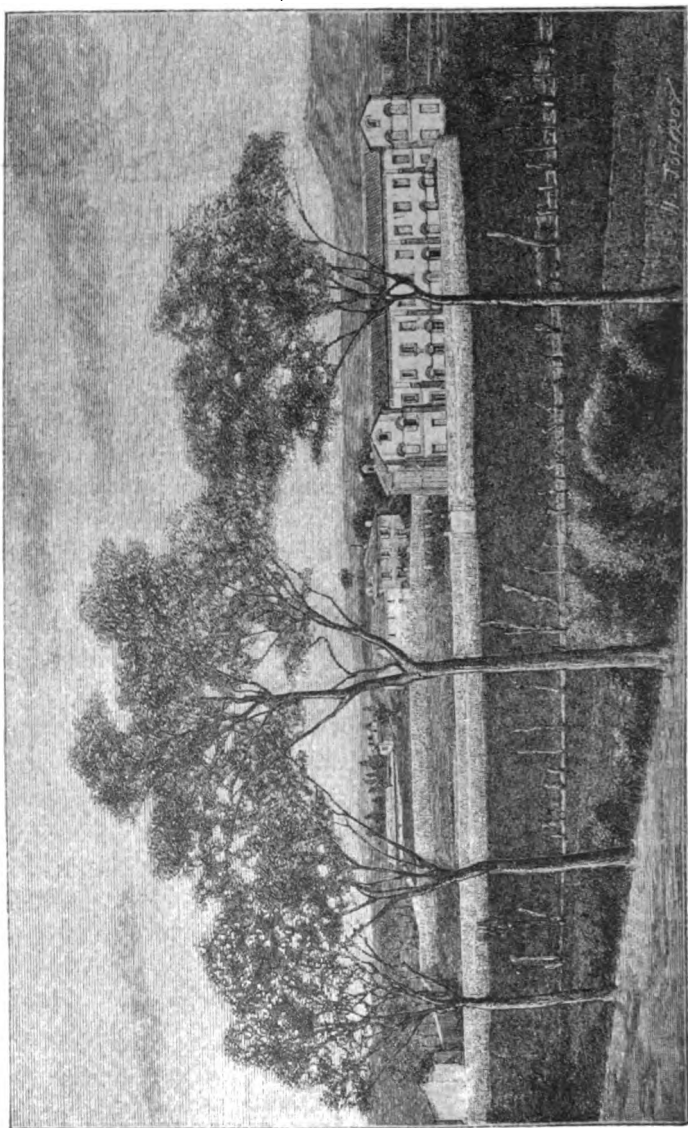
EXTERIOR VIEW OF ST. DOMINIC'S MONASTERY, NEWARK, N. J.

DOMINICAN NUNS OF PERPETUAL ADORATION.

ORIGINAL FOUNDATION AND EXPANSION.

It was the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, 1206. In the soul of St. Dominic a living thought, God implanted, was on the eve of visible life. Weary with his labor, the saint had drawn apart for the rest that great souls find only in God. "An Ark of Refuge" he would erect for the daughters of noble houses endangered by abounding heresies. Where the site, who the co-laborers in the great work? The place of his night-watch overlooked the village of Prouille, in the confines of which stood a venerable place of pilgrimage, a chapel of our Lady. Suddenly a globe of fire appeared in the air, circled above, and then descending, rested upon the chapel. During his vigils for three nights was the sign repeated. The saint learned that to the only lady in the neighborhood still loyal to the faith, the territory upon which the chapel stood belonged. Joyously she consented to assign the ground to a monastery for women. Fulk, bishop of Toulouse, ceded the chapel, and donated liberal alms, and under the patronage of our Lady of Prouille was placed the blessed work.

In the parish church of Fanjeaux, St. Dominic had concluded one of his eloquent defenses of the Faith against Albigensianism, and as his wont, remained in the church to pray. Nine women, shaken in their heretical belief by the words of the saint, threw themselves at his feet, craving light that brings conviction to souls. St. Dominic read their sincerity, and beheld God's design in their regard. A miracle ensued, wrought by the prayer of the saint, and these nine souls were won from heresy to true faith, from the world to the cloister. Two others soon joined them, one of which the saint named the first Prioress; and soon again, fifteen young girls were added to their number. On the feast of St. Cecilia, 1206, they took possession of their new but humble abode, which was formally enclosed on the following feast of St. John the Evangelist.



THE MONASTERY AT PROUILLE.

Contemplative prayer, the choral recitation of the Divine Office, the study of psalmody, manual labor, especially that of spinning and sewing, were the daily duties that interlaced one with the other in that ancient monastery, while the rule prescribed corporal penance in generous measure, and silence, that safeguard of charity, save during the brief recreations, and during the chanting of the praises of God. The life given to St. Dominic's first daughters was contemplative and austere, in the fullest sense, and as prescribed and followed in 1206 does it exist to-day, after nearly seven hundred years. The chain of succession from then till now has been unbroken.

Centuries passed, and during their passing, forth from that ancient monastery daughters of St. Dominic went to make other foundations in which they would perpetuate the rule of the old; and from these cloisters likewise yet others went forth, until the contemplative daughters of the Order of Friars Preachers are existing in well-nigh every clime; but one and all can trace their origin back through countries and centuries to that ancient monastery of Prouille.

DISPERSION—RESTORATION.

Prouille, the material monastery of St. Dominic's prayers and labors, was swept away at the great Revolution of 1793. So, too, were many monasteries that sprang therefrom. But the religious spirit lived, and in 1806 a little band of the sorely-tried survivors congregated at Nay, and there, where for more than two hundred years a Dominican monastery had flourished, the life of the past was fervently renewed.

After the Revolution of 1848, the hallowed abode of Nay received to its novitiate one whose life has been remarkably fruitful. There she made profession, and became mistress of Novices; and from there went forth to found, in 1862, the Monastery of Dax; from there, in 1864, to establish that of Chinon; and from the latter, in 1868, to open the first Dominican house of Perpetual Adoration, in Oullins. From the latter foundation has sprung the Dominican work of Perpetual Adoration in the United States.



BASILICA OF PROUILLE.

Each monastery becomes independent of that from which it springs, passing directly under the jurisdiction of the bishop in whose diocese the new foundation is made. To effect a foundation the sanction is necessary of one bishop for the going forth of a colony of religious, and of the other for their entrance into the new field. The intercourse which exists between the Fathers of the great Order and the nuns, is that of fraternal interest, not of jurisdiction.

THE NEW PROUILLE.

Before developing the branch of Perpetual Adoration, let us linger tenderly at the ancient site of the chapel and monastery of our Lady of Prouille, so loved of God that He revealed His will for its restoration by a repetition of the miracle of the globe of fire.

In 1855 an earnest soul, the Vicountess Jurien de la Gravière, conceived the design of restoring the holy sanctuary. The breaking of the ground took place on the 27th of December, 1855, six hundred and forty-nine years from the very day when the first band of religious were solemnly enclosed by St. Dominic.

On the ninth of August, 1857, at six o'clock in the evening, seven men of Fanjeaux suddenly saw a globe of fire fall on the plain of Prouille; it rested there five minutes, and then vanished. They continued upon their way in wonder and awe at the repetition of the miracle, granted in favor of the holy spot called *Seignadou*, "the place where the saint saw the sign."

The work progressed till the resources of the zealous Vicountess were exhausted. Her life went out in poverty, her work unfinished, but she had not lived and striven in vain. In Bishop de la Bouillerie, of Carcassonne, was reproduced, in the nineteenth century, the devotion to spirit and practice, that in the thirteenth had existed in saintly Bishop Fulk, of Toulouse. In Father Larocca, General of the Order, was reproduced the vocation of St. Dominic; in the nuns of Nay, that of his earliest spiritual daughters. When earnestly pressed to accept for the monastery a colony of cloistered nuns who would teach, thus increasing temporal resources, Bishop de la Bouillerie (he was a devoted tertiary) re-

plied: "Prouille shall be Prouille! I would rather see a useful secular work of industry here than to see any other monastery than the contemplative one founded by St. Dominic himself. We have great need of penance and prayer. I would consider myself guilty did I consent to any other thing." He, too, like the holy foundress of the new Prouille, passed away before his hopes and aims were realized.

The nuns of Nay had taken up the work; the General of the Order had appealed to the children of St. Dominic's three Orders, and to Rosarians. The material building arose. On the feast of St. Peter Martyr, eve of the feast of St. Catherine of Siena, a colony from Nay, to the number of the original Sisters of Prouille—nine,—were welcomed by the Abbé Théodore Fournier, Vicar-general, as special delegate of Bishop Leuillieux, of Carcassonne. He blessed the monastery, and performed solemn services of installation and enclosure. Bishop Ducellier, of Bayonne, in whose diocese Nay is situated, had given to each departing sister a letter of obedience, declaring her as absolutely belonging to the new monastery, as though her profession had taken place there, and this he did with a holy joy, in gratitude to Prouille, from which, nearly two hundred years before, his diocese had received the religious for the monastery of Nay.

On the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, 1886, the corner-stone of the Basilica of our Lady of Prouille was laid with grand ceremony, by the Bishop of Carcassonne. In December, 1888, the work of restoration, together with the plan for the reconstruction of the chapel of our Lady of Prouille, was submitted to Leo XIII., and on the 29th of January following, his Holiness issued a Brief of approval and blessing, in words expressive of tender joy. 10,000 francs was the generous offering made by the Pope of the Rosary to the work so dear to his heart. The Basilica is still in state of progression, advancing as offerings of the faithful make possible.

The pilgrimages of past days are renewed, and led by cardinals and bishops the people flock, in October, to the shrine that was old and honored before its crowning honor was conferred upon it by St. Dominic.

DOMINICAN WORK OF PERPETUAL ADORATION.



OULLINS.

The foundation at Oullins, previously mentioned, was a tribute of faith and gratitude to God. It was the work of a pious lady of the world, the Countess de la Villeneuve. To the Carmelites the work was at first, and for some few years, entrusted. But the inflexible rule prevailing, limiting the number

of inmates in each monastery, made the Perpetual Adoration almost an impossibility, and Perpetual Adoration was an absolute condition laid down by the fervent Countess. The Carmelites renounced the work. Mother Marie Dominic, she whose fruitful labors we have enumerated, was approached on the subject.

Perpetual Adoration, as now proposed, had never been a practice of the monasteries of the Order. Was it contrary to Dominican Constitutions? Mother Marie Dominic applied at once to the Master-general. His decision was given to the effect that, far from being a foreign feature, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament had been a marked one in the Order; while the work of Perpetual Adoration, far from being an innovation, would be but a development of the prolonged watches of the holy founder himself, and of St. Thomas Aquinas, the author of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, whose lofty genius prepared for its Heavenward flights by long hours of contemplation before the Holy Eucharist.

The Dominican foundation was made at Oullins, and to it was granted, not only the privilege of Perpetual Adoration within its own walls—the privilege was open, also, to every future cloister taking its rise therefrom, being dependent, however, on the approbation of the Ordinary, from whom an application to Rome must go forth.

AMERICAN FOUNDATIONS.

There are no means too insignificant to serve the all-wise purpose of Him whose divine hand guides the events, minute as

well as great, in every human life. The Perpetual Adoration at Oullins was but a few years founded, when a family visit, paid by two American ladies to the vicinity, revealed to them the hallowed work, and to the elder it appeared as the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire, as a vocation. But her life-labor belonged, so spiritual direction decided, to her own country, where the purely contemplative life was but little known and less appreciated, but so much needed to offset the activity that too often rushes by everything spiritual. She entered the novitiate of Oullins; her companion on the visit mentioned followed after a period of time, and the long novitiate progressed, terminated. Here in America the ground was being made ready for the seed. To His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, then bishop of Newark, the work of contemplation and ceaseless adoration of the Blessed Sacrament appealed. He had visited Oullins while on his way to pay his *ad limina*



BISHOP CORRIGAN.

visit to the Holy Father, and entered into arrangements with Mother Marie Dominic for the coming to America of a colony of Sisters, among whom were to be the two American religious. They sailed from France, accompanied by two French nuns, on the feast of St. John Baptist, June 24, 1880. For a brief time after their arrival they remained as guests at Seton Hall College, South Orange, New Jersey. On the feast of St. Anne, they entered the small home on Sussex Avenue, Newark, where they dwelt during three years and a half. Two postulants soon joined them,—one a choir, the other a lay-religious. Others came rapidly, while yet others were compelled to await the removal of the community from the small abode. The little

convent was but two months established, when Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Perpetual Adoration were begun. Previously to the arrival of the Sisters the bishop had secured the



BISHOP WIGGER.

ground for their future monastery, but a severe cross awaited the little colony. They were but three months established in Newark, when their founder, their tireless friend, was raised to the archiepiscopal see of Petra, and made coadjutor to His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, of New York, with right of succession. This meant a friend in a great diocese, it is true, but it meant, likewise, the loss of a superior whom they knew and loved, and the anxiety as to whether his devotion, tried and true, would be perpetuated in his

successor. And the result? Eloquent and full of feeling are the brief words: "Bishop Wigger has been a strength to us," uttered by the nuns of St. Dominic's Monastery, after years spent under his episcopal jurisdiction.

On the feast of the Compassion of our Lady, 1884, the nuns entered the new monastery on Thirteenth Avenue and South Tenth Street.

The convent is of Belleville grey stone, and within and without is a reproduction of the cloistered monasteries of the Order in Europe. The architecture is gothic. The building forms a quadrangle, in the centre of which is a cloister, or open court. Stability and austere simplicity are secured in everything.

On the 25th of April following the installation, the cloister was sealed by Rev. J. C. O'Mahony, O. P., at present on THE ROSARY staff, acting as special delegate of Right Rev. W. M. Wigger, Bishop of Newark.

On the feast of our Lady, Help of Christians, May 24, 1889, the second American foundation was laid, in the archdiocese of New York, Hunt's Point, one of the beautiful suburbs on the Har-

lem River being chosen for the site of the work. The nuns took up their abode in a dwelling upon the grounds, but the monastic building arose rapidly, and was ready for their installation on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1890. The following June, on the feast of the Blessed Sacrament, Corpus Christi Monastery was solemnly blessed, and after being open three days to the public, the door of the monastery was sealed by His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, accompanied by Monsignor McDonnell, now Bishop of Brooklyn. With joy the Sisters found themselves once more in their beloved solitude.

Of the two American religious, whose novitiate had been made in France, the younger, Mother Emmanuel, remains as Prioress of St. Dominic's Monastery, Newark, while the elder, Mother Mary of Jesus, bears the burden of the new foundation. Of the two French religious who came for the foundation, one, Mother Maria Dominica, returned when the work was solidly effected; the other, Mother Mary of Mercy, remains at the Hunt's Point Monastery.

At Hunt's Point, as at Newark, vocations, good ones, came rapidly. Perpetual Exposition and Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament were early begun, and have continued uninterruptedly.



REV. J. C. O'MAHONY, O. P.

(Conclusion in December.)

PRAISE the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.—*Ps. cxxxv.*

THE ROSARY FOR THE HOLY SOULS.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PART III.



Lo! the tomb of Purgatory
Is the gate of Heaven's glory—
Pain and prayer its portals ope.
Jesus, from the tomb arisen,
Thou didst open Limbo's prison,
Hear our prayer and crown our hope.
Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
Purgatory's portals ope.



Lo! till bonds of pain are riven
Chained are souls from flight to Heaven—
Fettered are their wings of love.
By Thy glorious Ascension

Cleave their fetters of detention
 Till they soar, dear Lord, above.
 Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
 Yearn they for the flight of love.



Lo! how endless in duration
 Seem the fires of dread purgation
 Where the Judge gives justice meet.
 Oh, may pain in joy find ending,
 Jesus, by the swift descending
 Of the Holy Paraclete.
 Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
 Lightened be the justice meet.



Lo! the suffering souls are turning
 Pleading eyes of anxious yearning,
 Unto Purgatory's Queen.
 Thy Assumption, tender Mother,
 Pleadeth with Thy Son, our Brother,

For thy suffering ones, I ween.
Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
Reigns in Heaven Suffering's Queen.



Lo! enthroned and crowned in glory,
Virgin Queen of Purgatory!
Thou canst ope its gates, we know.
By thy Heavenly Coronation,
Mother! end their dread purgation—
Turn to joy thy children's woe.
Ave, Ave, Jesus, Mary,
Heav'n awaiteth them, we know.

“THE same truth is told again in the Sorrowful Mysteries. In the Garden, where Jesus is in agony; in the judgment-hall, where He is scourged, crowned with thorns, condemned to death, not there do we find Mary. But she knew beforehand all these agonies; she knew and saw them. When she professed herself the handmaid of the Lord for the Mother's office, and when, at the foot of the altar, she offered up her whole self with her child Jesus—then and thereafter she took her part in the laborious expiation made by her Son for the sins of the world. It is certain, therefore, that she suffered most keenly because of His bitter sufferings and torments. Moreover, it was before the eyes of Mary that the Divine Sacrifice for which she had borne and brought up the Victim was to be finished. As we contemplate Him in the last and most piteous of those mysteries, there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother, who in a miracle of charity, so that she might receive us as her sons, generously offered her own Son to Divine Justice, and died in spirit with Him, pierced with the sword of sorrow.—*From the Encyclical of Leo XIII., Sept. 8, 1894.*”

PLEADINGS.

THE SIGH OF A SOUL.

JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.



NOVEMBER! and the sun-burst glory of the feast of All-Saints is departing with the daylight, after the glorious victors of earth, the triumphant ones who have conquered the kingdom of Heaven, have been commemorated.

Left alone in the twilight shadow of the lovely sanctuary, where the fragrance of incense still lingers, and where a thousand winged supplications still flutter softly about the Tabernacle, we cast our hearts with their complaints at the feet of the King in His audience chamber.

Love, fame, fortune, the delights of friendship, the dreams of noble hearts, earth's sweetest favors, life's brightest hopes, surround the King's footstool. Brave jewels which the lovers of the Cross have cast there in their blessed folly! And we, with nothing but these poor, weak hearts of ours, and their changeable love, have the courage to come and cast them there among these gems of price.



JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

But, oh! with what a fervent wish that their throbbing, during this night of vigil, may attract the King's attention, and that our pleading may secure the release of but one suffering soul!

Mr. Joseph W. S. Norris was born in 1854, in the quaint old Canadian city of Kingston. A pupil of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, he ascribes his subsequent success in letters to the solid training received from them. In 1878, Mr. Norris published his first sonnets in the *Ave Maria*. The following year he issued a booklet, "Flowers to Mary." In 1882 he founded, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Judge Hyde, *The Catholic Chronicle*. Ten years later

Dear Prisoners of the King! whose uplifted hands follow us everywhere, pleading, pleading,—“At least you, my friends!”—what would we not do for you were it in our power! And shall we deny you what is in our power to do? No! since our tears and entreaties, our prayers and our sighs, will avail before the justice of God, we shall pray and entreat your deliverance.

How calm and peaceful is the sanctuary when a silvery chime breaks the prayerful silence, and, one by one, a procession of white-robed figures, with hands folded palm to palm, emerge from the darkness! Each prostrating where the lamp of the sanctuary sways and casts an occasional beam of light, rises and retires to form, as it were, a guard of honor about the Holy of Holies. Then as they kneel comes from the hearts of these fervent ones the most beautiful chant:

Salve, Regina, mater misericordiæ! Again we see the pleading hands as the chant is prolonged in sweetest cadence which, we doubt not, enters the very portal of Heaven.

Hail, Queen, mother of mercy! The sweet lisplings of innocent childhood, the fervent aspirations of thoughtful youth, the heart-wrung prayers of careworn age, all mingle in this lovely antiphon, which is at once the joyful salutation of the loyal subjects of a Queen, and the prayerful plea of the exiled children of a loved and waiting Mother. Sweetly the white-robed throng chant in the sombre recesses of the holy place—*Turn thou on us those merciful eyes of thine.*

A thousand fervent sighs from longing hearts seem to ascend and surround the shrined Madonna that gleams virginally white in the sanctuary gloom, and among them a never-forgotten voice seems to say:

“I pray you, love, remember!” and, shining, white and wan, in the fitful light of the solitary, star-like flame, those pleading hands again appear upraised in supplication.

he took charge of the children's department of the *Chicago New World*, and made it a great success. Mr. Norris has written many poems, for children and about children, though not always under his own name. We hope to welcome, in the near future, a volume from the pen of this devoted lover of our Lady, whose highest ambition is to sing, in a worthy way, the glory of her name. Mr. Norris is at present a resident of Chicago.

It seems only yesterday our heartstrings were torn when we parted from this dear soul; but we know the summer rains have fallen on a lonely mound, and have kept the turf green over the grave of this faithful heart, since the spring-time bloomed, and a shadow fell across a bright, bright pathway. Glory be to God! the cold winds of November blow in many a stormy blast above that gentle heart at peace from the world forever. The faded flowers, emblems of a sweet and fleeting life, are blown about by the rude winds, and cast with a furious howl out upon the wild waters of the lake. The phantasms of the night,

"Like twinkling lamps
Among the leafless branches of the trees,"

shed now and again a pale light upon the deserted scene, while shadowy clouds, like mournful and mourning figures with bowed heads and uplifted arms, move majestically by to the regions of perpetual shade. A dreary picture, like lives in which forgetfulness prevails!

Yet even here softly come

"Upon the fitful breeze,
Fragments of far-off melodies,"

and our thoughts are recalled to the foot of the altar, where the sublime chant still pours on in silvery waves.

O gentle, O kind, O sweet Virgin Mary!

And the pleading hands are still uplifted in the shadow!

Peace and eternal rest to all dear souls that have been devoted to Mary!

May no day be so long, nor night so dark, that will not show us your pleading hands, and bear us the remembrance of your sufferings!

Semper Laus Deo!

Salve, Regina!

Praise to God forever more!

Hail, O Gracious Queen! hail,
our life, our sweetness, and our
hope!



SERVANTS OF MARY.

SISTER MARY ALPHONSUS, O.P.

WHILE Bernard and Alphonsus cry
With trumpet voice aloud
The glories of the Queen of Saints,
And preach her to the crowd—
Saint Louis and Saint Stanislaus,
By her low breathings fanned,
As timidly as young spring flowers,
Grow up beneath her hand.

While Bernard and Alphonsus raise
Her banner in the light,
Like Mary's champions, battling for
Her glory and her right—
Saint Louis and Saint Stanislaus
In hidden life and sweet,
Like Mary's children tenderly
Her daily praise repeat.

Where unbelieving words are rife
And Christian hearts are cold,
For Mary's honor may we be
Like Saint Alphonsus, bold.
When ignorance and doubt assail
From ill-instructed men,
Oh! may we share in Mary's cause
Saint Bernard's unction then.

But when the galling irksomeness
Of humble works we feel,
And pride assumes the ready guise
Of courage or of zeal,
Oh! let us then be mindful how,
In daily life unseen,
Saint Louis and Saint Stanislaus
Gave glory to their Queen!

THE SORROWS OF MARY.

REV. C. H. MCKENNA, O. P.



IN the eighth of December next, it will be forty years since the illustrious Pius IX. proclaimed the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. "Then was placed the brightest gem in the diadem of Mary." No one doubts that this act of the Pontiff wonderfully increased devotion to the Mother of God. Not less powerful in increasing devotion to her was the great Council of Ephesus held in 431.

Like the decree of Pius IX., the Council of Ephesus proclaimed one of Mary's peerless prerogatives, though the Divine Maternity was ever believed by the faithful. It was a few years before that Council that the blasphemous Nestorius dared to speak against the teachings of the Church and the devotion of the faithful for Mary; and it was to condemn Nestorius and his followers, and to vindicate the dignity and prerogatives of Mary that that Council was convened. Like the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the Ephesian decrees gave unbounded joy to the faithful. The City of Ephesus was illuminated, and the fathers of that Council were carried in triumph through the streets.

It was at the close of its sessions that St. Cyril of Alexandria, representative of the Pope, and president of the Council, in his own name, and in the name of the Council, and of the Church, thus addressed our Blessed Lady: "All hail to thee, Mary, Mother of God, most precious treasure of the whole world, by whom the Holy Trinity is worshipped and glorified; by whom Heaven triumphs, the angels rejoice, the demons are put to flight; by whom that tempter, the devil, is overcome; by whom fallen man is again raised to paradise; by whom all creation, sunk into idolatry, is brought once more to the knowledge of the truth; by whom holy baptism is vouchsafed to all believers; by whom the nations are brought to do penance! What more shall I say? By whom the Holy Son of God giveth light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; by whom the prophets have spoken; by

whom the Apostles have preached salvation to the world; by whom the dead are raised to life again; by whom kings reign! Who can give utterance to the praises of which Mary is worthy?"

Some of our adversaries pretend to think that devotion to the Blessed Virgin arose after the Ephesian Council, but the great complaint of Nestorius was that already too much devotion had been paid to the Mother of God. Inspired by the enemy of Mary and of all Christians, that heresiarch tried to prevent that devotion. Hence his blasphemies against her. But long before the birth of Nestorius, away in the very dawn of Christianity, Mary was ardently loved and honored by the disciples of Jesus. "For wherever the gospel of Christ was preached," says Archbishop Spalding, "devotion was enkindled in the hearts of the faithful for His Virgin Mother." Many, listening to the discourses of Jesus, must have felt like crying out with the woman mentioned in the Gospel: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that gave Thee suck."

But among the followers of Christ, none more strenuously propagated devotion to Mary than the founders of the great religious Orders of the Church. And first among these was the great St. Basil, the patriarch of the Eastern monks. He and his brother, St. Gregory of Nyssa, inspired all the cenobites of the East with devotion to our Blessed Lady. Following in their footsteps we find Saints Cyril of Jerusalem, Gregory Nazianzen, Epiphanius, Chrysostom, Cryil of Alexandria, Ephrem, and a whole host of other glorious Doctors who were never more eloquent than when they wrote or spoke of the Blessed Mother of God. It was a son of the Basilian Order, St. John Damascene, who was condemned to lose his right hand for having defended, by his writings, veneration for the images of Jesus and of Mary. And history tells that when his hand was cut off, he turned, in his sufferings, to a picture of our sweet Mother, and obtained from her its perfect restoration.

What is said above of the devotion of St. Basil and of his disciples is equally true of St. Augustine, St. Benedict, St. Bruno, St. Dominic, and St. Francis. Wherever the followers of these great patriarchs went, they labored earnestly to promote devotion to their Mother. As for the Carmelites, their traditions reach-

ing down for nine hundred years before Christ, tell us of the devotion of the great prophet Elias for that Virgin prefigured in the little cloud which he beheld, that gradually spread over the heavens, and brought refreshing showers on a parched world. Nay, tradition tells that the prophet was favored with a glorious vision of the Mother of the Messias, that he inspired his disciples with love for her, that this love continued to the days of Christ; that these disciples of the prophet often conversed with our Blessed Mother, and that after her Assumption their followers continued on Mount Carmel to honor her; and this devotion is maintained to the present day. This was the origin of the great Order of Mount Carmel, or Carmelites, otherwise called Brothers of the Blessed Virgin.

But while it is true that all the religious Orders labored to make Mary known and loved, there was no Order in the Church before the 13th century whose special work was to promote devotion to Mary. Previously to that period, the Orders were either called after their founders, or from the place of their foundation; or they were designated by the work they were established to perform. Some were called to solitude and silence; others to contemplation and to chanting the Divine Offices; others to rigorous mortification; others, again, to the apostolic life; and still others to defend Christians, like the Knights of Malta, or to ransom Christian prisoners, like the members of our Lady of Mercy, for the redemption of captives.

Shall not Mary have an Order called after her, consecrated to her, the object of whose existence, the aim of whose endeavors will be her honor and the promotion of devotion, in a special manner, to her seven dolours? We shall see.

Long before the dawn of the 13th century, there existed, in the city of Florence, a sodality or confraternity of the Blessed Virgin. Pietro da Todi, an early chronicler, calls it "The great society of the Blessed Virgin." It counted among its members the most noble sons of Florence. The confraternity was known as the *Laudesi*, or praisers; as the members met in a special manner to praise their glorious Mother. Among these members of the nobility were seven devoted youths, who distinguished themselves by their alms-deeds, their humility, and, above all, by their ardent love for the Immaculate Virgin. The time had come when Mary would have her Order of devoted sons, who would labor to make

known the bitter sorrows of their Mother, and these seven young noblemen were chosen for this sublime mission.

Whether these seven young men were acquainted with one another before they entered the *Laudesi*, is not known. It is supposed by Father Ledoux, the author of their lives, that Bonfiliius Monaldi, who afterwards was chosen their Superior, drew them together, and did much to cement that friendship that was to last for eternity. The Director of the *Laudesi* was a holy priest, named James Poggibonzi. Father James, full of admiration for the seven young friends, took a special interest in their religious advancement. He shared their every thought, and they poured out the secrets of their hearts to their beloved spiritual director.

Day by day the bond of charity which united the young friends became stronger. The young priest felt that Heaven had wonderful designs in regard to them. He saw how visibly grace was acting in their pure, beautiful souls. He knew that, each day, their hearts became more and more enflamed with love for Mary, whom they tenderly called their Mother.

It appears that four of our saintly youths were married. But they did not allow the duties of their state to interfere with their advancement in the love of God, and of their beloved Mother.

It is true that, in the words of St. Paul, "he who marrieth thinketh of his wife, and how to please her." After the example of the Divine Master, the greater number of God's most illustrious servants chose the life of celibacy that they might the less untrammelled give their hearts undivided to God. They wished that like the lamp of the sanctuary, their hearts should burn for Him only. These four young noblemen who had married, must not have dreamt of the work before them, or they never would have entered the married state. Soon the wives of two of the number died. Now there were five single, and though history is silent on the matter, it seems that the wives of the other two willingly consented to enter a convent, and thus the seven were prepared to accomplish the designs of Mary.

Gregory IX. was elected to the chair of St. Peter in March, 1227. His was a stormy Pontificate. Frederick II. of Germany was using all his power to afflict the Church. Florence was torn by internal dissensions; a portion of her citizens leagued with the emperor against the Holy Father; the rest were faithful to the Vicar of Christ. Moreover, Frederick, a tyrant ruler, a

faithless husband, a hypocrite, a profligate, a very cesspool of iniquity, did all he could to favor the vilest of heresies, not only in Florence, but in all Italy and Germany. The holy Pontiff called on his faithful children throughout the world to redouble their prayers for the Church. It was he who caused the Angelus to be recited three times daily, in honor of the Incarnation. It was he also who admitted that sublime antiphon, the *Salve Regina*, among those of the liturgy. Who has listened to the *Salve* as it is chanted by the members of the old Religious Orders without feeling his soul elevated to Heaven, and his heart thrill with emotion? It was in obedience to the wish of the Holy Father that the Bishop of Florence called on the members of the *Laudesi* to redouble their prayers for the Church, and with good will they responded to the request of their prelate.

It was on the feast of the Assumption, when the members of the confraternity were praising their Blessed Mother, that she deigned to reveal herself in her virgin loveliness to her seven devoted sons. They were in profound meditation, and "in ecstasy," says Father Ledoux. "The seven saints beheld an orb of supernatural light from which darted forth rays so pure and penetrating that they remained, as it were, spellbound. At the same time, their souls were flooded with sweetness. They felt an ardent longing for the joys of Heaven; all things of earth seemed to them beyond measure wearisome.... In the centre of the orb appeared our Lady, bright and beautiful, surrounded by angels, and bending with a loving smile towards the seven saints.... Soon she spoke, and her words seemed even sweeter than her smile, as, in a voice of motherly gentleness, she thus addressed them: 'Leave the world, and withdraw yourselves to a solitary place, that so you may learn to conquer yourselves, and to live for God alone. Thus will you receive heavenly consolations, and my aid and protection shall never fail you.' Then the vision disappeared, leaving the seven *Laudesi* filled with sentiments which were not of this earth."

Later, God willing, we shall see how Mary showed her seven servants their black habit, which they were to wear in honor of her seven dolors, and how they were to propagate devotion to her sorrows throughout the Church, and how nobly her sons complied with their sublime mission. We will also see how the beads of the seven dolors were instituted, and how abundantly the Church has enriched them with her treasures.

THE DEAD PRIEST.

ITTI KINNEY-RENO.

THE convent where I was educated is in the southern part of Kentucky, remotely far from the haunts and habitations of man. It is a vast, gloomy structure of irregular outline; its eastern wings are given over to the use and occupation of the pupils, while the convent proper comprises the central portion, and in the western wing are the great libraries, art-rooms, and various infirmaries. Apart from the convent, but facing it, is a beautiful Gothic chapel, and beyond, across the lawn, is the cottage occupied by the resident priest.

I had been quite ill, and now, during my convalescence, I learned to my great sorrow of the illness of my dear god-father, the aged Father Rheinhardt. I begged to see him at once, but I was too weak to leave the infirmary, and he was too ill to come to me. Thus many days passed, during which the dear old man grew steadily more feeble. How I loved and revered him! He seemed to me more than man in his saint-like piety, his wonderful intelligence, his gentle kindness. At length, one day I was taken to him; but how changed he was! All that he could accord me was a faint smile, a feeble hand pressure, a whispered blessing, while I knelt at his side and wept.

That night I was awakened from profound slumber by a surprising sense of exquisite happiness. I tried to grasp the meaning of this pure spiritual ecstasy—for, child as I was, I knew it could be no ordinary emotion,—and then my heart stood still to listen. Upon the midnight silence came sounds so sweet, so beautiful, that my very soul was filled with the rapture of melody. I sprang up and ran to the window. The night was dark; not a star in the sky nor a light in the gloomy convent, save the taper that burned dimly in the sick priest's chamber. As I stood there listening to the mysterious music, a faint radiance began to encircle the cottage, and as it brightened, the music became sweeter. Intoxicated by what I saw and heard, I was abruptly recalled to reality again by the convent bell tolling the midnight hour. The

next morning I learned that Father Rheinhardt had died at midnight.

After this my fever returned, and a month later I was still confined to the infirmary. One night I was wakeful and nervous. After tossing about on my pillow for some time, I arose and threw myself in an arm-chair by the window that opened upon the lawn. To my astonishment I saw that some rooms in the second story of the priest's cottage were brilliantly lighted, and this struck me as peculiar, for I knew that Father Burke—our new resident priest—had gone away on a sick call at sunset, and would not return till the following day.

Still he might have come earlier than he had been expected. My heart stopped its throbbing when I perceived that the new priest's rooms were in darkness, while the lighted chambers were those formerly occupied by Father Rheinhardt. Ever since his death these rooms had been closed and barred; now they were open, and the light within was so bright that the interior of the rooms was plainly revealed. As I stood there, lost in wonder and amazement, the figure of the dead priest suddenly appeared at the window of his bed-room. I felt that he gazed earnestly at me a moment, then passing into the next room, he opened his private desk and began searching among some papers. For an hour I knelt there, alone, watching the strange apparition, listening to those divine chords from golden harps, and to the soft fluttering of unseen angels' wings; then the vision faded, the music ceased, and all was still.

After that for many nights I saw the same wonderful things, and always, when the dead priest appeared at his window and looked across to me, I felt that his eyes burned with an earnest appeal. I was mystified, bewildered. I could not comprehend why I alone saw and heard these wonderful things, and yet a curious prudence warned me to divulge my secret to no one. I felt no fear; on the contrary, I was strangely happy. I seemed to live only for that brief midnight hour when I heard that heavenly music—ah, such music! Since then I have listened to earth's sublimest melodies, yet in my heart I know how poor they are when compared to the music of my vision; for between them was the measure of the infinite, the difference of things human and divine.

One day there came to my bedside the famous priest-physician—Father Sebastian. He felt my pulse, questioned me briefly, and said abruptly:

“There is something on your mind, my child; what is it?”

I looked up at him doubtfully, but a voice in my heart said, “speak.” I hesitated no longer. I knew he would believe me, and he did. He listened to me with grave attention, then said:

“You have done wisely to give me your confidence, dear child,”—and thoughtfully,—“I shall sit up with you to-night; together we shall await your beautiful vision.”

I awoke as usual at midnight. The room was lit by the shaded night-lamp that burned on a table near the foot of my bed. One of the nuns who was nursing me was asleep in an armchair; the other, on her knees before a crucifix, was absorbed in prayer. At the window, and motionless as a statue, I could see the dim outline of Father Sebastian’s quiet figure.

I arose and knelt beside him. We had not long to wait. The windows in Father Rheinhardt’s rooms began to emit a faint radiance that rapidly brightened until the interior of the rooms became visible. At the same time the light, that on previous nights had encircled the house like a halo, began to lengthen and throw out transverse bars of light, forming thus a vast cross of flaming gold that stood out in relief against the darkness of the night, its foot upon the earth, its crest on the sky, and its branching arms above the cottage. Then began again that divine chorus. No words can tell, no mind can conceive its beauty. It awed while it enchanted. It drowned one’s humanity in an overwhelming sense of joy in the possession of a soul. It was sublime. As it swelled in volume, we could hear the clear chords of golden harps, and the air was full of the rhythmic movements of unseen wings.

“Look!” I whispered, as I saw the figure of the dead priest appear at his window. He raised his hand, beckoned to us three times, then he passed into the next room, and began again searching the papers on his desk. Father Sebastian rose quietly from his knees, grasped me by the hand, hurried me from the room, down dark, winding stairs, through long, narrow corridors, and out into the night. As we crossed the lawn I glanced back and saw that the entire convent was in darkness, and its long, irregular line

loomed up against the shadowy background like a heavy bank of cloud.

As we entered the band of light that formed the base of that mysterious cross, I became conscious of a supreme ecstasy, and I stretched out my little childish arms, in vain longing to clasp to my heart some of the radiant beings that I knew were about me in that beautiful light; but Father Sebastian hurried me into the house, and we paused not till we stood on the threshold of Father Rheinhardt's little study.

The quiet figure of the dead priest did not stir at our entrance, and he seemed absorbed in the papers that rustled crisply beneath his nerveless touch. I noticed that he wore his old black cassock, and withal he seemed so natural, so lifelike, that I could readily have believed him a creature of flesh and blood, had it not been for a weirdness of appearance which suddenly became visible. Although he was a distinct, a perfect reality, yet he was absolutely transparent, and I saw, *through his body*, the papers within his long, white fingers.

Father Sebastian's hand tightened on mine as he said in a clear, calm voice:

"Father Rheinhardt, I ask you in the name of Jesus Christ, what brings you back to earth?"

The dead priest turned in his chair and looked at us. His face—ah, how wonderful it was! I had expected to see it as that of an old man's, wrinkled and seamed; instead, it held the freshness of eternal youth, and was dazzling with the beauty of one who has looked on God.

He arose, stood by us, and with his hand on my head, spoke to us—in a voice whose music I will never forget—of many things that I am not permitted to reveal. Then he told us that his death had prevented his attending to some important legal matters for his brother's children, whose guardian he had been, and that, in consequence, they were in danger of being defrauded of a handsome inheritance; however, certain documents on the desk yonder would rectify the trouble.

He put into Father Sebastian's hands some papers, sealed and tied with a crimson tape; charged him most solemnly to go to the little town of B—, and there to deliver them to his brother's wid-

ow, stating her name and address. After this, fixing his wonderful eyes on me, he said:

"I knew you would not be afraid, dear child; I knew you would come to me;" then whispering some words that went straight to my heart, and with a touch that was both a caress and a blessing, he vanished from our sight. I cried out to him to return, to take me with him; but for answer came a burst of melody so sublime, to which in comparison, all earthly music seems but direst discord. In the fading of that celestial vision, we walked slowly back to the convent.

One week later Father Sebastian came to me and told me this strange story:

Acting on Father Rheinhardt's ghostly command, Father Sebastian went to B—and at once made his way to Mrs. Rheinhardt's home. When he was ushered into her presence she became greatly agitated, and trembled violently; finally, when she grew calmer, she explained that every night for a month past, her brother, the late Father Rheinhardt, had appeared to her in a dream, accompanied by a strange priest and a little child, whose arms were full of papers tied with red tape. She said that, in the dream, Father Rheinhardt always begged her to be patient; that he would restore to the children their property. She also told Father Sebastian that her agitation on seeing him was caused by her recognizing him as the strange priest who accompanied Father Rheinhardt in the dream, and her description of the little girl was, so Father Sebastian assured me, a striking picture of me.

I remained at the convent six years after this strange occurrence, but I never again saw my beautiful vision.

AVE Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim.

—*John Keble.*

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear,
And she to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth, and half of Heaven.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

CYRILLE LAVIGNE.

My father calls me "Robert,"
And my mother calls me "Son;"
My sisters call me "Robby"—
Except the youngest one.

And she, the little golden-head,
With eyes of lovely blue,
Just doubles up her fist at me,
And laughing, cries—"Goo-goo!"

My brothers call me "Rob" and "Bob;"
My uncle calls me "Stub,"
And—impudence!—a passing tramp
One warm day called me "Bub."

At school, our loving teacher,
Who thinks me very pert,
Keeps far removed from "Stub" or "Bub,"
And gently calls me "Bert."

But, strange to say, a little girl—
Roberta Barbecue—
Said my name was the same as hers,
And I was "Bertie," too.

Of course I drew the line at that;
(What strange things girls will do!)
I wonder what she'd think if I
Should call her "Bobbycue?"

And, yes, a lady just from France,
For whom I placed a chair,
Repaid me with a smiling glance,
And said "*Merci, Ro-bear!*"



Tony Redpath's Educated Pig.

EDWIN ANGELOE.

THE PIG AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—TONY LEAVES THE WALDORF, AND A MYSTERY FOLLOWS.—THE VANES STRICKEN WITH ALARM.—ELSIE'S BEADS.

WHEN Tony arrived in New York, he was met by Mr. Vane and Elsie at the Grand Central Depot.

"We cannot take Barney into the Waldorf," said Mr. Vane, with a smile.

"So I thought, sir."

"But I have arranged for him to be taken charge of in a livery stable where I am a frequent patron. Barney will receive the best of care and treatment there. I am quite sure that, even if he had his choice, he would prefer the stable to our quarters."

"It is the same stable where my pet dog, Olaf, is boarded," said Elsie.

"I am sure Barney will feel honored to receive such kindness and consideration," said Tony, gratefully.

They left the pig at the stable.

The Waldorf took Tony by astonishment. He had never thought of seeing a hotel half so big.

When conducted through the building to Mr. Vane's rooms, he was quite amazed at some of the things he saw.

But he bore himself in good taste, and, apparently, took no notice of his surroundings, trying to act naturally, as if he were accustomed to entering the hotel every day.

When the rooms were reached, he was met by Mrs. Vane, who gave him a hearty welcome.

Later on Mr. Vane said to Tony:

"Of course I did not ask you to bring the pig to New York for the purpose of exhibiting him here at the hotel, although I

could, if I so wished, arrange for such an affair as we had at the Millers'.

"My object in inviting you was because I wanted you to enjoy the city with Elsie. I invited the pig because a benefit is to be given for a poor opera tenor at Madison Square Garden Concert Hall the latter part of this week.

"The poor fellow is an old acquaintance of mine. Once his voice was wonderful, and his fame was wide. Now he is unable to sing a note worth listening to.

"He gave up singing three years ago, and devoted himself to teaching others. Now he is not even fit to teach, for he is afflicted with a disease that keeps him constantly suffering.

"I know that the Educated Pig is in no manner suggestive of anything classic, as most of the talent at the benefit will be; but I thought it would do no harm to let him 'run on' at the Garden to see what he could do. He may make a hit, even if it is New York."

"I hope so, Mr. Vane," said Tony. "If he 'goes' in this big city, he may well feel proud."

During the days preceding the opera tenor's benefit, Tony felt like a young prince, so friendly and lavish were the Vanes in their entertainment of him. Had he been the son of Mr. and Mrs. Vane, who were reputed to be immensely rich, he could not have been treated better. But he did not allow his mind to be carried away, nor feel discontented because his own family were only poor country people.

When the night of the benefit came the hall at the Garden was filled with a large audience of the unfortunate singer's friends, who had purchased tickets at one dollar each.

The concert was a rather classic affair, but not strictly so, for it contained a certain amount of the every-day sort of entertainment, which was put in to relieve the dignity of the rest, and please the popular fancy. You must remember that the pig, with all his education and *literary* qualities—if we can accept what Jamie said—was not entitled to the adjective classic. Yet, who knows but that Jamie may prove to us that he was?

Barney's performance was not so simple as his previous ones. It contained a great deal that was local, his answers referring to politics and other topics.

Mr. Vane had given Tony all the points, having told him that Barney's usual performance would be rather tame and flat for New York, where the people, in most instances, were not easy to please.

"New Yorkers are very capricious," said Mr. Vane. "They never know exactly what they want. Trifles very often please them where greater things fail. Barney may be a failure or a success. It remains to be seen."

But Barney scored a big hit. The audience took to him wonderfully, and applauded his political opinions and sayings with hearty approval and laughter.

When Tony and he had finished and left the stage, they were loudly recalled to receive the appreciation of the audience.

Tony and the pig came back, and our hero acknowledged the tribute with a modest bow.

The following day Tony, unaccompanied, left the hotel for the purpose of getting Barney from the stable.

By request, the pig was to appear before a private audience at a house on Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Vane had gone to his office on Wall Street for the day, and in the afternoon Tony was to accompany Mrs. Vane and Elsie to the house mentioned.

He left the Waldorf about one o'clock, for the stable, intending to take Barney to the Fifth Avenue residence first, and then to return to the hotel for Elsie and her mother.

After a long hour of waiting, Mrs. Vane and Elsie thought it strange that Tony failed to come back.

"I cannot understand why Tony is not back by this time, Elsie," said Mrs. Vane, glancing at the clock. "He should not have been gone more than half an hour at the most."

"Perhaps he has been detained at Mrs. Glendenning's, mamma," said Elsie, although she could not imagine what could keep Tony at the house of their friend.

Another hour passed and Tony did not come. And still another, and so on, until mother and daughter began to grow anxious.

"Surely nothing could have happened to him," said Mrs. Vane. "I am beginning to feel nervous."

"Maybe Tony misunderstood us, mamma, about coming back here. Maybe he remained at Mrs. Glendenning's with the pig."

"I explained everything clearly to him, and I am sure he understood me. However, we will drive up to Mrs. Glendenning's and see if he is there."

When their friend's house was reached they learned that Tony was not there.

"Did he not even call and leave the pig here?" they inquired.

"No. Neither he nor the pig has been seen by any one here," said Mrs. Glendenning. "I should have known if he had come, for I was watching closely for him."

"That is strange," said Mrs. Vane.

"Have you inquired at the stables?" asked Mrs. Glendenning, herself somewhat alarmed.

"Not yet. I think we had better go there now. But if Tony were likely to be detained he would let me know. That's the kind of a boy he is."

Mrs. Vane and Elsie drove to the stables.

They found out that Tony had been there a little after one o'clock, and had taken the pig away. No one there had seen him since.

Mrs. Vane and Elsie were extremely alarmed now.

"I hope to Heaven he has not fallen into any harm," said Mrs. Vane, in a tone of worryment.

"I hope not, too," said Elsie, also troubled. "Perhaps he went down to papa's office."

"What would make him do such a thing as that? I am quite certain he has not."

"Papa will be home very soon. Then we can tell him about Tony."

Mr. Vane was mysteriously puzzled when he heard of Tony's strange absence.

"It is very singular," he said. And as the hours grew in number he, also, began to fear, although at first he had been rather hopeful.

He sent Shirley, his "man," to different places in search of Tony, but the valet's efforts proved fruitless each time.

The Vanes were alarmed beyond words, and lived a most unhappy night.

They began to hope that Tony would re-appear next day.

But in vain. He never came back.

"If he has met with an accident," said Mr. Vane, "we should be quite likely to hear of it. It looks to me as if he has fallen into the hands of enemies."

The Vanes were not Catholics, but, nevertheless, Elsie always carried about with her a little rosary.

It had been given to her once by a poor old apple woman, and was neither pearl nor ruby, but made of some common material.

Elsie carried the beads more as a mascot than anything else, and never used them in prayer. They always brought her luck, she thought.

Elsie was quite attached to Tony, and she now grieved for his disappearance as much as if she had been his sister.

She prayed on her simple little rosary for the first time, begging the Blessed Lady to save her boy friend from all harm. She never dreamed what that first Rosary meant for her in after years.

A week passed. Tony Redpath could not be found, nor any trace of him or the pig.

His disappearance with the animal was indeed a mystery.

(To be continued.)

THE HOLY FAMILY.

PRAISE, praise to Jesus, Mary, Joseph,

The Three on earth most like to Three in Heaven!

Praise, praise to Jesus, Mary, Joseph,

To whom these heavenly likenesses were given!

Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,

Come, young and old, come gay or grieving,

Praise, praise with me,

Adoring and believing,

God's Family, God's Holy Family.

Father Faber.



LETTERS FROM THE YOUNG SOLDIERS.

DEAR AQUINAS:—How many soldiers of the Angelic Warfare have received their reward? Let me tell them of one who has been rewarded.

Loretto Callahan is a little girl who lives far downtown, in one of those high houses whose roofs seem to touch the sky. She is very poor, but happy. Every Sunday she goes to Sunday-school, and there, through one of the girls, became acquainted with **THE ROSARY**. Like many others she took a Rosary Card, but it takes a long time to fill one where money is scarce. Three flights below Loretto lives a very pretty girl, Mary Murphy, seventeen past, her widowed mother's only child. Two years ago, when her father was killed, Mary went to work in a factory, where her pretty face attracted much attention. Mary was very fond of reading, and previous to this time she had read many pretty Catholic legends, but one day in the factory a young girl asked if she had read such a book, passing her a yellow-covered book that showed much usage. Mary's answer was "No," and that night her lunch-box carried it home. All night, and far into the morning, Mary read, becoming more interested as she went on. That was the beginning. But what was to be the end?

Now Mary had been very good to "Rose," as she called Loretto, owing to her rosy cheeks, and many a pretty tale of piety had Mary told her. But now they did not often meet, but the little one remembered Mary's love for books. Her Rosary card was full at last, and uptown to the office it came. Loretto never missed a mail, till at last, one evening she saw Mary receive the precious gift. At first the girl did not heed it, and when the second number came, and Loretto asked how she liked the stories, the girl resolved to read them, just to please the little one.

Great was the work done by our Lady's own book, for Mary, after awhile, could smilingly refuse the yellow paper books. Her coldness and indifference vanished, and drawn by our Lady's chain, she once more began to pray earnestly.

The little book now travels through every one of the twenty-eight families who call that place home.

Was not Loretto's reward great?

Has any other soldier won such a victory?

Yours Truly,

H. M.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I want to tell you how I fought my greatest enemy—a temptation to sulk. When things go wrong, I make them worse by what mamma calls, "brooding over them." I was just ready, last Saturday, for a regular brooding fit, when my chum, Mary D., who has just the happiest disposition in the world, dashed into the room, exclaiming: "O Alice, our Rosary Magazine has just come, and I've got an idea! Just read that letter about what four girls did in New York during their vacation from boarding-school!" I read the letter among the other letters from the soldiers in October. Alice said, "Just put your hat and jacket on right off, and come with me, and we'll do just the same thing. I've just been dying ever since I graduated, to get into something active and good, and here is just the thing that suits me."

O Aquinas! didn't I have the hard fight with myself! I just wanted to sit there and sulk all day long. I never made such an endeavor in my life. Alice was so full of the work that she did not notice my hateful mood. But I never saw anything like the way it disappeared just as soon as I made up my mind I'd try to make other people happy if I never again was to be happy myself. I got happy in ten minutes.

We succeeded very well; ten people have promised us their papers and magazines; and next week we shall begin to take them to the poor.

Please, dear Aquinas, do not publish our last names,

I'll just sign myself,

A BEGINNER IN THE WORK.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I, too, am a member of the Angelic Warfare, though I never wrote to you before. I will try to make this, my first letter, as interesting as I can. I have read some very interesting letters in the October ROSARY. It is really amusing and encouraging to read of all the battles the young soldiers have won. I would like to tell you some of mine, but I cannot remember any of them, and another reason is, because I am ashamed to tell my faults; but as one has come to my mind, I am just going to tell it, and conquer that spirit of pride. One day, some of the girls having been working pretty hard, were very tired; one of the Sisters told me to do something for them, and I had a great temptation to get vexed, because I had to do it, but I resisted the temptation, and offered it, as an act of self-denial, for the poor souls in purgatory.

As this is the month devoted to our Lady of the Rosary, I am going to take a nice resolution:—it is to say a decade of the Rosary every day, to our Lady of the Rosary, in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas, in reparation for the sins of those who drink.

Now, dear Aquinas, wishing success to all the young soldiers in their combats against sin, and to you the joy of seeing us become more and more brave in the battlefield, I remain,

Your young soldier of St. Thomas Aquinas,

MARY G. COLLASOWITZ, *Child of Mary.*

DEAR AQUINAS:—Do you think that the little folks in Villa Maria have forgotten all about their General, and about all the other young cadets? No, indeed! To be sure we had a gay and pleasant time during our vacation, still we did not forget that we were soldiers, fighting in the noblest cause the world ever knew; and the good battle went bravely on.

How are you, dear Aquinas? We hope you had as pleasant a vacation as ourselves. We had some delightful days: First, at the beginning of vacation, came the glorious Fourth of July; and where are the boys or girls, we wonder, who would not enjoy themselves on that day? Then at the commencement of school we had a grand picnic, given to us by a kind priest. There were a merry-go-round and a Ferris wheel; we tried them both, and thought we would never get tired riding on them.

We received THE ROSARY for this month, and thank you ever so much for sending it. We are delighted to see how fast our ranks are filled with brave boys and girls.

Aquinas, to-day is the feast of our dear Lady of the Rosary. We are going to tell you about a resolution we made. It is this: we will say the Rosary every day during this month, in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas, in reparation for the sins of those who dishonor the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and for their conversion. We have been faithful to our resolution so far, and hope to be to the end of the month. Do you not think this will please St. Thomas?

O Aquinas! we must tell you about the statue of St. Anthony which we received yesterday. It is about four feet high, and the expression of the saint's face is as natural as life. The dear little Jesus, too, looks so sweet receiving the embraces of St. Anthony. It is just lovely! You must know that the girls here have great devotion to this saint. We never ask anything, either for ourselves or others, from him that he does not grant, and when Sister suggested that we take some female saint for the patron of our studies this year, we all strongly opposed the idea, and kept to our best friend, St. Anthony, whose picture we have in our school-room. So you see we were amply rewarded by receiving his beautiful statue.

We have five new girls since September, and we think that they, too, will be seeking admission into our little society. We have been telling them all about it, and they seem deeply interested in it. The boys here began to write to you about twenty times, but never finished their letters. They may surprise us all, one of these days, by having a letter ready to send you.

Now, dear Aquinas, we think our letter is getting too long, so with best wishes for the Angelic Warfare, and a promise of fervent prayers for you, we remain,

Your faithful soldiers,

ELLEN O'MALIA AND MARY FENNELL.

P. S.—Aquinas, please recommend ten intentions for our young soldiers, and four for our teacher, one of them being a safe voyage.

DEAR AQUINAS:—We are two little girls thirteen years old, and have not yet made our First Holy Communion, but we expect to make it next summer. We are trying to be good girls, and learn our Catechism very fast.

When Sister put the namns on the paper, of those whom she expected would receive First Holy Communion, we were beside ourselves with joy.

We never wrote to you before, so, as the girls talk so much about Aquinas, we thought we would make the attempt. I would like to become a member in the Angelic Warfare, but Mary Baughman, my companion, who is writing with me, was received when the other girls were. Sister Anna, who has a girdle left, promises to give it to me.

Well, Aquinas, as our letter is already long, we will say good-bye, and remain,

Your sincere little friends,

MARY J. BAUGHMAN AND LIZZIE T. HOLLIDAY.

SOLDIERS OF THE ANGELIC WARFARE:—Besides the earnest conflicts waged in behalf of the beautiful virtue of Angelic Purity, we have declared war against two big enemies of God, bad reading and intemperance, and with Rosary Cards and the prayer of the Rosary we have fought some good battles. The national festival that comes this month suggests one other enemy—Ingratitude for God's benefits. Is it not a glorious thing to belong to a country where every year, from north to south, and east to west, the song and prayer of thanksgiving go up to God? But, boys and girls, there are some countries that never have a Thanksgiving Day; still God's favors are coming *every* day, and our heart should always be filled with tender thoughts of gratitude, and sending up fervent aspirations and prayers of thanksgiving. In all the magazines that publish favors people are asking for, we see afterwards many touching accounts of graces or favors obtained. But, boys and girls, what about all the blessings that come without our asking?

There are many gifts of God that we are so accustomed to that we never think of them coming from Him; and there are other things—but we shall not tell them to you, because we want you to *think them out yourselves, and write about them.* Let all the soldiers and rosarians, and "children of a larger growth," too, name one or more blessings for which everybody should thank God, and let us wage the warfare against ingratitude by summing up God's benefits, and offering our Rosaries in thanksgiving for them, in union with the dear angels. If we do not publish all the letters, we shall surely give the list of blessings that you name.

With Other Young Folks.

"The Children's Corner" of *The Catholic Mirror*, in one of its late issues, contains a bright little sketch by M. J. Golder,—"Ice Cream Days at the Hospital." It does not treat entirely of the distribution of ice cream, however; there is a suggestive paragraph about the distribution of good reading. "One man said a paper was as good as a meal to him." Yes, children, there are poor people in hospitals and prisons really hungry for something to read. Very few of us would throw away food that the poor could eat, but we are often careless about saving good magazines and papers that would be food for their minds. Boys and girls, what do you do with your Sunday-school papers after reading them? Do you throw them around? burn them up? wrap bundles with them? If you do not know of any hospital, your pastor will surely be able to give you the name of some poor children in their homes who would be pleased to get them.

The Young Catholic Messenger, Dayton, Ohio, presents in its issue of October 1st, one of Miss Eliza Allen Starr's graceful sketches, combining the life-story of a saint with a word-painting of the hallowed sanctuary where the saints' relics are treasured. An illustration of St. Rosalie's Cathedral, Palermo, Italy, accompanies the sketch of the city's patron saint. Another noteworthy article in this issue, "War Prevented by the Rosary," is a telling tribute to the power of this great devotion. The government papers continue. There is a touching account of numbers of infidels in Cochin-China, won to the faith by a holy missionary's teaching of the ministry of the angels.

Mary Catherine Crowley has the happy ability of taking numberless people with her on her tours. Through the medium of her present serial in the *Ave Maria*, "The Colvilles in Ireland," she is taking all the readers of the Young Folks' Department through hallowed and historic Ireland. "A Living Rosary," in the same issue, is a sweet bit of verse. The memory holds and repeats its opening stanza:

Mother, the beatings of my heart
This day I offer thee;
Oh, may they be as ruby beads—
A living Rosary!

We have received numbers of *The Girls' Own Messenger*, published by St. Anselm's Society. This is a pretty little

monthly now in its opening year. Each issue has many helpful and interesting things. The issue at hand has an article, "The Ideal Woman," by Mrs. Nolan-Slaney, which is a simple and beautiful presentation of our Lady's life as an example to women and young girls. Often dreams of some great future work, or the dread of coming sorrow, prevents the faithful doing of the humble duties of the present. Our Blessed Mother in Nazareth knew her great future mission, her awful sorrow to come, but, as the writer puts it in her graceful way: "Meanwhile the floor was swept, the meals prepared, the spinning-wheel revolved as faithfully, as regularly as though upon these depended the salvation of the world."

In other issues we have read with pleasure Mrs. Slaney's account of "The Catholic Letter and Literature Guild," of England, under the patronage of St. Francis Assisi and our own dear Dominican saint—Catherine of Siena. Like the St. Gabriel Confraternity of our own country, its object is to help young people and invalids, by helpful letters and good literature.

Stories of animals always interest young folks, especially if they are dog stories. The issue of *The Pilot* at hand gives some entertaining anecdotes about the doings of these faithful animals. At intervals the editor of this department gives her young people pretty things in prose and poetry, carefully gleaned from various current periodicals, but after all, it is the issues in which "Our Tender" gives her own helpful suggestions that we greet the most warmly.

The Kindergarten News, Springfield, Mass., is full of good things in its October issue. Its stories are of a kind that interest both grown people and children. "A Song of Hope," by C. S. B., a poem, is a beautiful thing. The magazine reproduces an article from *The Catholic Mirror*, which is an appeal for a larger number of kindergartens for Catholic children. Such an appeal, we trust, will find response wherever needed. Into how many sad little lives the kindergarten brings brightness! The accounts rendered of kindergarten work everywhere show the deep interest taken by teachers, not only in their work, but in the little magazine, its organ.

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING.

Words by MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Music adapted by J. V. R.

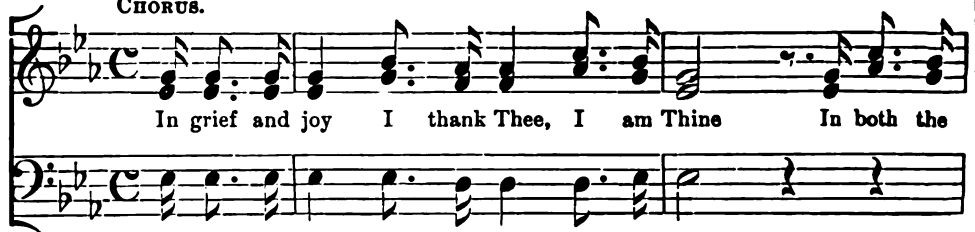


1. I thank Thee, Lord, that thro' this vale of tears I am Thy care;
 2. I thank Thee, Lord, for ev'ry want sup - plied From Heaven's store;
 3. For Thou a - lone, Dear One, dost know al - way Gifts best for me;
 4. I thank Thee, Lord, for Thy fond guid - ing care Thro' day and night;



That ev'ry hour Thy love for me appears, And ev'ry-where.
 Yet teach me, Thou, for prayer of mine de-nied To bless Thee more.
 So let me ev - er - more, I humbly pray. Trust all to Thee.
 For strength di - vine to break from e - vil snare And temp-ter's might.

CHORUS.



In grief and joy I thank Thee, I am Thine In both the



same, . . . in both the same. In grief and joy I thank Thee, I am

In grief and joy, in both the same.



Thine, In both the same, in both the same. I thank



in both the same, in both the same.



Thee, I am Thine. For ever - or blessed be Thy will divine, And praised Thy



Name, and praised Thy Name; And blessed and praised Thy Ho - ly Name.



5 How oft by sin and base ingratitude

I've wounded Thee;

But Thou hast ever drawn from evil good,

Dear Lord, for me.

CHORUS.

6 And I can bless Thee that each fall hath given

To me to know

That life of grace is peace and joy of heaven,

And sin is woe.

CHORUS.

7 I thank Thee, Lord, for moments to me given

Of holy rest;

A foretaste for the soul of joys of heaven,

Supremely blest.

CHORUS.

8 Yet oh! I thank Thee, too, for every cross

In mercy given;

On earth the bitter part of pain and loss,

The gain in heaven.

CHORUS.

Notes for the Children.

This is the month of the Holy Souls. You all know that unless people who die are just as perfect as God wants them to be, that they cannot go at once to Heaven. And you know that those who die loving God, and sorry for their sins, do not go to the place where the bad angels are. You *know* there is a "middle state, where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins," for your Catechism teaches you so. And you know, too, that these poor souls cannot help themselves, but that you can help them by your prayers and the many little mortifications you can perform.

Will you not try to help them all you can, especially during the month of November? If your name has been enrolled in the Confraternity of the Rosary, so that you are truly rosarians, and if you use beads blessed by a Dominican priest, or one who has faculties for giving the same blessing that Dominican Fathers give, then you can help these poor souls more by saying your beads than by any other prayer. And you can hear Mass, offering it up for them, you can remember them when you receive Holy Communion, and oh! in so many ways you can help them, though you are but children.

Then in mortification—it is a big word, isn't it?—you can do helpful things. There's a religious order that does kind works to the poor on earth, and the Sisters offer all they do for the suffering souls. Can you not do some kind work for somebody, and offer it up as these Sisters do? Aquinas knows how young people dislike to do home tasks, which many of them must do outside of school hours. Now, during this month do pleasantly all that is yours to do. Don't make mother feel sorry that she cannot do *everything* with her own tired hands, as mothers do feel when they see sour faces

on their sons and daughters, and hear grumbling words.

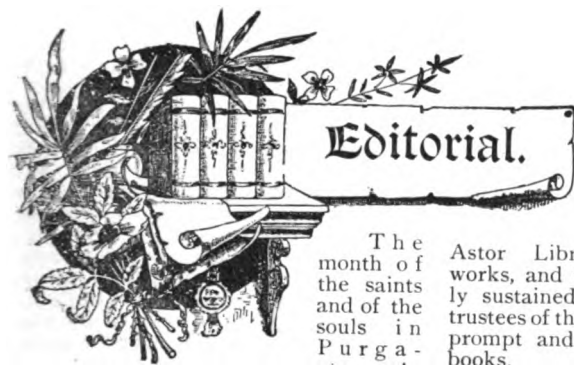
When your companions tease you, either "in fun" or "in earnest," keep back the angry words. Don't make the mistake of thinking that "anger is better out than in" means that you had better speak out the angry words because you feel them within you. It does not mean that at all. You must put angry, spiteful, hateful thoughts out of your heart by praying God to take them out, and by crushing them every time they want to make you speak unkind words. If by "holding in" an unkind word you could help a soul in Purgatory, would you not do it? Well, you can. Will you not do *all you can* in November for these poor souls?

The young folks are at school once more, and many of them, no doubt, are in drawing classes. How many are going to try for the prize for drawing, offered by Edwin Angeloe to young people under seventeen years of age? Did you see his offer of five dollars in gold in the October ROSARY?

November 21, boys and girls, you must not let pass without a loving thought about our Blessed Mother. That is the feast of her Presentation. When she was only three years old, her aged father and mother, St. Joachim and St. Anne, brought her to the Temple, and dedicated her to God, and though they loved her very much, they left her in the holy place with other young girls who were dedicated to God also. Young as she was, she knew what this consecration meant, and she made it lovingly. You are not asked to leave your parents and your homes, but you are all asked to give your young hearts to God. Ask our dear Lady to teach you how.

ANGELS around little children glide,
 Helping their souls to live,
 Striving to turn their thoughts aside
 From the lessons the sinful give.
 They on Christ's Mother and ours attend,
 True to her every call,
 Ready their wonderful gifts to spend
 To answer her will in all.

—Sister Mary Alphonsus, O. P.



The month of the saints and of the souls in Purgatory!

Faith tells

us of the union of the members of the Church triumphant in Heaven, militant on earth, suffering in Purgatory. The spirit of devotion, born of this divine teaching, prompts our loving and joyous greeting to the saints, in praise to God, for their triumph, in supplication for our own needs. We are also moved by the memory of the dead. Dear Rosarians, be mindful of those who have gone before. Charity, tenderness, zeal, perhaps justice, appeal to you. Listen to the cry. Use the Beads, with their wealth of indulgences, all applicable to the relief of God's faithful departed.

Again, readers of *THE ROSARY*, we appeal to you to take an active interest in our cause. Pray for it; speak for it; work for it; extend our field; double our resources; share in the reward that will come to all who aid in spreading the influence of good reading, in bringing others to love our Lady's name. Surely you who read these lines can influence, at least, one person to become a subscriber to *THE ROSARY*. Our gratitude will be sincere; it is as nothing to the generous return that our Lady, Queen of the Rosary, can make.

On St. Dominic's day, as we learn from the *Sydney Freeman's Journal*, His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, planted an orange tree in the garden of the Dominican Sisters of the convent and school of St. Sabina, Strathfield, New South Wales. This new seed, from St. Dominic's famous tree in Rome, gives promise of new fruit from the labors of his devoted daughters in far distant Australia.

We invite the special attention of our

readers to the scholarly article on the Astor Library, by Mr. John A. Mooney. This paper should be carefully read, and one recommendation that Mr. Mooney makes we particularly urge upon our readers and friends. If Catholics will apply to the management of the

Astor Library for notable Catholic works, and if the demand be sufficiently sustained to manifest a real want, the trustees of the Astor Library will be found prompt and liberal in providing such books.

We are pleased to learn that the Catholic Summer School has adopted as a text book in Church history, Doctor Parsons' "Studies," a notice of which we recently published. The earnest word we then spoke in its behalf we now cheerfully repeat.

Consult the Calendar, dear Rosarians. Note the special days, our Lady's Presentation in particular. We also remind you that all the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the faithful departed. Remember generously the poor suffering souls.

The tercentenary commemoration of the canonization of St. Hyacinth was observed at Cracow with unusual solemnities during the latter week of August. The celebration was not confined to the famed old Dominican church and convent alone. It was enthusiastically shared in by the whole city. On the afternoon of the 25th, the head of St. Hyacinth was translated from the chapel in which it is preserved, to the church, where the inaugural ceremonies, with solemn Vespers and sermon, took place. On the following day, Sunday, the Most Reverend Archbishop Morawski was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass, and the Most Reverend Archbishop Issakowicz preached the sermon. The large church was crowded to its utmost capacity, so that it was impossible to arrange the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, as was intended. Solemn Vespers were sung in the afternoon, Archbishop Issakowicz being the celebrant, and a Dominican Father preaching the panegyric. In the evening, the two archbishops of Lemberg arrived, and, together with the Cathedral Chapter of Cracow, a large

number of secular and regular clergy, and prominent lay guests, were present at a reception given by Count Stanislaus Tarnowski. On Monday, Archbishop Isakowicz celebrated Pontifical High Mass, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Count John Badeni, S. J. Tuesday, Rt. Rev. Bishop Solecki celebrated Solemn High Mass; Wednesday, Rt. Rev. Bishop Gluzer of Przemyśl; Saturday, Rt. Rev. Bishop Jourdan de la Passadiere of Rouen, France. Supplementary services were held on all these days in due order.

At the close of the week's solemnities, the number of the faithful in attendance was truly extraordinary. His Eminence, Cardinal Kopp, in whose diocese St. Hyacinth passed the early years of his life, was invited to conduct the concluding ceremonies. He was received at the station on Saturday by an immense gathering of people, and on Sunday His Eminence pontificated at the solemn services. In honor of the distinguished prince of the Church, a dinner was given to about 200 guests in the Convent refectory. Responding to the toast which the Vicar-General of the Dominican Province of Galicia, Very Rev. Dr. Thir, proposed to the Cardinal, His Eminence congratulated the Dominicans of Poland on the rising prosperity of the province, and expressed his warmest admiration of the deep religiousness of the Polish nation. After Vespers, likewise celebrated by Cardinal Kopp, a procession of at least 30,000 people moved in stately array to the Cathedral. It is noteworthy that the two Counts Strachwitz and others, lineal descendants of the ancient noble family of Odrawaz, to which St. Hyacinth belonged, took part in the procession, walking immediately after the reliquary containing the saint's relics. After the services at the Cathedral, the procession returned to the Dominican church late in the evening. Thousands of candles were burning in the windows along the line of march, adding their brilliancy to the light of the gleaming tapers in the hands of the moving throng. The facade of the church was likewise splendidly illuminated. Solemn Benediction by Cardinal Kopp, and a heartfelt *Te Deum*, closed the ceremonies of this eventful octave, in which Catholic Poland so worthily celebrated the glories of one of her most glorious saints.—*Austrian Correspondence.*

We commend to our New York friends, in different parts of the State, the important issues of the coming election. We

urge our friends to be conscientious in the discharge of their high duty as free-men, casting a ballot for officers in whose keeping will be the public safety, the honor of the State or city, the welfare of the law. The proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State of New York are well known: at least, every man desirous of understanding their character has had ample time to study them. With those that are essentially political we have no concern beyond our own judgment and preference, which are of no interest to our readers. But the amendment proposed regarding the appropriation of money to schools controlled by churches, ought to be resisted by every sincere Christian, Catholic or Protestant, as well as by our friends the Hebrews, who desire to save the schools, controlled by the State, from passing under infidel domination. The practical meaning of the proposed amendment touching schools is simply that religion in its faintest form or expression should be shut out. Non-Catholic opposition to the Church will, we trust, reconsider its attitude, when it realizes that it means a combination with infidelity. We trust that the people of New York are not prepared, as yet, to repudiate so fully, as this proposed amendment contemplates, the influence of religion. Every New Yorker, enjoying the franchise, who looks ahead, and desires the welfare of his children as the coming props of the State, should vote against this educational amendment.

The following letter is from our French correspondent.

DEAR REV. FATHER:—

In a letter written by a Dominican missionary Father in Tonkin, I find the interesting story which follows:

I was accompanying, he says, his Lordship, Bishop Wenceslaus Onake, O. P., in a pastoral visitation. When we came to the district of Xuon-dien, where every year the sea invades the shore, the inhabitants were on the point of leaving their village to withdraw to the interior. There was already an imminent danger of seeing the church and the missionary's house flooded by the rising waters, and the opinion of all was that it was necessary to retire. At this sight the holy bishop, full of compassion, saw that the help of men was of no avail. Then he turned towards Heaven. He urged his people to make publicly a vow to St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, and ordered a procession to take

place every year on the 17th of November, in order to obtain from the saint's intercession, that the ocean might retire from the shore, or at least not proceed further on its destructive way.

In order to fulfil their oath as soon as possible, the bishop decreed that the first procession should take place the next day. Immediately the waters went back; I saw it myself with my own eyes.

A necessary feature, as modern arrangements are, of every well conducted magazine, is a carefully selected array of advertisements. The "art" of advertising is not among the fine arts, but it is a very important element in the embellishing of business announcements. THE ROSARY hopes for a just share of legitimate advertising, and to such cards as we are already able to publish, we invite the intelligent attention of our friends. Those who desire to aid us in our labors have a good opportunity, in patronizing THE ROSARY advertisers. Mention THE ROSARY. We recommend those whose advertisements appear in our magazine, because we know the worth of their enterprises. The revenue derived from these notices is devoted to the welfare of THE ROSARY, the benefit of which redounds to our readers.

Among the unpublished writings of Mother Drane, the sketch of whose life was closed in the October number of THE ROSARY, the following beautiful instruction on the Beads was found. We lay it before our readers in the hope that they will diligently study this fruitful compendium of our Lady's queen devotion.

"The Rosary contains within itself all devotions, because it is the compendium of the Incarnation, from which all devotions in the Church take their rise. Let the special attraction of any one be what it may, he will surely find it in the Rosary. Take the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament; it is there in its very fountain; the devotion to the Passion—there it is. The devotion to our Blessed Lady—we find her there. Do we desire to prepare for Mass? there, in the grand central mystery of the Crucifixion, is the Holy Sacrifice begun; do we wish to prepare for death? What better preparation can we make than by those often-repeated words, by which, contemplating our Lord's death, we invoke the help of His blessed Mother at our own? We may, without profanity, say of the Rosary, what is said of the Blessed Sacrament, that it

has in it all manner of sweetness. I say, without profanity, because it is the same Lord and God Incarnate whom we find in both. But besides all this, there is a most marvellous power in the contemplation of our Lord's life as an unbroken whole, which only those who have accustomed themselves to the recitation of the whole Rosary fully comprehend.

Meditation on our Lord's life is the very essence of Christian life, it is meditation *by excellence*. However high we may be in contemplation, as St. Teresa says, we shall never get beyond that. It would be a very shallow view to take of it, if we looked on it only as we view meditation on the lives of the saints; though, indeed, it is the life of the Saint of saints. But it is much more than this; for His life is, in reality, our life, and meditation on His life and death is a kind of sacramental participation in them. It is a wonderful thought, when we see before us a hundred or a thousand persons, and remember that there are a hundred or a thousand lives being led by all those individual human souls. We are apt, in thought, to make distinctions, to think of one soul as more important than another; probably in the eyes of God all are of equal importance; in one sense we know they are so. But all these distinct human lives, with all their separate thoughts and joys and sorrows, are comprehended in the life of Christ. As a great sympathizing heart is able to take in and sympathize with all who approach it, so, in His great Heart, as in an immense ocean, all our lives lie reflected. He has condescended in the most real way to associate Himself with these joys and sorrows, and to make Himself one with them; and in the Rosary He deigns to call that time we are all accustomed to look back upon as our happiest time, the years of our childhood,—the time of *His Joyful* mysteries. To most of us the peculiar charm and perfume of that happy period was the love and influence of a mother, and so He shows His sympathy with this most cherished of our memories by revealing Himself in what we may call His domestic relations, as a little child in his home, and under the care of his mother.

But He did not remain there; neither can we remain there. No soul can pass from birth to death without its passion; suffering is sure to come in some way—interior or exterior,—in the body or in the soul. And here again He meets us. Whatever our agony may be, whether it

be the struggle with our own nature, or our own affections; trial from within, or trial from without, He has gone through it all, that He may give us, in our hour of need, the word of consolation, that *in* the agony strength comes. "And being in an agony, He prayed the longer. And there appeared to Him an angel from Heaven, strengthening Him."

Strength to go through courageously all that has to be gone through, strength to take up the cross and carry it, to endure the Crucifixion, and remain crucified till the work of God is done. But He does not leave us even there. When we have patiently suffered with Him, He will have us to rise with Him to a new life. He will give us an Ascension, by an increasing assimilation of our thoughts and lives with those of the blessed in Heaven. And then, in the great central mystery, the continual out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, we reach, as it were, a standing-point of the soul, beyond which nothing remains but to die. When we have joined ourselves to God, we have found rest; and then what matters it if our life be ten, twenty, fifty years longer? They are but as the two little decades of the Rosary, still left in our hands. The Rosary itself seems to teach us that there is nothing more, for the two last mysteries are but the completion of the rest. Yet not even in death does our most loving Lord leave us. He takes us up to the gates of Paradise, and shows us the half-open door, and Himself waiting with a beautiful crown *for us*. It sometimes seems impossible to believe, knowing as we do, our own sins and miseries and wretchedness, that that beautiful crown ever can be ours. Yet this is the promised end; our Rosary lands and leaves us with God. No one who only uses the chaplet, and never takes the Rosary as one perfect whole, can understand the wonderful light which comes through the contemplation of the whole life of our Lord, or how it illustrates His own promise, that if we have faithfully suffered with Him upon earth, He will make us share His Glory in Heaven."

A worthy charity appeals to readers of THE ROSARY, when the Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent, St. Peter's Post-office, Montana, pleads for the little Indian orphans who are committed to her care. Her band of devoted Sisters needs help. They appeal, not for comforts, but for bread. THE ROSARY warmly commends this mission to our friends. Con-

tributions can be sent directly to the address given, and we know that they will be well applied. "Whoever gives quickly gives twice."

Some one has recently estimated that the British spend annually one hundred and forty millions sterling, on drink, and six millions on books. Let him who runs read. America? We have not sufficient statistics on which to base an estimate, but it is probable that our drink bill is much heavier than our book bill, even if the disproportion be not so startling as with the English.

In the September issue of THE ROSARY we briefly referred to the shrine of our Lady of the Rosary, in the Church of the Servites, Rimini, Italy. We add a few particulars relating to this work, which has been frequently blessed and approved by our Holy Father. Among other proofs of his special benevolence he has honored this association by sending his name for enrollment among the members.

1. Each day five Masses are celebrated at the Privileged Altar; the fifteen decades of the Rosary are recited; Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament is given every morning and evening.

2. Every Friday during the year, and every day during the month of November, the Stations of the Cross are made.

3. On the first Saturday of each month a Requiem Mass is celebrated for the deceased members.

4. Each year, on the day following the first Sunday of October, a solemn Office and Mass of the dead are sung.

5. On the last three days of November there is exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament, as in the Forty Hours' Devotion.

We are informed that devout members of the confraternity may be found at the shrine, every day, relieving one another in the watches, so that the Rosary becomes a perpetual prayer.

Thus far the alms received have enabled the worthy priest who directs this work, to support only fifteen orphans. Yet this is wonderful when we consider that the offering of each member of the "Pious Work" is only five cents a year. But the good Father desires to increase his little household, especially by the erection and equipment of a small hospital. Should any of our readers wish to join in this excellent devotion, they can write directly to the Rev. Hugh Maccolini, Church of the Servites, Rimini, Italy.

We are glad to lay before our readers an extract from the Holy Father's latest Encyclical on the Rosary. We shall continue to give a portion each month, until the whole will have been published. We hope that there will thus be more devout consideration of this noble appeal, and that it will be a renewed reminder to Rosarians of the love and confidence we should all feel towards our Blessed Lady, Queen of the Holy Rosary.

Leo XIII., by Divine Providence Pope. To the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries in peace and communion with the Holy See.

Venerable Brethren, Greeting and the Apostolic Benediction.

We always look forward with pleasant expectation and elevated hope to the return of the month of October, which has, by our exhortation and order, been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and, in which for not a few years now, the devotion of the Rosary has been cultivated unitedly and earnestly among Catholic peoples. The motive which induced us to make this exhortation we have made known more than once. For as the unfortunate condition of the Church and of nations assuredly demands the urgent aid of God, we thought it well that this should be implored through the intercession of His Mother, and that it should be solicited especially by that form of prayer the efficacy of which has always been felt by Christians to be most wholesome. Such was the feeling even at the very origin of the Rosary of Mary, both in the preservation of the holy faith from the wicked attacks of heretics, and in the fitting esteem for the virtues which, owing to the age's corrupt example, needed to be sustained and raised; and the same feeling has been experienced publicly and privately in a perennial course of benefits, the memory of which is everywhere immortalized by famous institutions and monuments. We rejoice to relate that our own age, laboring in many ways under dangers incidental to the times, has in like manner derived salutary fruit from the same source; but on looking round, venerable brethren, you see yourselves that there still exist and are partly increasing reasons why zeal in appealing to the Heavenly Queen should by our exhortation be stimulated amongst your flocks. Add to this that as we fix our thoughts on the intimate character of the Rosary, the clearer its excellence and advantage appear to us, the higher is raised the desire and hope that our recommendation may have such an effect that this most sacred devotion, strengthened in the minds of the faithful by a more thorough acquaintance, and increased by a more extended use, may flourish yet much more abundantly. In promoting this purpose we shall not recall the various considerations respecting the same matter which we set forth in former years; it rather occurs to us to reflect upon and point out by what an excellent design of Divine Providence it comes to pass that through the aid of the Rosary, confidence as to the result of their petitions is pleasantly infused into the minds of those who pray, and the maternal compassion of the benign Virgin for men responds to appeals by affording succor with the utmost bounty.

Readers of THE ROSARY who are voters in the State of New York or elsewhere, should forget their partisanship in the coming election, so far as A. P. A.-ism has been thrust among the issues of the campaign. Every Catholic voter should stand for the highest and best citizenship, for true American principles, in vigorous-

ly opposing these venomous anti-American A. P. A's. And any party recognizing them, or wanting in courage to denounce them, should receive no support from Catholics or Protestants who are true Americans.

A contributor sends the following sketch:

During one of the battles of the late civil war a young lieutenant of the —th Cavalry was mortally wounded, and taken, with many others, to the Hospital at L—, then in charge of the Sisters of Charity. His patience, gentleness, and refinement soon won the hearts of his devoted nurses—one in particular, Sister Genevieve, who had grown old in the service of God and her neighbor. She called him "her boy," and took upon herself the painful task of informing him that his recovery was impossible.

To her surprise he appeared quite calm, and not unprepared for the announcement; young as he was, the thought of death did not seem terrible to him. Gradually, as he opened his mind to her, Sister Genevieve learned that he had led a life singularly pure and free from reproach for one of his day and generation. His mother, dead but a few short months, seemed to have been his idol. His father had early died a drunkard's death. He was an only child, and in the time of his boyhood, had promised never to touch liquor, a promise which he had faithfully kept. With his mother as a standard, he had revered all women. Of religion in its truest sense he knew little. "God knows all about us," he would say,— "what we think, what we mean to do, what we are. Why then should we pray?"

Sister Genevieve vainly strove to combat this sophistry by every argument in her power. He would answer her with a smile, and a quiet shake of the head, but seemed determined to die as he had lived, a blameless follower of the natural law, without feeling the necessity of supernatural aids. Although his mother had been a devout Presbyterian, he had never been baptized. As his strength slowly ebbed away, the soul of the good Sister took alarm. Desisting from her efforts and abandoning argument, she had recourse to prayer alone. Her rosary was never out of her hands, save when her charges required their usual ministrations.

One night he asked her to explain the meaning of the Beads. She did so, telling him, at the same time, of the honor and

reverence in which Catholics hold the Mother of God. He accepted it eagerly, was full of admiration for the spirit of reverence which prompted it. "If there be aught in prayer," he said, thoughtfully, "surely she must have power in Heaven." The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, usually a stumbling-block with Protestants, seemed beautiful to him, and easy of belief. But otherwise he gave no sign, while his anxious nurse prayed on and on, mingling heartfelt Memorares with the Ave Marias of the Rosary.

Time passed. He had lain all day in a half stupor—pain departed—only the sands of life fast running outward to the eternal sea. Occasionally his eyes would rest upon her with a grateful glance as she changed the pillow or moistened his parched lips. The sun went down; a storm gathered in the West. Huge masses of clouds piled themselves one above another in the evening sky. Then came peal after peal of thunder, flash followed flash in the darkening heavens. The surgeon went his rounds, pausing at the bedside where the faithful nurse watched and waited, praying, always praying. "He will pass in this storm," said the

doctor, resuming his walk. Lieutenant N— opened his eyes, a wan smile on his white lips. Sister Genevieve knelt down, her face close to the pillow. "What is it?" she asked, as he raised his thin, tremulous fingers.

"Put that in my hand," he said, pointing to the rosary.

She obeyed eagerly.

"Now, pour the water on me,—I *will* believe in a faith like yours," he said in a weak voice, but still smiling.

"Ah! my dear boy, my good boy!" said the nun sobbing, and with trembling hands reaching a glass from the table.

"Tears, Sister! tears for me?" he murmured. "Poor little soul!"

She leaned over him, pressing the crucifix to his lips.

"Pray, pray," she said.

"I have prayed," he answered, his eyes already closing.

"I saw my mother—both mothers were there," pointing upward. As she poured the water on his forehead, a tremendous peal of thunder shook the building, the rain came down in torrents, and his soul went forth. It seemed to her like a double baptism.

MAGAZINES.

The most attractive article in the current (July-September) number of the *Revue Biblique*, is the one from the pen of Father Lagrange, O.P., on the place of St. Stephen's martyrdom. The Dominican Fathers have erected a convent and established a school of biblical studies on what they, with many others, consider the genuine spot where the Protomartyr was put to death. The traditional reasons for this belief are learnedly set forth by Father Lagrange.

Professors and students of Scripture will, we are sure, be delighted with the other articles, especially with those on "The formation of the New Testament," and "Creation according to Genesis and Science."

The Abbé Vigouroux, one of the most eminent Scriptural scholars of the day, has written a very strong letter in praise of the *Revue Biblique*, and of the school of Scriptural studies established by the Dominican Fathers at Jerusalem.

We take pleasure in here reproducing the following tribute from *The Pittsburg Catholic* of October 13th.

"The Dominican Fathers are taking

the lead in the practical study of the Holy Scriptures. It may not be generally known that their monastery of St. Stephen at Jerusalem has been elevated to the rank of a college, and that next year it will enjoy the privilege of conferring degrees under the same conditions as the Minerva, Rome. The Fathers have lost no time in establishing at St. Stephen's a special school for practical biblical study, the most satisfactory results having already been obtained. St. Jerome in his day found the advantage of preparing the Vulgate on the spot, and the Dominicans by choosing Jerusalem for their labors deserve the interesting discoveries they have made, and which more and more bring into the light of day the absolute and startling veracity of the Sacred Books. Every fresh archaeological detail is gathered up and published by the Jerusalem Dominicans in their excellent *Revue Biblique*, a magazine of extreme value to biblical students. The Fathers and their scholars lay great stress on the study of Hebrew, which naturally enough is more easily acquired there than in Europe. This school responds perfect-

ly to the wishes of the Holy Father as expressed in his encyclical *Providentissimus*; it unites orthodoxy with science, it possesses all that is necessary to acquire a serious and profound knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, and it is a magnificent training ground for biblical professors. The sons of St. Dominic have not lost the spirit of their best traditions."

The Outlook, in its issue of September 22, spoke of the Pope and Crispi, and declared it difficult for the Vatican to surrender its claim to temporal sovereignty without appearing to invalidate its claim to "infallibility." How strange that a bright journal would become so confused as to the meaning of the temporal power!

The Magazine of Art for October (The Cassell Publishing Co., New York), has several notable articles, with fine illustrations. Art students will find some good suggestions in the address, "How and What to Read." This number has almost as many illustrations as pages. The first part of "The Wonder of Siena" and "The Shrine of St. Simeon" are of special interest.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, for October, pleads earnestly for the cause of good reading. The evils of the sensational press are branded, and Catholics are justly warned against the dangers of the daily press, particularly in some of its Sunday issues. We feel encouraged because of every word said in behalf of wholesome literature, yet we cannot make the progress for which we should strive while so many Catholic papers maintain so low a literary standard.

"Our Quinzaine at La Salette," in the October *Atlantic Monthly*, is an interesting account of a fortnight's visit to this famous shrine of our Lady. With the exception of a reference to "Mariolatry at its height," the general tone is agreeable. "Mariolatry" is a word that gives offence to Catholics. Literally it may pass muster, but the usual sense of the word is unpleasant. We expect from the scholarly *Atlantic* consideration for the "niceties." In the same number the clever "Reports of the Plato Club" are closed. "The Mediaeval Towns of England," "Recollections of Stanton under Johnson," and "A Russian Holy City," will be found entertaining. "The Railway War" is a sober, solid article. Its appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly* ought to have a good effect. We feel

obliged, however, to make some comments on the following paragraph taken from the note on the "Inn of the Bear," in the Contributor's Club: "An inferior rival of the Bear, the Inn of the Lion, long ago disappeared, was likewise in this street, kept by the famous beauty, Vanozza Cattanei (painted in the Vatican, by Pinturicchio, as the Virgin, with her papal lover at her feet), the mistress of Alexander VI., and the mother of Cæsar and Lucrezia Borgia." We are not here concerned with a vindication of Alexander VI., nor do we deny that improper relations existed between Rodrigo Borgia (afterwards Alexander VI.) and Vanozza Cattanei beginning, probably, in the year 1466 or 1467. However, there is no proof that he had any relation with her after 1474, in which year she married Domenico d'Arigiano. Being widowed, she married in 1480, a certain Giorgio de Croce. In 1483 she and her husband, Giorgio de Croce, did *lease* a certain hostelry called "The Lion," and this hostelry, it is said, is now known as No. 109 in the Via Tor di Nona. She did not *keep* the inn. Her lease, like many others she made, was an investment. The notion that the mother of Rodrigo Borgia's four children (acknowledged by him) kept a hotel is ridiculous. Giorgio de Croce dying, she again married, between 1486 and 1490, this time, one Carlo Canale. The *Atlantic* contributor speaks of Canale as her second husband. Now it was only in 1492 that Borgia attained the Papacy, eighteen years after Vanozza's marriage to d'Arigiano. In 1492 she was at least fifty years old, and the idea of Pinturicchio, or any one else, painting her as a madonna at or after that time, is nonsensical. Looking over Vasari's life of Pinturicchio, it will be found that he says: "Over the door of one of the rooms in the same palace (the palace of the Pope), Pinturicchio portrayed the Signora Giulia Farnese in the face of a madonna; and in the same picture is a figure in adoration of the Virgin, the head of which is a portrait of Pope Alexander." Now Giulia Farnese was not Vanozza Cattanei. Hence the story in *The Atlantic* does not stand. It is notable that at a later period Alexander commanded Pinturicchio to paint in the tower of the garden of St. Angelo, events from the Pope's life, portraying Isabella of Spain, Cæsar Borgia, his brothers and sister (Vanozza's children), but there is no word of Vanozza herself. Will *The Atlantic* make the

proper amend to its readers, and to truth? Even Alexander VI. can claim this. And in justice to Vanozza, be it said, that her relations with Rodrigo Borgia were not those of an evil woman. She seems to have been a good wife to each of her husbands. She loved her children, and by them was loved to the last. During the closing years of her life she was noted for her retirement, piety, and charity. Her tomb is in Santa Maria del Popolo; but no authentic portrait of her exists anywhere.

Among other interesting papers in *The Chatauguan* for October, we noted, in a particular manner, "Development of Railroads in the United States," "The British Parliament," and "The Education of a Prince." In the course of the last-named article, the author states that more than 75,000 attended the various summer schools of Chataugua, this year, and that the average enrollment each year, during the past fifteen years, has been 15,000. This is a splendid record. We quote with pleasure the following words: "We shall rejoice most heartily if our Roman Catholic friends of the Columbia Reading Circle, and all the other reading circles, enroll as many students in the courses of a truly liberal education." We hope that our Champlain students will soon render it feasible, by their zeal and generosity for the Catholic Summer School of America, to publish a magazine as efficient as *The Chatauguan*.

Dr. A. J. Faust, in the *Church News*, Washington, September 22, gives a finished estimate of the late Mother Drane, contrasting her beautiful life and work with the broken career of George Eliot. It is worthy of note that the passing of Mother Drane, that noble woman and brilliant writer, has occasioned so little comment in the literary world. We feel no surprise on this head, in considering some of our Catholic journals whose activity in the clipping line is seldom redeemed by a cognizance of anything beyond the ordinary drift.

The Churchman (September 29) mildly protests against the deprivation of religious training in the public schools. We say "mildly protests," because while *The Churchman* is in line with us on the necessity of religion being considered an essential element in education, our Episcopalian friend pauses at the critical and practical part. *The Churchman*

would be very much grieved if any portion of public money were devoted to schools encouraging religious training, but fails to offer any remedy. Sunday-schools are considered deficient, *The Churchman* admitting that the results are painfully unsatisfactory. The system of St. Sulpice is commended to the Episcopalians, with a cautious word about "Roman errors." This is not kind. It would be a pleasure for us to know that all Sunday-schools are becoming more efficient; and we would be glad if our non-Catholic friends adopted Catholic methods, without needlessly talking of "Roman errors." Of course, we are not enthusiastic over Sunday-schools. At best they are make-shifts; nor do we claim for them Catholic origin. But there is a sense of satisfaction in knowing that *The Churchman*, representing so large and cultured a body, recognizes, even with partial fault-finding, the Catholic position on education. Let us hope that our friends will gradually approach to the full truth.

Father Hewitt's article in the October *Catholic World* on "The Immoral Use and Sale of Intoxicants," is excellent. Its temperate tone will make converts who would be repelled by the rabid utterances of some of the temperance (?) fanatics. A very pretty little sketch in the same number is Magdalen Rock's "An Irish-woman's Rosary." Several other articles are notable.

The Christian Register, October 10th and 11th, is largely devoted to the recent Unitarian Convention held at Saratoga. In the issue of October 11th, the full text is given of Judge Robinson's paper read before the Convention on "The Mutual Relations of the Catholic and Protestant Churches," and of Father Conaty's on "The Catholic Church in its Relation to the Temperance Movement." The action of the Unitarians in inviting these representative Catholics to address the Convention is worthy of cordial praise. The broad and kindly spirit thus manifested, breathes through several papers that are published in the same number of the *Register*—"Co-operation Between Catholics and Protestants in Charitable Work," and "Co-operation of Catholics and Protestants in Education." We earnestly commend to our readers these numbers of the *Register*. (The Christian Register Association, Boston, Mass.)

Mr. Gladstone's article in *The Nineteenth Century* for August, on Heresy and Schism, has been the subject of many comments. Despite its shortcomings, its wavering and inconsistency, due, not so much to insincerity as to want of full light, the article was a noble utterance. The venerable writer opens the September *Nineteenth Century* with a discussion of the "True and False Conceptions of the Atonement," the occasion of the article being Mrs. Annie Besant's autobiography recently published. The principal proposition defended by Mr. Gladstone is this: Atonement is an essential part of the Incarnation which the Son of God took upon Himself, that as the Man of Sorrows He might redeem us; in this there is mystery, but no injustice nor liability to such a charge. Mrs. Besant had asked what is the "justice" of God in "accepting a vicarious suffering from Christ, and a vicarious righteousness from the sinner. Mr. Gladstone justly remarks that Mrs. Besant was rash in attributing to "the churches" the doctrine incorporated in that proposition as she understood it; hence she was fighting a phantom. Vicarious atonement would be forensic (reputed in law), and not ethical (real) justification, if God merely demanded the payment of a debt by the sufferings of Christ, without demanding any change of heart in the sinner. God accepted the sufferings of Christ in atonement for the sins of men, but the sinner will not be benefited, unless with the pardon of his sins he begins a "process of renovation," by which he becomes incorporated with Christ. This being the true conception of atonement and justification by Christ, the second part of Mrs. Besant's contention that the churches admit a vicarious righteousness—a sanctification by proxy—falls to the ground. This is good doctrine, and Mr. Gladstone holds it. But it is a question whether all "the churches" have the right to defend themselves, by this teaching, from the injustice that troubled Mrs. Besant. The early "reformers," whatever may be said of later Protestants, did teach that by faith alone was man justified. They rejected the Catholic Epistle of St. James, in which the contrary was vigorously asserted; and we are not surprised that Mrs. Besant and others held that such teachings made religion a mockery and a farce, something that a God of justice and sanctity could not accept. Conscientious seekers after truth can find a doctrine on justification that will satisfy their

minds, by reading the acts of the sixth session of the Council of Trent. When Mrs. Besant examined the doctrine of "the churches," she forgot the greatest Church of all. In Mr. Gladstone's article there are several assertions that cannot be admitted unless they can be explained in a sense altogether different from that conveyed by their terms: (1) Christ's willingness to suffer for man was a conditioned willingness; (2) The Son of God by the Incarnation, took upon Himself a nature not strictly perfect, but perfectible; (3) It is needless to write upon the deeper question whether the Church at large is wholly exempt from the possibility of going astray in matters not vital to the Christian faith.

We merely add that anything that has been revealed is vital.

In the same number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Prince Kropotkin concludes his scholarly articles on "Mutual Aid in the Mediæval city."

Among our weekly exchanges we observed, with pleasure, the references to the devotion of the Rosary for October. 2 *The Sacred Heart Review* (September 9) contained a devout and even poetic tribute to the Beads, but the writer made several notable errors. The indulgence attached to each bead is of two hundred, and not one hundred days. A plenary indulgence may be gained, not only once a year, but very frequently. Finally, the indulgences imparted through the Crossier blessing are not the richest.

The Catholic Review (October 6) also errs in its definition of the Rosary, and in the statement that the *Creed* is a part of it. THE ROSARY has given such explicit instruction on its own devotion, that we may justly look for greater accuracy in our Catholic journals, and greater uniformity in churches.

We are indebted to the following exchanges for very friendly notices of our work: *The Pilot*, Boston; *The Catholic Standard*, Philadelphia; *The Michigan Catholic*, Detroit; *The Catholic News*, New York; *The Republic*, Boston; *The Catholic Weekly*, Troy; *The Pittsburg Catholic*, Pittsburg; *The Annals of St. Joseph*, West de Pere, Wis.; *The Casket*, Antigonish, N. S.; *The Northwestern Chronicle*, St. Paul.

The Revue Thomiste for September contains a letter of approbation and encouragement from our Holy Father. Everybody knows how ardently Leo the Thir-

teenth desires to see the doctrines of St. Thomas Aquinas made known and explained in these times of turbulent and aggressive error. From the exposition of the solid principles and conclusions of the Prince of Theologians he hopes for much that will make men not only think well, but also live well—"ex qua, non solum ad recte intelligendum, sed etiam ad recte agendum pendent momenta maxima." It was assuredly no slight consolation to the Directors of the *Revue Thomiste* to hear from the Pontiff himself that the style of their publication—*genus tractationis*—was in complete harmony with his plans and desires: "*Plane congruit cum consiliis nostris*," wrote the Holy Father.

The last number of the *Review* very appropriately contains a leading article on the unity of teaching in the Encyclicals of Pius the Ninth and Leo the Thirteenth. Their training and their characters are different, but their doctrine is always the same.

Father Coconnier, O.P., Professor of Theology in the University of Fribourg, continues his series of articles on Hypnotism. We shall anxiously await his answer to the three questions he proposes: Is Hypnotism immoral? Is it injurious? Is it diabolical? The other articles are interesting and instructive, and we are glad to see that the thinkers of the Old World do not anticipate any serious injury to faith from the publication of Zola's silly and disgusting book on Lourdes.

The Book Buyer (Charles Scribner's Sons) for September, gives sketches of Paul Sabatier, the author of "The Life of St. Francis of Assisi," and of "Moirá O'Neill," the promising young Irish writer. Both are accompanied by portraits. The October number of the *Buyer* has an "Essay on Graphology," with fac-simile specimens of the hand-writing of five distinguished authors. Curious people will find this suggestive.

The current (October-December) *Quarterly Illustrator* contains more than three hundred illustrations representing nearly two hundred well-known artists. This magazine is a marvel of cheapness in price. The present issue deals with a great variety of subjects, and in every case the treatment is excellent.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review, for September, did not appear till the end of the month. The number is entirely de-

voted to the Catholic Summer School. As such it is a souvenir issue of special value. The editor of the *Review* announces the probability of a change in the name of his monthly. We venture the suggestion that a shorter title will be more appropriate than one that involves a sub-heading. "The Champlain Review," it occurs to us, would be sufficient. We hope that our good friend, Mr. Mosher, will have the success he so well deserves.

McClure's Magazine for October is an excellent number. The illustrated article on Charles A. Dana, Editor of *The Sun*, is the leading paper. All who know *The Sun* will desire to know something of its famous editor. *McClure's* for October is a good opportunity. "The Brownies on the Stage" will interest young and old.

"Railroad Travel in England and America" is the opening paper of *Scribner's Magazine* for October. It is instructive reading for those who have not "been abroad," but even experienced travellers will find it full of information. "Tarabumari Dances and Plant Worship" is another article of value in the same number.

The Poor Souls' Advocate, Mt. Vernon, Indiana, is a periodical "devoted to the interests of the souls in Purgatory." In a friendly way we would suggest that there is scarcely a reason for giving such a name to a publication, especially as it contains very little concerning the souls in Purgatory. The little magazine is well edited, and presents varied and entertaining matter to its readers. While reminded by the title to say a good word in its behalf, this month, we are of the opinion that another name could be fittingly chosen. The October number contains an article on "Catholic Kentucky," which makes no reference to the work of the Dominicans in that State. We know that magazine articles do not generally attain to the dignity of history, but they ought to be accurate when they touch upon history's domain. The story of Catholic Kentucky without the Dominicans is decidedly incomplete.

Ten of the great English periodicals are represented in the October *Eclectic Magazine*. The articles selected cover a considerable field, and are of timely interest. *The Eclectic* is published by E. R. Pelton, New York.

The Forum for October is among the best of the magazines. Frederic Harrison's series of Victorian writers continues, with Disraeli as the theme. Our Boston friends will find "A Southern Woman's Study of Boston" very refreshing. "The Significance of the Japan-China War" is discussed by an intelligent and well-informed native of Japan.

The Catholic Times, of Philadelphia, has opened its columns to a discussion of the single tax theory, between Father Fitzsimons and Henry George. The first paper appeared in the *Times* of September 22. The debate will be continued each week till its close.

Archbishop Ireland speaks clearly and energetically in the October number of the *North American Review*, on "The Catholic Church and the Saloon." "The Renaissance of Women," by Lady Henry Somerset, is clever, but we doubt if she will make many converts to her views of women's rights (?).

Persons interested in the war between China and Japan will find a character-sketch, illustrated, of the Chinese premier, Li Hung Chang, in the October *Review of Reviews*. This number is particularly rich in portraits of distinguished men.

The Century for October is a great number. Aubrey de Vere's Recollections are continued, with portraits, and also the correspondence of Edgar Allen Poe. Brander Matthews has another article on book binding, with beautiful illustrations. Edwin Booth and General McClellan are the subject of special papers. The other articles are of corresponding merit. Li Hung Chang is introduced in "Across Asia on a Bicycle."

Donahoe's Magazine for October might be called a New York number. Two articles were devoted to subjects of special interest to New Yorkers,—a sketch of Archbishop Corrigan by Father John T. Smith, and a brief resumé of Catholic life and work in New York. Father Smith will publish a series of papers on the great prelates of the country. His clever pen is well known to old readers of *THE ROSARY*, and new readers will soon meet him through our pages. We are indebted to the courtesy of *Donahoe's Magazine* for the use of the illustration representing the portrait of Archbishop Corrigan as Bishop of Newark, and for another which

will appear in December. We regret the resignation of Mr. T. C. Quinn as Editor of *Donahoe's*. He had achieved a notable success in its management. We hope that even greater good fortune will come to him in his new work, and that his successor in the chair of *Donahoe's* will receive generous encouragement in his labors.

The Regents' Bulletin, No. 28, of the University of the State of New York, giving the proceedings of the 32d Convocation, has been received. Among its varied papers is one by Father Mullany on the Regents and our Catholic schools, to which we called attention in the September number of *THE ROSARY*. There is also a very interesting estimate of the life and work of Brother Azarias, written by John A. Mooney. Bishop Doane's remarks on religious teaching in the State schools assert the usual non-Catholic view, and though he speaks for religious training in homes, he furnishes another proof of the weakness of the non-Catholic position on the subject of education. If the proposed school amendment to the constitution of the State of New York should be approved by the voters, it will practically mean a surrender of public school children to the influences of infidelity. We hope that all Catholic voters in New York, regardless of party affiliation, will vote against the adoption of this proposed amendment. The Regents' Bulletin includes several papers of interest, not only to teachers, but to the general public.

The Catholic School and Home Magazine, edited by the Reverend Doctor Conaty, President of the Catholic Summer School, is an excellent publication. Two features we particularly commend—"Studies in Church History," and "Bible Talks." These alone, apart from other good features of this magazine, ought to make many friends for Doctor Conaty's work. Sold at 50 cents a year, there is no family too poor to pay for a subscription. Send for a sample copy to 340 Cambridge St., Worcester, Mass.

The Social Graphic, of Memphis, is one of the best edited of our exchanges. It is a visitor always welcome. Our southern friends, either at home, or while living in other parts, must appreciate the brightness and cheer that always mark the *Graphic*. Among recent special features we have noted a series of articles on

Literature, by Brother Bernardine, of the Christian Brothers' College, Memphis. They are excellent, and deserve to have many readers. THE ROSARY congratulates the Editor of the *Graphic*, and with a cordial "God speed."

The Critic (October 6) gives a brief but pleasant account of the recent convention of "The American Library Association," held at Lake Placid. Among the points of special interest we would note the "travelling library" movement, and the rapid advance and increasing preponderance of women in this association, and in library work throughout the country. To quote from *The Critic*, "Under the direction of Melvil Dewey, Secretary of the Regents of the University, these travelling libraries have been formed and distributed as loans to towns and villages desiring them. One hundred and fourteen of these libraries are now in use throughout the State, and they are doing a good pioneer work in preparing the way for the establishment of local libraries." This is an excellent plan. *The Critic*, as a review of literature and art, is a high-class publication. (The Critic Co., 4th Avenue, New York.)

The Social Economist (The School of Social Economics, Union Square, New York) is a monthly devoted to the study of American Economics. The October number contains several articles that are worthy of mention—"Tendencies of Trade Unions," "The Future of Economic Education," "De Foe and Malthus." *The Social Economist* is too severe in its judgment of President Cleveland. Criticism that is conspicuously biased can effect no purpose save the making of rabid partisans.

In an ill-tempered criticism of Cardinal Vaughan's recent address at Preston, England, on the possible union of the Church of England with the Holy See, *The Churchman* (October 6) indulges in language unfit for Christian discussion. After referring to "the fanatic raving" of His Eminence, become "the half-witted ecstatic," *The Churchman* quoted the following beautiful prayer of the Cardinal:

"We beseech our Blessed Lady, whose dowry is England, again to hasten the time of her Son's miracles, and to obtain an outpouring of divine grace upon souls, such as may give not only light to see, but fortitude and courage to make all

those needful sacrifices of flesh and blood, which in God's ordinary providence are required of those who are mercifully called by God to return to the Church of their fathers."

The Churchman adds this comment that speaks its own condemnation: "A greater jumble of false history, perverted Christianity, blasphemy and unmeaning nonsense, was seldom cast into one sentence."

In October we commended what we believed to have been *The Churchman's* Christian spirit. We now feel that *The Churchman* gnashes its teeth, and the only reason apparent to an observer, is that so many evidences are at hand of the gradual "going over to Rome," of many Auglicans and American Episcopalians.

The "religious orders" are slowly increasing in the Episcopal denomination, while the Ritualists strongly contend for many of the ceremonies and much of the terminology of the Church. Let us pray for *The Churchman*, and for the union that our Lord longed to see.

The Literary Digest (October 6) prints the following: "A Dominican monk, named Pere Didon, has created quite a sensation in Paris by his preaching. Whenever he preaches he attracts crowds, not only of the faithful, but of the intellectual lights of society, attracted by his art, eloquence, and learning. But he is of very questionable orthodoxy; he directs his hearers to the study of Christ in the New Testament, and it is not improbable that mother Church will feel called upon to investigate." In this paragraph we find matter for comment. Father Didon is not a monk; he is a friar. The author of a celebrated life of Christ, and of a work on the Divinity of Christ, his orthodoxy needs no defence. To insinuate that his preaching is sensational is to misuse terms. To insinuate a line of demarkation dividing the "faithful" from the "intellectual lights of society," is an insult to Catholics. "Literary" and "historical" journals must be more precise as to language and facts. The slur about directing men to study Christ in the Scriptures is as creditable to good sense and truth as the story of Luther "unchaining the Bible."

The literary world, and much of the world that is not literary, is mourning the passing away of dear old Doctor Holmes, the "autocrat of the breakfast table."

The Critic of October 13th is a Holmes memorial number. It ought to be secured by all who love the memory of the gentle writer who has gone.

The Popular Science Monthly for October, pleasantly discusses some subjects, both opportune and of general interest. Among the articles may be mentioned James Sully's series of discourses on "Studies of Childhood," in the present number of which he justly reproaches the indifference of elders to the intelligent and eager questionings of children. Colonel Ellis' article on "West African Folk Lore" calls attention to a popular illusion as to the history and religion of that part of the world. "The Professional Training of Teachers" expresses the hope that all thinking people entertain, that teaching should be regarded as a profession, and not as a mere commercial occupation. A "Sketch of Asaph Hall," "The American Champagne District," "The Funeral Customs of the World," illustrate the wide and varied range covered by *The Popular Science Monthly*.

The Ave Maria (October 13, 20) contains a notable paper on the late Commandatore De Rossi, the Columbus of the Catacombs, whose recent death the Christian world deploras. The name of this famous archæologist is in renown among the learned, while the memory of his beautiful Catholic life is a lesson of edification to us all. His deep and filial devotion to our Blessed Lady is especially worthy of mention. To quote from *The Ave Maria*: "He was indeed a true servant of Mary; and he rejoiced in having been instrumental in bringing to light paintings and sculptures concealed for centuries, whose testimony seems to confirm and corroborate the teaching of tradition, and of the Fathers, that homage was paid to her as the Mother of God in the earliest ages of the Christian Church; that primitive Christian art loved to portray her as receiving the worship which is her due from men and angels; or, as mercifully interceding, with uplifted hands, on behalf of the exiled children of Eve."

BOOKS.

From D. Appleton & Co., of New York, we have received *THE CLAIMS OF CHRISTIANITY*, by W. S. Lilly. This is a remarkable book by a man whose name stands for great attainments, broad culture, and literary ability of a high order. In this work his purpose is not to consider the groundwork of faith or the obligations imposed upon the faithful. He does not write as a theologian; he is, rather, the observant and critical student scanning the ages, and investigating in a spirit of broad candor, courtesy, and liberality, the conflicting claims of Buddhism, Islam, and Christianity. The candid reader must admit that Mr. Lilly makes generous allowances in discussing the origin, strength, and consequences of the religions of the Buddha and of Mohammed. He brings out all the points most favorable to them, and presents the character of the latter in a light that will be new to many readers who know nothing more of this strange man than the standard "historical" statements, which show him forth as the embodiment of the grossest vices. Mr. Lilly vindicates Christianity from the charge of having borrowed from the Buddhist legend. Rather he points the probability of the direct contrary. The

chapters devoted to "Christianity and Christendom," "Christianity and the Renaissance," "Christianity and the Protestant Reformation," and "Christianity and the New Age," are splendid specimens of Mr. Lilly's work. The scope of our notes does not allow us an opportunity of fuller treatment of this fine volume. For the general reader we regret that the author did not translate into English the quotations which appear in foreign tongues. And though Messrs. Appleton have made a handsome and substantial book, we fear that the price will prevent many from enjoying its reading.

From the American Manufacturing and Publishing Company we have "STRIKING FOR LIFE; LABOR'S SIDE OF THE LABOR QUESTION,—The right of the Workingman to a Fair Living," by John Swinton. To this volume written by an ardent friend of workingmen, who has been conspicuously identified with the labor movement, special articles have been added by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, Eugene V. Debs, President of the American Railway Union, and John W. Hayes, General Secretary of the Knights of La-

bor. The work may, therefore, be considered representative of the labor organizations. Besides the portraits of Mr. Swinton and his associate writers, there are twenty-eight illustrations, including portraits of Pullman and others prominently connected with the recent great railroad strike. The careful reader will be impressed by the powerful plea of Mr. Swinton, which he supports by a skilful array of figures and facts. Even though one would hesitate to go the full length of Mr. Swinton's road, there will be profit and entertainment in the reading of his valuable work. While it is a book that will particularly interest "laboring men," we cordially commend it to all our readers.

HINTS ON PREACHING is the title of an excellent little book written by the Reverend Joseph V. O'Connor, and published by Porter and Coates, of Philadelphia. It will be of great value to persons in general who desire to become effective public speakers, though it is particularly available for the clergy. It is the best essay on the subject that we have read. In less than seventy pages, Father O'Connor has collected a thousand good things well said.

From John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, we have received the "LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN GABRIEL PERBOYRE," martyred in China, September 11, 1840. This record of a heroic priest belonging to the Congregation of the Mission or Lazarists, who laid down his life for Christ, is well told. It is a beautiful lesson of edification and encouragement to the Catholic world. Its reading ought to make better because more zealous Christians. Blessed Perboyre, among the many virtues that he practised in an eminent degree, was

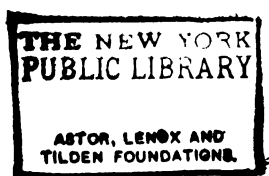
noted for his tender devotion to our Blessed Lady, and for his faithful perseverance in the prayer of the Rosary. The volume is well printed, illustrated and substantially bound.

The third part of "THE BOOK OF THE FAIR," (Bancroft Co., Chicago) gives chapters the sixth and seventh, dealing with the dedication and opening of the Fair, the government and administration departments. The illustrations are many and beautiful.

From J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago, we have received the "LIFE OF MARY MONHOLLAND, ONE OF THE PIONEER SISTERS OF MERCY IN THE WEST," by a member of the same Order. There is a good portion of the history of the Church in Illinois and Iowa contained in this interesting volume. The story of Mother Monholland runs on the familiar lines of the true servants of God, but this work introduces many others who have taken praiseworthy part in the building up of religion in the West. The publisher should have used a better quality of paper and better binding.

From the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, we have received "MODERN IDOLS—Studies in Biography and Criticism," by W. H. Thorne, Editor of *The Globe Quarterly Review*. Mr. Thorne is so well known that the mere mention of this work will be sufficient to arouse the interest of ROSARY readers who may not be familiar with the volume. Mr. Thorne writes strongly and entertainingly about Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Ole Bull, Robert Burns, Thomas Carlyle, George Eliot, and George Sand. We commend, with pleasure, "Modern Idols."

"THENCE the Rosary takes us on to the Glorious Mysteries, where likewise is revealed the meditation of the great Woman, still more abundant in fruitfulness. She rejoices in her heart for the glory of her Son triumphant over death, and follows Him with a mother's love in His ascension to His eternal kingdom; but, though worthy of Heaven she abides a while on earth, so that the infant Church may be directed and comforted by her, 'who penetrated beyond all belief into the deep secrets of Divine Wisdom' (St. Bernard). Nevertheless for the fulfilment of the task of human redemption there remains still the coming of the Holy Ghost, promised by Christ. And, behold, Mary is in the room; and there, praying with the Apostles, and entreating for them with holy hope, she hastens for the Church the coming of the Spirit, the Comforter, the supreme gift of Christ, the treasure that will never fail. And by a perpetual patronage she will be able still to plead our cause after she has passed to immortal life. Therefore we behold her taken up from this valley of tears into the heavenly Jerusalem, amid the rejoicings of the angelic choirs. And we honor her, glorified above all the saints, crowned with stars by her Divine Son and seated at His side, the sovereign Queen of the universe." - *From the Encyclical of Leo XIII., September 8, 1894.*





MADONNA AND CHILD.
(*Raphael.*)



VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1894.

NO. 2.

ADESTE FIDELES.

THE SHEPHERD'S CAROL.

ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM.

THE great Catholic Renaissance, begun in the Church of England fifty years ago, and which, like a new birth indeed, has affected the whole of Protestant Christendom, revealed a thousand treasures to the diligent students whose zeal was enkindled by its spirit. In their search for records of unity between the Liturgies of the Eastern, Roman, and Western Churches, other precious things were found : legend, tradition, authentic history, establishing the doctrines held alike by Rome and her separated children ; sweetest of all, the sacred songs, whether for the altar, the convent, the field, or the fireside.

Amongst these were found the roots—in many cases the very originals—of the most familiar modern hymns—by which term we designate all verse that has been set to music, whether simple or solemn. Like some “plot of garden ground run wild,” the hidden closes of the Church had kept them : her precious roses, whose seeds or scions had been transplanted in lands so remote or so estranged that all trace of the transplanting had been obliterated.

The loveliest of these flowers of song are the carols and hymns of the Middle Ages. In these the singers of the Church show their highest inspiration ; not only in the form of measured and

stately anthems, sequences, proses, alleluias—whether for feast or fast, but in the simple, spontaneous outpourings of joy, love, faith, the aspirations of the poor—the poor for whom the King of Glory came in poverty, from amongst whom He chose His twelve Apostles.

These songs cluster about the Manger, the Mother and Child in Egypt, the Home in Nazareth. In those that are sung at the Feast of the Nativity—Christmas, or Christ's Mass, as our English language has rendered it—the shepherds are the prominent figures.

We know how the shepherds have always ranked amongst men, whether cleric or laic. Guarding their flocks by night in a land of perpetual spring, the Chaldean and Egyptian studied the mysteries of the starry heavens, and gave to the world its oldest astronomical record. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob dwelt in tents amongst their flocks. Job, the herdsman, sings of Orion, of the Pleiades, of Arcturus and his sons. Left to contemplation in the silent night-watches, he speaks face to face with God as none other of God's prophets ever spoke. He tells, as none other ever told, how suffering plunges the soul into the nethermost abysses of darkness; how Faith lifts it thence, and exalts it to the serenest heights of peace.

It was to the shepherds of Israel—two of whom, tradition tells us, were afterwards numbered with the Twelve Apostles—that the angel first announced the birth of Christ the Saviour, whom they had so long expected. And from that time to our own, the shepherds have been honored as the special body-guard of our Infant Lord at Christmas, and throughout Epiphany.

The fidelity, the courage, the inspiration, the gay gravity of these pastoral folk, especially in Mediterranean States, is one of the most edifying of the many lessons taught by the humbler classes. In Spain, in the south of France, and in Italy, the rural populations are remarkable, not only for these virtues, but for a learning of which foreigners, as a rule, have little idea. They speak their own vernacular well; they perfectly understand the Latin, whether of the Missal or Breviary. They intone, or sing, or say, the responses and prayers at Mass, the Psalms and Canticles at Vespers, and indeed at all the Hours, with admirable grace and devotion.

In all the pastoral festivals, whether secular or religious, the native instruments take part; the violin, flute, hautboy, bagpipe, drum, and fife are integers of the choir; each has its own voice, and at Christmas all are put in tune.

The *Adeste Fideles*, the Shepherds' Carol, holds the first rank at this joyous season, and has held it for more than six hundred years; no other song has ever been able to approach it in the love of the Church's millions. It is as if Saint Bonaventure, its reputed author—the greatest doctor, yet the humblest saint, of the Franciscan Order—were still alive, rousing the souls of men as his presence inspired them of old.

The familiar music also, to which it is set—and from which it is inseparable, try as we may to divorce them—is as old as the hymn. This too, tradition says, was written by Saint Bonaventure, and for this hymn. The same music was first set to English words by John Reading (1677-1764), and called *The Portuguese Hymn*. There is no record that Reading claimed it as original; the title suggests the contrary. And the Portuguese laugh in your face when you tell them that an Englishman who lived less than two hundred years ago wrote the music, which was composed with this Latin hymn before the English language was born.

Only the first stanza of this noble hymn is given in the translations in English hymnals, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. The other stanzas in these hymnals are not Saint Bonaventure's. Their latinity is inferior to the scholarly structure of the true *Adeste*; they are evidently modern, and their dogmatic theology, though thoroughly orthodox, is quite in contrast with the simplicity, fervor, and expansive, rural joy of Bonaventure's shepherds. It is a little curious that hymnals, used by Roman Catholics of the British Isles and the United States, have only the modern Latin stanzas—*Deum de Deo, Cantet nunc Io*, etc., from which the common English translation in the Protestant hymnals is made.

In the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese hymnals of the Roman Catholics, whether in Europe or America, Saint Bonaventure's hymn is found, exactly as I give it here. I copy from two precious books in my library: the "Paroissien noté en musique, à l'usage des fideles du diocese de Paris, 1854"; and the "Manuale Cantorum, Graduale et Antiphonarium juxta ritum Sanctæ Romanæ

Ecclesiæ, Marionopoli, 1881," which is used in Canada. In both of these books the stanzas are identical, with the same music, and with the same syllabification, which so admirably preserves the purity of the vowels.

The English translation is as nearly literal as I could make it and keep the essential step and movement of the original. All scholars—all poets, surely! know how impossible it is, how sacrilegious it seems, to express the rhythmic vocal beauty of the Latin through the halting guttural harshness of our English speech, well chosen as our periods may be.

It will be seen that the same metre is preserved in every verse of Saint Bonaventure's stanzas. There is no broken foot; no syn-copation. The choral step, with its triumphant, dignified joy, is never hindered. For this is a carol—a song with dancing. Saint Bonaventure knew and loved and lived amongst the poor. It was for them that he wrote, for them that he sang, for them that he worked and prayed, for them that he pleaded with his fellow-men. And the Church has kept the *Adeste* as he gave it to her. No matter how ornate she makes its setting—and she loves to flute and trill and rejoice in it with all her strings and pipes—it is still the Shepherds' Carol.

In the great cathedrals, especially of the Latin races, the *Adeste* is given with full orchestral accompaniment, the vocal parts with florid runs, as in Novello's latest setting of it. Each stanza is sung by a solo voice; the chorus by choir and congregation. The solos are given by four different voices. Tradition thus assigns them:

The first stanza, *Adeste*, is sung by St. Gabriel; it is his *Invitoire*, or call to the shepherds, whom he addresses as *fideles*—ye faithful. The second, *En, grege relicto*, is sung by St. Jude (Thaddeus), who was one of the shepherds; a youth, perhaps twenty years old at the time of our Saviour's birth. The third, *Æterni Parentis*, is sung by St. Michael, who led the Gloria in Excelsis—the Angel's Carol—at the Nativity, and who is Captain-General of the nine choirs of Angels. The fourth, *Pro nobis egenum*, is sung by St. Simon Zelotes, who was also a shepherd; he was the brother of St. Jude, and perhaps ten years older, if we may judge from their portraits in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper."

ADESTE FIDELES—THE SHEPHERDS' CAROL.

ST. BONAVENTURE'S HYMN.

SCENE I.—Plains near Bethlehem, after midnight. The Angel Gabriel addresses the shepherds, amongst whom are St. Jude (Thaddeus), and St. Simon Zelotes. Jude and the Angel Michael sing the second and third stanzas.

Gabriel calls the Shepherds:

1. Adeste fideles,
Læti, triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem;
Natum videte
Regem angelorum!

Duet and Chorus:—

- Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum!

Jude addresses Simon Zelotes:

2. En! grege relicto
Humiles ad cunas
Vocati pastores appropriant;
Et nos ovanti,
Gradu festinamus!

Duet and Chorus:—

Venite, etc.

The Archangel Michael sings:

3. Æterni Parentis
Splendorem æternum
Velatum sub carne videbimus;
Deum infantem
Pannis involutum!

Duet and Chorus:—

Venite, etc.

SCENE 2.—At the cradle. Simon addresses Jude and the other shepherds:

4. Pro nobis egenum,
Et fœno cubantem!
Piis foveamus amplexibus!
Sic nos amantem
Quis non redamaret?

Duet and Chorus:—

- Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum!

1. Come hither, ye faithful,
Gladsome and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come see the new-born,
See the King of angels!

Duet and Chorus:—

- O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, [Lord!
O come let us adore Him, Christ the

2. Behold! Lowly shepherds
Quit their flocks and hasten
Called on to that cradle with joyful
And we, rejoicing, [feet;
Keeping step, we follow!

Duet and Chorus:—

O come, etc.

3. The splendor eternal
Of the Eternal Father, [see;
In flesh humbly veiled we there shall
Infant Jehovah
Swaddling bands enfolding!

Duet and Chorus:—

O come, etc.

4. For us so degraded,
In a manger lying! [ing arms!
We'll cherish, embrace Him, with lov-
If thus He love us,
Who'll not love return Him?

Duet and Chorus:—

- O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, [Lord!
O come let us adore Him, Christ the

I shall never forget the occasion upon which I first heard this hymn in Europe. It was shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, and at Midnight Mass—of course on Christmas Eve—in the beau-

tiful old historic church of St. Germain des Prés in Paris, at whose altars Bonaventure himself had sung. The peasants from every department of France had already come into the city, as they do annually for the many Christmas-tide pilgrimages to the many shrines in and around the town. They are given the seats of honor in all the churches, and their picturesque costumes and brilliant banners add no little, even to the splendors of this "Golden Basilica." The church was packed when my small party of three entered, and pushing along to the side chapel of St. Marguerite, we were glad to drop down on the chancel steps.

The Midnight Mass is the Shepherds' Mass, the People's Mass. And the people were there: fishwives with fangs like those of the snarling dragon under St. Marguerite's feet; men in blouses; women and children in every conceivable tatter; pilgrims just entering, all jostling each other, yet preserving the friendliest decorum.

Adam's *Noël* was sung by a solo voice, accompanied by the grand organ over the grand entrance, as the army of priests, preceded by an army of choristers, marched in and took their places in the sanctuary, the whole kneeling multitude of the congregation joining in the chorus. Mass was sung by the sanctuary choir. At Benediction—*Salut*, as the French term it—the *Adeste* was sung by the same choir, and just as I have presented it here. The first solo—St. Gabriel's—was begun by a boy whose voice had led in the Mass. But almost immediately another voice took it up—a deep baritone, off yonder, as if a mile away, at the church door. The singer was in earnest, too; he did not regard the solo of the boy; he did not pretend to keep time with it, yet he sang with such dramatic skill and devotion that even the priests in the sanctuary looked up.

The tall Suisse, standing near the choir-gate, elbowed his way through the throng, in the direction of the singer. A moment later the baritone voice was drowned in the thunders of the chorus, in which the whole congregation again took part, led by both organs, and a double choir of three hundred singers.

The second solo of the hymn began. But now the baritone led it, for the Suisse, by a nice stroke of diplomacy, had invited him to join the choristers in the sanctuary. The strange singer stood

beside the boy-leader of the choir; he held the banner of a pilgrim band. The boy, thus summarily robbed of his rôle, eyed the tall peasant, clad in the costume of a shepherd of the High Alps, who sang on, his grand voice swelling like a mountain horn:

En, grege relicto, humiles ad cunas,
Vocati pastores appropriant;
Et nos ovanti, gradu festinemus!

At the *gradu festinemus* he elevated his blue silk banner emblazoned with the forms of the Divine Mother and Child; all the other banners were lifted simultaneously with his, saluting the Blessed Sacrament, as the multitude again joined in the chorus.

Ah! This is no new hymn to the shepherds of France, Italy, Spain, the sunny lands! They have sung it down the ages. Leaving their flocks, obedient to the angelic voice, they have come, year after year, to the Child's Cradle, with ordered, gladsome feet, and singing as they came, singing, too, in the language which was the mother-tongue of the Church for fifteen hundred years, and which is still their mother-tongue. It is beginning to be recognized as




ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM.

ours also, for our English of to-day is three-fourths Latin.

And this growing unity of speech, this growing Catholicity of thought and worship, are the sign and seal of that essential unity which, in spite of the estrangements of a few centuries past, is still unbroken. Luther may entice away the yearlings of the flock; Henry may open another gateway for their wanderings far and wide; Scepticism may separate and bewilder them into the snares of Infidelity, License, Anarchy, Despair. But through all the tempest and tumult and hunger into which they have been lured, their eyes, once blind, are beginning to see; their ears, once deaf, are beginning to hear, and to heed the voice that spoke to the Twelve great Shepherds of the fold—*Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.*

THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

NGEL Messenger to Mary,
In thy Ave sweet, we sing,
Honoring the Incarnation
Of our Saviour and our King.

With such strains of joyous homage
As she waked in sweet accord,
'Mid the mountains of Judea,
Help us "magnify the Lord,"

Till our souls thrill to the Gloria,
Heralding the Saviour's birth,
By angelic voices chanted,
"Tidings of great joy to earth."

And we feel the holy rapture
Flooding Simeon's heart with grace,
As he murmurs: Now dismiss me,
I have looked upon Thy face!

Then aglow with Mary's joyance
Our glad hymn of praise shall rise,
When with her we seek and find Him
'Mid the Doctors grave and wise.

THE LILY OF CHIMU.

A TALE OF THE INCAS.

REV. A. H. DE VIRAS, O. P.

CHAPTER III.

THE cure of an intermittent fever would, in our day, be nothing extraordinary; to effect it, a dose of quinine, more or less strong, suffices; but, at the period of which we speak, quinine was not known at all, and the antifebrile effects of the cinchona bark itself were known to but a small number of adepts who jealously guarded the secret. Paraymi possessed this secret, and used it in building up the brilliant future that he coveted. Gupanqui restored to health set no bounds to his gratitude; he loaded the successful herbalist with gifts and honors; he did even more (and in this he did ill), he allowed himself to be ruled by Paraymi, and, insensibly, without acknowledging it to himself, he permitted this dark and wicked man to advise and direct him on more than one occasion.

Paraymi abused this unhoped-for favor; first, to satisfy all his caprices and realize all his ambitious plans, then to assist all his friends, that is to say, those whom it was to his interest to befriend, and lastly, to do all the harm possible to his enemies, that is to say, those whom he disliked or envied, or whose downfall he judged necessary to his own cause.

The sacerdotal body, the high in rank, the whole people of Chimu, knew well this state of things, and secretly disapproved. In effect, it would not have been wise to disapprove openly, for the Curaca, like all powerful functionaries of despotic governments, past, present, and to come, showed himself terrible to those having enough temerity to dare criticise his conduct. Hence all kept silence, and in this they acted prudently. However, there were two exceptions to this general rule; two persons, and only two among more than thirty thousand, expressed themselves with bold and entire liberty, even in presence of Gupanqui himself, if the occasion presented, not from a froward spirit and an

inclination to criticise, but through the deep and sincere conviction of a duty to be fulfilled.

One of these persons was the High-priest of the Sun at Chimu, Taita Tupayachi; the other was Mocllanta, the fragile young girl of plebeian family, whom the Curaca had received into his household as a companion for his daughter, Ollacpaya.

Gupanqui while hearing both, heeded neither; he thought that the High-priest cordially hated and despised Paraymi with the jealousy of a courtier who believes himself less in favor with his master than is his rival; and as to Mocllanta, he regarded her as a spoiled, rebellious child who, without a reason, or with a reason that was not really one, had conceived an aversion to the herbalist, notwithstanding that he was her relative—perhaps on that very account—who knows?

“It were the height of folly to let oneself be guided by the antipathies of a scrupulous priest or a silly girl,” he was accustomed to say, shrugging his shoulders, on the occasion of some respectful remark made by the one, or some sharp accusation by the other; and he would add in a dogmatic and decisive tone:

“Both priest and silly girl are alike, at least in this, they love or hate without knowing why,—from caprice, from instinct, because, for him, some insignificant rite of worship has not been fittingly performed, or, for her, some point of gallantry has not been punctiliously observed.”

The Curaca deceived himself; those in power always deceive themselves or are deceived by others. Sometimes the two things happen at once, and he who is good enough, frank enough, loyal enough to tell them the truth, passes in their eyes, if not for a dangerous enemy, at least for a person of weak, ill-balanced intellect.

Paraymi was not ignorant of what Tupayachi and Mocllanta openly thought of him, and more than once he ground his teeth in vexation; nevertheless he was not seriously disturbed, feeling sure that so long as he had no other adversaries, his star ran no risk of being eclipsed at the court of Gupanqui.

We may understand, then, the sundry sharp, reciprocal thrusts which interspersed the apparently cordial conversation between himself and Tupayachi; but their bitter retorts became, at last, so

violent as to cut short their interview; and after a few cold and formal remarks of conventional politeness, the two speakers pursued their separate ways, the one towards the exit of the citadel, the other towards the apartments of the Curaca. But just then, the sudden noise of hurrying footsteps was heard in the walk, and a man covered with sweat and dust, panting, almost out of breath, dashed by Tupayachi at the moment the latter was about to cross the threshold of an apartment closed with a long, light curtain, instead of a door,—a feature unknown to Peruvian architecture.

Tupayachi seemed greatly shocked at this rude, uncourteous manner of acting, and he stood for some time before the entrance which had just closed behind the unknown personage, asking himself what it might signify; then, all at once, he struck his forehead with a significant gesture, and said under his breath:

"It is evidently a *chasqui*." Then he added:

"Where does he come from? Perhaps from Cuzco. But then what can be the matter there?—Doubtless something of grave import, for this is a courier extraordinary.—The ordinary courier of the Inca is not expected for twenty days to come.—Assuredly there is news, serious and important news, too."

So saying, he retreated slowly from the passageway, understanding that an audience with the Curaca would be granted no one until the *chasqui* had finished the delivery of his message, and he resolved to kill time by strolling about the vast court.

Around this court rose, as we have said, the immense buildings of the palace fortress, the architecture of which bore the general characteristics of an imperfect state of refinement. The walls, the exterior galleries, and four slightly elevated towers which rose at the four angles of the enclosure, were built of bricks. These bricks nowise resembled those in our modern edifices; they were enormous square blocks, made of fuller's earth mixed with dry straw, and finely-ground reeds, whose moss was dried, not in furnaces, but by the ardent rays of the sun; they acquired a considerable degree of tenacity, since the buildings constructed of them have for five centuries resisted the tempests of the tropics, and the earthquakes so frequent in the valleys of the Andes: those

which have been thrown down fell by the Spanish conquerors' brutal rage of destruction.

The thickness of the walls was considerable; not so their height, which hardly exceeded fourteen or fifteen feet.

With the exception of the towers, which had three floors and a sort of open terrace at the top, the edifice consisted of a single story. The apartments did not communicate with one another, but all opened on the court. Those of the right wing constituted the residence of the Curaca, his family and retainers. It was to this very side that we have seen Tupayachi direct his steps. The apartments at the end were reserved for the Inca when, on his journeys through this vast empire, he deigned to stop several days in his good city of Chimu. Apart from these rare occasions, no one dwelt in them. The left wing comprised an immense hall—where every day, at certain determined hours, justice was dispensed—and a series of small, narrow cells, closed with a strong wooden grating, serving as a provisional jail, and even, at times, as a permanent prison. Criminals herein confined were, according to circumstances, shut up either singly, or two by two, or stowed away in parties of three, four, or even more.

The towers and buildings of the facade served as barracks for the garrison, which was composed of two sorts of soldiers : those of the regular army of the Empire, numbering at Chimu about three thousand, and those of the private guard of the Curaca, amounting to two hundred, including officers.

The High-priest walked up and down, waiting his turn for an audience. At first his step seemed mechanical, and without aim, like that of a dreamer meditating upon the past, or a seer piercing into the future. Tupayachi was both at once, seer and dreamer, and at this moment he evoked the past and questioned the future ; as neither the past could live again for him in rosy colors, nor the future wear the smile of hope, a shade of bitterness, of deep and sorrowful unrest, passed across his brow. But in another moment he was called away from the past and the future, to the present, by the sound of loud shouting and the clash of arms, which came from the end of the court at the angle opposite to that near which he stood, just at the foot of one of the towers.

The High-priest raised his head, which till now had been bent

in revery, and the spectacle that met his gaze seemed to make a deep impression on him.

A scuffle was taking place between several of the regular soldiers and some of the body-guard. Both sides evinced equal fury, and, likewise, an equal determination of killing each other.

The regulars seemed to have the advantage in their armor; they were furnished with long lances of hard wood, pointed with sharp barbs of copper, which they used with incredible dexterity and rapidity whilst protecting themselves with great bucklers of thick, tough leather. Their adversaries, on the contrary, had as offensive arms, short, double-edged swords, and they warded off attack with round convex bucklers, considerably smaller than those of their opponents. But what served in a manner to re-establish equilibrium between the two groups of assailants was their difference in number, for, although in the *melee* it was impossible to calculate exactly, yet, estimating approximately, there were fifteen guards to seven regulars, or more than two to one.

With vociferous shouts they called to each other, but, on account of the noisy disorder of the occasion, and yet more on account of the distance they were from the High-priest, their words reached his ears, in broken, confused, incoherent sentences.

He could distinguish, however, that the epithets "Cowards," "Traitors," "Impious," were of frequent occurrence, and that mingled as often with them were two names, which seemed to serve as battle-cries for the opposing parties. These names were *Huascar* and *Atahualpa*. Without an instant's hesitation, Tupayachi turned towards the scene of the conflict, and, although it would hardly have required more courage to undertake to separate fighting tigers, he coolly and fearlessly interposed himself between the combatants. It was none too soon. Already six guards lay upon the ground, dead, or mortally wounded, while, on their part, the regulars had three men disabled; the rest stood firmly grasping their weapons, fire glaring from their eyes, vengeance and carnage painted on their visages, and here and there, wounds more or less serious upon their bodies. The intervention of the High-priest was so sudden and unforeseen that it might have cost him dear. The lance of a soldier touched his right arm, tearing a long, deep wound from elbow to wrist, and this arm being bare..

and the blood flowing freely and abundantly, made the wound seem graver than it was in reality. It was this sight of blood, rather than the words of the High-priest, that put an end to the fierce encounter.

"Cease, warriors!" he cried out; "in the name of the Sun, and of the Inca, cease!"

Tupayachi accompanied his command with a dignified gesture of authority; and pointing to that part of the building which served as a hall of justice, he said:

"Lay down those arms that ye are henceforth unworthy to bear because ye have tarnished them with the blood of your brothers, when they were given for the defence of justice and right. Go to yonder hall, and await there the sentence that the judge ought to pronounce against ye. Go, it is I who will be your accuser!"

These ferocious and half savage men whom not long since we justly compared to wild beasts, showed not the least inclination to disobey, though to do so would have seemed natural enough, for after all, Tupayachi was not their chief; but the High-priest, whether by the prestige of his exalted and sacred position, whether by the irresistible authoritative tone of his voice, cowed them, fascinated them, *hypnotized* them, as we would say to-day. Heads bowed, without swords, without lances, without bucklers, the thirteen survivors of the fray entered the hall designated by Tupayachi; and two guards, whom the noise of the conflict had drawn to the spot, towards the close of the scene, placed themselves as sentinels before the door, with the passiveness of automaton, at a simple sign from the High-priest.

The latter seemed then to perceive two things to which he had not heretofore paid the slightest attention—his wound, which now made him suffer cruelly enough, and the presence behind him of an officer of the guard, who stood a mute and motionless spectator of the pacific end of this stormy affair.

"It is thou, Huarynchi?" exclaimed the High-priest, "I regret thou didst not arrive a few moments sooner, to prevent this horrid butchery which I have just interrupted, and not without some difficulty. Thy soldiers, whom I thought wiser, or less turbulent, are, I am sorry to say, no better than the regulars."

"My men were doubtless provoked, and acted in self-defence; it was their right, and even their duty," sharply retorted the young chief.

"Their duty, like thine, young man, and mine and everybody's else, is to obey the laws; and for any provocation—if, as thou sayst, there really was any provocation—they should demand justice at the hands of those charged with its administration."

So saying, with an air of the greatest indifference, he plucked a handful of grass, still wet with the morning dew, and tranquilly stanchd his wound; then noticing a banana tree a few steps distant, he detached a long, flexible leaf, with which he bound his arm. This done, he proceeded to question the young officer, who, without replying a single word to the harsh and severe lesson just given him, regarded with a curious and astonished air the novel bandage devised by the High-priest.

"Why did these men come to blows?"

"How do I know?" replied the officer with marked impatience and ill-humor.

"Thou oughtst to know."

"Yes, eh? I am not a wizard, nor have I fifty eyes to see everywhere at once."

"Very well," cried the High-priest, and in spite of himself his voice shook with suppressed anger, "thou repleist to my questions with insolence! I warn thee, thou shalt repent of it!"

"Hast thou the right to put these questions to me?"

"Am I not the High-priest of the Sun?" proudly answered Tupayachi; "in the name of the God of the Empire, I watch, and will always watch over the interests of the Inca and of his subjects."

The officer, understanding that he had been carried by passion beyond the limits of the respect that he owed to the chief of the sacred hierarchy, the first authority of the province after the Curaca, bent his head, and even stammered some words of excuse; but Tupayachi did not deign to notice him, so great was his indignation.

In effect, the young man had rather yielded to an old grudge, felt by the army in general against the High-priest, than to his wounded self-love. The garrison of Chimu, officers and soldiers, heartily detested Tupayachi on account of his severity, which

they termed extravagant; and, right or wrong, they attributed to him divers measures taken by the Curaca in regard to the soldiers, for misdeeds that, according to the morals of the barracks—morals always and everywhere very relaxed—were considered as trifling, and even innocent.

One day, for example, after a forced march of several hours in the valley of Huanco, a detachment of regular soldiers, profiting by the absence of the superior officer, and pretending fatigue and thirst as an excuse, robbed an old woman whose occupation consisted in manufacturing that fermented drink of maize and peanuts so highly prized by the Indians of other times, and of to-day also, under the name of *chicha*. In less time than it takes to tell, three enormous vats of the precious liquor were emptied: it was ruin to the unfortunate proprietress.

The latter, as may well be supposed, did not allow herself to be despoiled without vigorous protestations, sobs, and prayers, to which the soldiers, excited and half drunk, replied at first with raillery and menances, then with blows, and, finally, by overturning and breaking the miserable furniture of the hut. In despair, the old woman implored the protection of the Sun. At this, one of the soldiers, more intoxicated than the rest, replied with a jeering air "that the Sun was sleeping (it was night), and had something else to do than busy himself with the claims of a manufacturer of *chicha*." The others laughed at the pleasantry. The old woman threatened to appeal to Tupayachi, the defender of the weak and oppressed. At this threat the hilarity culminated. However, four days after, the culprits had to answer before the Curaca for their misdeeds. The soldier that had joked about the Sun was punished with death, as a blasphemer: such was the penal code of the Incas, which was very severe in this respect. As to his companions, some were beaten with rods, and some imprisoned for a considerable space of time. It was understood that, in this affair, the hand of Tupayachi had guided the judicial arm of Gupanqui, and fear and hate against the High-priest redoubled. For the rest, this was not an isolated case. Others of almost the same kind had preceded and followed it.

Whilst the High-priest and the officer of the guards sustained the conversation previously recorded, the vast court, until now

deserted, gradually awoke to life; a compact circle was formed around the two speakers, and the news of the bloody combat passed from mouth to mouth, somewhat exaggerated, as generally happens on such occasions. Witnesses of the action were still there, in the sight of all,—witnesses singularly eloquent in the muteness of death,—the seven corpses of the unfortunates who had perished.

The High-priest addressed a last word to the young officer :

“ Since,” said he, with intentional stress on every word, “ since thou hast not been able to prevent the massacre of these men, know, at least, how to give burial to their remains. It is as little as thou canst do.”

And he slowly withdrew, with head erect and eyes full of indignation, towards the apartments of the Curaca. The officer said not a word in reply, but made a sign to several soldiers near. They understood, and gathering up the bodies, carried them away.

Tupayachi turned back and saw these men fulfilling the sad duty which he had ordered. The spectacle seemed to move him deeply: any one near might have heard him murmur:

“ Poor fellows! Is it possible that blind passion unworthy of noble and generous hearts,—is it possible that anger, the slave of self-love, should cut short the course of your lives in its spring-time! But what do I say? ” he added; “ why do I reproach others when this same passion, the direful consequences of which I am lamenting, is not always foreign to my own heart! Even this morning I have twice been its victim; yes, twice; first with regard to Paraymi, to whose odious theories I could not listen without indignation, and then with this officer, whose insolence I could not endure. I am wrong; no, I am right, my anger is a holy anger. I can neither see nor hear of evil without becoming wrathful, notwithstanding my efforts to overcome myself; it will always be so. I know that I make for myself new enemies every day, but it is in defending the cause of justice and truth. It is well.”

At this moment he was startled by a strident whistling behind him. He turned his head quickly, and saw Gupanqui at the threshold of the hall of audience, beckoning to him impatiently.

The *Chasqui* had been dismissed.

CHAPTER IV.

Silent and preoccupied were the two men, neither seeming able to open the conversation. Their thoughts were too manifold for prompt expression—if for expression at all.

Who has not experienced, at least some one time in his life, this strange physiological phenomenon—the lips silent from the heart's very fullness: a torrent of words welling up and seeking to pour itself forth, but checked, it produces instead, a painful, stifling, and invincible muteness! All great passions, all deep impressions and all strong and violent emotions have this singular effect: love, hate, anger, fear, joy, hope, anguish, inquietude.

Tupayachi was irritated with the others, and also with himself. He was there intending to make a serious accusation; he must speak, and yet he was silent.

The soul of Gupanqui was torn with poignant anguish, to which had been added inexpressible inquietude by the message lately brought from Cuzco. He had need of exchange of thought with the High-priest, but words seemed wanting to him also.

Both were standing.

The Curaca, superbly clad after the manner of the high functionaries of the empire, supported his right elbow on a sort of column of solid silver holding a magnificent vase of embossed gold, out of which rose in a luxuriant sheaf, a bouquet of flowers of brilliant hues and exquisite perfume; his hand feverishly pressed his broad forehead, which was bound with a sort of turban of costly woollen stuff as fine as silk, dotted with tiny feathers of rare birds, golden spangles, and precious stones. At times his eyelids fell heavily over his eyes, like those of a man overcome by a leaden sleep or an appalling spectacle, then opening wide, and shooting forth the lightnings of a savage energy.

The High-priest looked mechanically from side to side, letting his gaze travel from one to the other of the wonders of this splendid hall of audience. Nothing new, indeed, to him, for he regarded for the thousandth time, now the ceiling and walls hung with elegant draperies in stripes of seven different colors, now the ground strewn with the rich spoils of the chase—skins of pumas, tiger-cats, leopards, deer, and other varieties of the Peruvian fauna.

The interior of the palace was as beautiful and sumptuous as the exterior was plain and unprepossessing.

The wealth of the Curaca of Chimu was proverbial. After the Inca and the Princes of the Empire who surrounded the sovereign at the court, Gupanqui was considered the richest of the nobility.

But, with him as with the rest of human kind, was verified an eternal proverb of all peoples, "that riches bring not happiness in their train."

Gupanqui had in his possession much gold and silver, and many precious stones; his home was the blending of every refinement and delicacy his age and country could afford; his sway over one of the most vast and beautiful provinces of the empire was almost absolute; he had the privilege of counting more than any one else on the favor of the Inca. Young, robust, in full health, he might promise himself long years of life. Finally, he was surrounded at the domestic fireside by the most tender and devoted affection of a cherished daughter, good as she was beautiful, intelligent as she was virtuous,—and yet Gupanqui was not happy, as his conversation will bye-and-bye more emphatically declare.

This conversation, which threatened never to commence, was at last opened by Tupayachi.

"Thou didst send for me, my Lord," he said.

The Curaca made a preceptible effort to rouse from his reverie, or rather to shake off the dejection that was oppressing him. He replied, half aloud:

"Yes, I sent for thee, because I have grave things to say to thee, and advice to ask of thee. I know that thy fidelity is beyond question; that when I need good counsel and, above all, service in a momentous cause, I can rely upon thee."

The High-priest bowed,—not as a courtier charmed at an unexpected compliment to himself on the lips of his master, but as a man right royal and true, who, hearing an indisputable truth proclaimed, simply accedes thereto.

The Curaca continued:

"And had I not sent for thee, I would do so now, for what I had to say to thee may be called a trifle in comparison with the confidence I wish to impart since receiving a message from the Inca."

"I know," answered Tupayachi, "that a *chasqui* has been here; and it is his long conference with thee that must account for my late arrival. I had forestalled the dawn to obey thy message, which was transmitted to me a little after the middle of the night. I was even at thy threshold, but was obliged to cede my place to the imperial envoy. And while awaiting the termination of his interview, I was witness of grave disorders, which it is my duty to report to thee—"

"It is all right, Tupayachi," interrupted Gupanqui, in a kindly tone; "it is all right; thou art not late. And as to thy affairs, we will speak of them afterwards; let us first speak of mine."

"My Lord," Tupayachi endeavored to protest, "what I have to say does not relate to my affairs, as you suppose, but—"

Gupanqui not heeding him, added:

"Let us begin at the beginning, that is, at my reason for having summoned thee; in truth, I repeat, it is not the most important; but no matter, the rest will come after. I will drain, even to the dregs, in thy presence, the cup of bitterness that destiny so unsparingly holds out to me. To thee it is not unknown that I am the most miserable of men, although fools believe me the happiest. Everything goes ill with me; everything disappoints me; everything deceives me; everything conspires against me; everything contributes to wound and torture me, to crush me, to kill me.—Yes, even my daughter, she whom I love as never father loved a child before: this daughter for whom I sacrifice myself day and night: my only daughter: my beloved Ollacpya, turns against me, drives me to despair, plunges into my heart the deadly sword of grief."

Tupayachi started with an indefinable surprise:

"Thy daughter?"

"Yes, my daughter; oh! I know, indeed, that thou art going to defend her; that thou art going to tell me she is the best, the gentlest, the most lovable of all the maidens of Chimu. Yes, some make her a model of all virtues, and I would not be surprised if they should make her a goddess, with her temple and altars, and, maybe, thyself, Tupayachi, for High-priest."

Tupayachi, at this unexpected speech, could not repress some display of indignant astonishment, perhaps, even, he would have

replied sharply to so strange an outburst, if the Curaca had given him time, but the latter, roused now to strong feeling, was not to be stopped in what he had to say.

"Assuredly it would be a fine thing to see the Lily of Chimu taking precedence of the Divinities of the empire, the Sun, the Moon, and others; but, in the meantime, this prospective goddess will drive her father mad—"

"Not madder, I am sure, than I have seen thee many thousand times," thought Tupayachi.

"Mad with worry, with sorrow, with desolation!—What is the matter with her, I do not know.—Wrest from her her secret, I cannot.—I see that she is suffering, fading away day by day, but of the cause I am ignorant: she obstinately refuses to disclose to me her secret,—for she has a secret, do not doubt it, and an important one; a secret, mysterious, and responsible for her present illness; a secret that others, it seems, can know, while I, her father, —having the first and strongest right to her confidence—I know nothing! Oh, that it should have come to this!—Tupayachi, thou art an honest man; thou hast sworn time on time to serve me heart and hand. I command thee now, no, I pray thee—tell me what is the matter with my daughter!"

"But, my Lord, I know not what is the matter with thy daughter."

"I tell thee thou dost know."

The High-priest hesitated a moment, then said:

"If I know aught, I have learned it from thy favorite, Paraymi, that thy daughter, Ollacpya, having been greatly frightened last evening, lost consciousness, and passed a very bad night."

"Thou art mocking me; my daughter's state of mind does not follow from what happened yesterday, thou knowest this well. That was but a painful incident without significance, to which we are indebted to that cursed sorceress of Huanchaco, another of thy friends, Tupayachi. I will hang her, or have her beaten to death one of these fine days, even should all the infernal spirits, with *Supay* at their head, come to defend her. But I repeat, we are not now concerned with that. I speak of that mortal sadness, that blackest melancholy, that constant and unhappy silence which have taken possession of my beloved child; four full apparitions

of the Moon since this sorrowful change has come over her; truly some secret grief is preying upon her, and ere long will tear her from me in the flower of her age and the fulness of her beauty, unless the evil be stopped in its course. But how to stop it I do not know, before I shall have learned its cause; and this, Tupayachi, is why I have sent for thee."

The High-priest replied with a touch of haughtiness, and in a tone that contrasted somewhat with the respect which up till now had characterized his dealings with the Curaca.

"My Lord, I have said that I know nothing of thy daughter's secret, nor even if she have a secret. It pleases thee to disbelieve me, and this astonishes me, since it is a world-known fact that the word of Tupayachi is as good as an oath. It pleases thee, also, to insult me; to attribute to me the role of a fool casting in my face the pretended friendship of an infamous sorceress. Now, for my part, it does not please me to be taken for one who lies; nor to tolerate an insult, even from the Lord Curaca, especially when that insult is undeserved. I leave thy palace, and never again my foot shall cross its threshold."

With these words on his lips, he proceeded toward the exit, determination painted on his face.

But Gupanqui, whose wrath was calmed by this proud and angry reply, as a strong jet of cold water extinguishes live coals, hurriedly followed the High-priest, and seized him by the arm.

Tupayachi uttered a sharp cry of sudden pain. The Curaca had, by his hasty hold, almost torn off the bandage of banana leaf, wrapped around the High-priest's wounded arm, and adhering to the cut; the suffering thus caused was acute.

"What is the matter?" cried the Curaca, thoroughly alarmed.

"Nothing but a scratch I received while doing my duty; it is of no consequence."

"Thou art wounded? But how? Why? Was it an attempt on thy life? Quick, tell me! I must know."

"My Lord, I repeat, this wound is of no consequence; but were it so, were it even mortal, I should suffer a million times less from it than from thy late words to me!"

"Come, Tupayachi, be generous; is it necessary, in order to overcome thy rancor, that I should acknowledge I was wrong?"

Well, be it so, I acknowledge it. But, it is not possible, for a few foolish words uttered in the heat of passion, I should be condemned to lose thy friendship—the most precious treasure I possess after the affection of Ollacpya!—But what do I say! Unhappy father that I am; do I, indeed, still possess her friendship? ”

The magnanimous heart of the High-priest was touched by this unquestionably sincere apology made to him by the Curaca; and in a very calm voice, expressive of affectionate tenderness, he said to Gupanqui:

“Thou art not right, my Lord, to doubt Ollacpya. I know not what is the matter with her, but I am persuaded that it is nothing so serious as thou dost suspect; above all, not any diminution of tenderness towards thee.”

“Well, to come to the point, Tupayachi, thou mightst interrogate her adroitly, and solve this mystery.”

“And dost thou think she would confide this secret to me rather than to thee, her father?”

“Oh, thou knowest well she has blind confidence in thee; for thee she never has secrets, any more than for Mocllanta.”

“Why not ask Mocllanta?”

“Mocllanta! Come now, thou knowest well that she would be cut to pieces rather than tell a word.”

“Indeed! what a simple girl of the lower caste of the people would regard as an unworthy abuse of confidence, thou proposest to me! Mocllanta refuses to be a spy; then it is the High-priest of the Sun who must be charged with this mission.”

The Curaca bit his lips, almost until they bled, and quickly retorted:

“But who spoke of spying, or of anything of the sort? I propose to thee, in all good faith, to see my daughter, to talk to her, to try to console her, and restore to her the peace and joy which seem to have forsaken her. Dost thou call that unworthy of thy sacred character?”

“No; if it be nothing further than that, my Lord, I will see Ollacpya, even to-day, and endeavor to restore her to her former gaiety. I do not know that I shall succeed, but—”

“Thou wilt succeed certainly,” interrupted Gupanqui, but apropos of the subject, Paraymi seems more penetrating than either

of us. His science furnishes him with lights that we lack."

"Is that so?" asked Tupayachi, sarcastically.

"Yes, he told me last night that he read in Ollacpya's eyes her secret; and according to him, this famous secret is only a love secret; from that comes her sadness, her melancholy that makes me suffer so much. But it is precisely this that puts me beside myself. If my daughter is in love, why does she hide it from me? Is this love something of which she should be ashamed?"

The High-priest shrugged his shoulders with an air of such sovereign scorn that Gupanqui was led to say:

"Oh, thou so detestest Paraymi that thou dost even refuse to recognize his skill!"

"I acknowledge that Paraymi has wonderful skill in curing fever and dressing wounds, but I defy him to read hearts; above all, virgin hearts. There, his gaze, as impure as his entire self, can discern absolutely nothing. As to my detesting him, my Lord, thou deceivest thyself. Detest him? I believe it would be doing him too great an honor. I despise him, that is all."

"Let us drop a subject on which we can never agree. For the rest, it suffices that thou hast promised to see my daughter and restore her to happiness; I rely upon thy word."

The High-priest bowed assent.

"Let us now talk of something very grave, which concerns the general interests of the empire. The Inca informs me that from the northern frontiers the most distressing news has arrived. It seems that strange pale-faced warriors, armed with thunder, descend from the upper regions, in immense chariots drawn by giant eagles with broad, white wings. Some of these warriors are not like us in form, but have half their bodies replaced by a gross mass of flesh covered by dark hide, and they walk about on four legs instead of two; they are beings, half man and half beast."

"But," interrupted Tupayachi, "these rumors are not new, at least not at Chimu. The sorceress, of whom we were just now speaking, has been spreading similar reports among the people for several days past."

"What?" cried Gupanqui; "and neither thou nor any one else has informed me thereof?"

"I did not learn it myself, my Lord, until yesterday, and for that matter, not believing a single word of these stupid stories, I did not see the necessity of informing thee, particularly as thou wert already irritated enough against the sorceress without exciting thee further."

"But this accursed creature will stir up the whole population, and create trouble without end; she must be silenced, even if her tongue has to be torn out."

"It would be too late, my Lord. I think that at the present moment not a person in the city is ignorant of the great news; in two days the whole province will know it."

"But this is frightful! That daughter of *Supay* really has relations with all the infernal spirits; and the Inca absolutely forbids me to communicate this news, except to the chief of the religion, for reasons thou shalt know very soon."

"Well, the Inca will have nothing with which to reproach thee. Was it thy fault if these rumors circulated, even before thou wast informed of them thyself?"

"No, it was not my fault, but it is now my duty to chastise this hag, for the sake of example."

"Yes, there are tribunals at Chimu; she must be tried."

"Tried! Yes, yes, we will try her; in my mind, she is already judged and condemned to be of some service to humanity, after being so great an evil." And the Curaca burst into a sinister laugh.

"Thou dost not understand? Well, decipher this *quipus* for thyself; for that matter, it concerns thee personally."

So saying, he handed the High-priest a bunch of cords, each about two feet long, composed of different-colored threads tightly twisted together, from which a quantity of smaller threads were suspended in the manner of a fringe. The threads were of different colors, and were tied into knots.

(*To be continued.*)

HAIL, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
Let us repeat,
And place our snow-drop wreath
Here at her feet.

- *Adelaide A. Procter.*

MUSINGS OF POPE LEO.

REV. J. N.

Too long deceived by sceptre, sword, and crown,
Beneath the pride of power, the tyrant's frown,
By toil enslaved, by pain and want distressed,
Awake to freedom's light by Heaven blessed;
Arise, ye nations, from the fatal dream
By error cast upon you, making seem
The false the true to be, the wrong the right,
The bad as good appear, and darkness light.

How vain the bauble diamond's glittering ray
On garb, or head or hand of him whose way
Is Christ, whose life and light, whose law is love,
Who chained to earth yet wings his flight above!
No dazzling symbols on the monarch's brow,
Can might with right to crush the weak, endow.
The people is the king, by God's decree,
The only throne His justice reigning free.

Why is the beauteous fold of sheep bereft?
Why broken down the gates, the shepherds left
Without their flocks, while ravening wolves abound,
To rend the victim lambs dispersed around?
Have kings with pride and pomp the vicar chief
Deceived, misled, then mocked without relief,
Amidst a flock estranged from his belief?
O sacred faith of Christ, dispel my grief!

Now throng exultant pilgrims from afar,
As Magi once were led by Bethlehem's star.
The Lord of all these found in lowly state,
His servant, me, those greet in pomp elate.
The treasures cast before my jeweled feet
I value not; bring faith, hope, love so sweet.
Vain the tiara's gems, tho' bright they shine,
The Christian's ornament is grace divine.

DOMINICAN NUNS OF PERPETUAL ADORATION.

(Conclusion.)

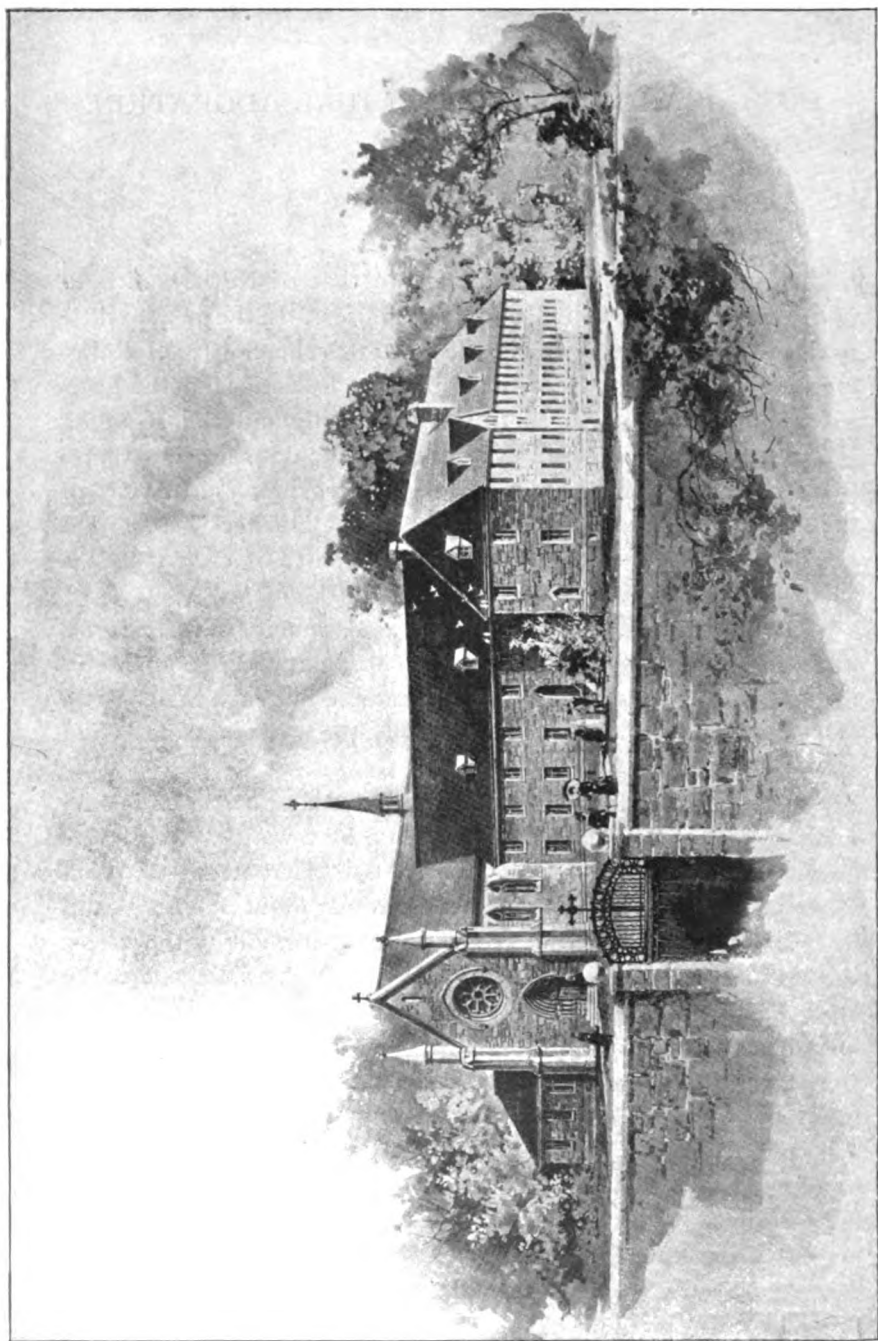
SANCTUARIES OF PRAYER.

THE monastery at Hunt's Point, like that of Newark, is built upon the plan of ancient Dominican houses. In the austere little parlor a double-barred iron grille separates the cloistered Religious from all visitors, from the holiest ecclesiastic and the nearest and dearest relative, as from the worldly and the stranger. If the nun, in the enclosed parlor, opens the door leading therefrom, the visitor may obtain, through the grille, a clear view of the cloister. The masonry of Hunt's Point cloister is somewhat heavier than that of Newark. In the centre of each stands a well of clear water.

The Newark monastery is built for a community of forty-eight; that of Hunt's Point for sixty-five. The community-room, refectory, and other apartments, are in common, but each Sister has a cell 8 ft. x 10 ft., with a large window, the cells opening from either side of a long corridor.

The chapel of Perpetual Adoration, in both monasteries, is subdivided, for the religious and the laity, by a wall broken by the open niche for the Throne of the Blessed Sacrament—to which ascends on either side a long, semi-circular flight of steps,—and by the wide grille underneath the archway formed by the steps. In this archway, in front of the grille, stands the altar where the Holy Sacrifice is celebrated. The nuns receive Holy Communion through a window in the grille.

The elevated niche where the Blessed Sacrament is perpetually exposed, in a monstrance of most exquisite design and workmanship, is finished in white marble, a door of heavy plate glass on either side. The Sacred Host is perfectly visible to adorers in both divisions of the chapel. Throughout the day the laity may visit the exterior chapel; but in the interior, by night and day, there are watchers, two at least, before the Eucharistic Presence. In the outer chapel, memorial lamps hang suspended



EXTERIOR VIEW OF CORPUS CHRISTI MONASTERY, HUNT'S POINT.

at either side, the graded ascent of crimson light producing a beautiful effect in the dim chapel. They are supplied with oil at the expense of the friends of the dead for whom they are burned.¹ They are attended by the out sisters. The waxen tapers, close to the Blessed Sacrament, burn during the day, on the outer side; during the night, in the cloistered chapel.

MEANS OF SUPPORT.

St. Dominic's Monastery, Newark, has been upreared by the offerings of the faithful in general—especially have the poor been generous-hearted. But the beautiful altar of onyx marble is the gift of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan. Corpus Christi Monastery, Hunt's Point, has, likewise, grown upon the contributions of the faithful, but the chapel has been entirely the gift of Mr. John D. Crimmins, who donated for that purpose \$35,000. A marble slab on the pavement commemorates the gift. In the sacred vault of the chapel he and his family may repose in death.

Neither monastery has any fixed revenue whatever; both are yet in debt, Hunt's Point, heavily so. But to those who are called to seek thus absolutely the kingdom of God, all things else are given unto them. Daily trust meets its reward in help for daily needs. And those who give to them of their abundance or their poverty are surely richly rewarded by a share in the merits of that life of ceaseless mortification and ever-recurring prayer, to which these nuns have consecrated their lives.

Purchased from the earth, "to sing," as it were, "a new canticle before the Throne," the soul is to keep itself free from any absorbing earthly care; so to depend upon Divine Providence that the daily work, done by each for the support of all, will be ever before them but as the outcome of that dependence; to be able to lay down the illuminating brush, or the embroidery needle at the ever recurring sound of the bell that summons, not to inaction, but to prayer, the noblest activity. Such is the spirit to which the letter of the rule leads the Nuns of Perpetual Adoration.

It is really wonderful the amount of exquisite work accom-

¹ Fifty dollars is paid for the lamp; ten dollars yearly for oil; or two-hundred and fifty dollars may be paid at once, for which sum the lamp will be burned "while the monastery shall last."



HIS GRACE, ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

plished during the brief snatches of time devoted to handiwork in the intervals of prayer. It aids greatly in the support of the community.

Though the rule and constitutions given to the Fathers and Nuns of St. Dominic's Order were so very similar, they differed, absolutely, on one point. The Fathers were to possess no revenue, but were to be mendicants. The monasteries of the Nuns, on the contrary, were to be endowed. Many of those who became St. Dominic's disciples, despoiled themselves of earthly goods in favor of the nuns of Prouille, becoming themselves, mendicants. Mendicants, in the original sense of the word, the Fathers are not to-day. In the passage of time the letter of the law was, of necessity, revised.

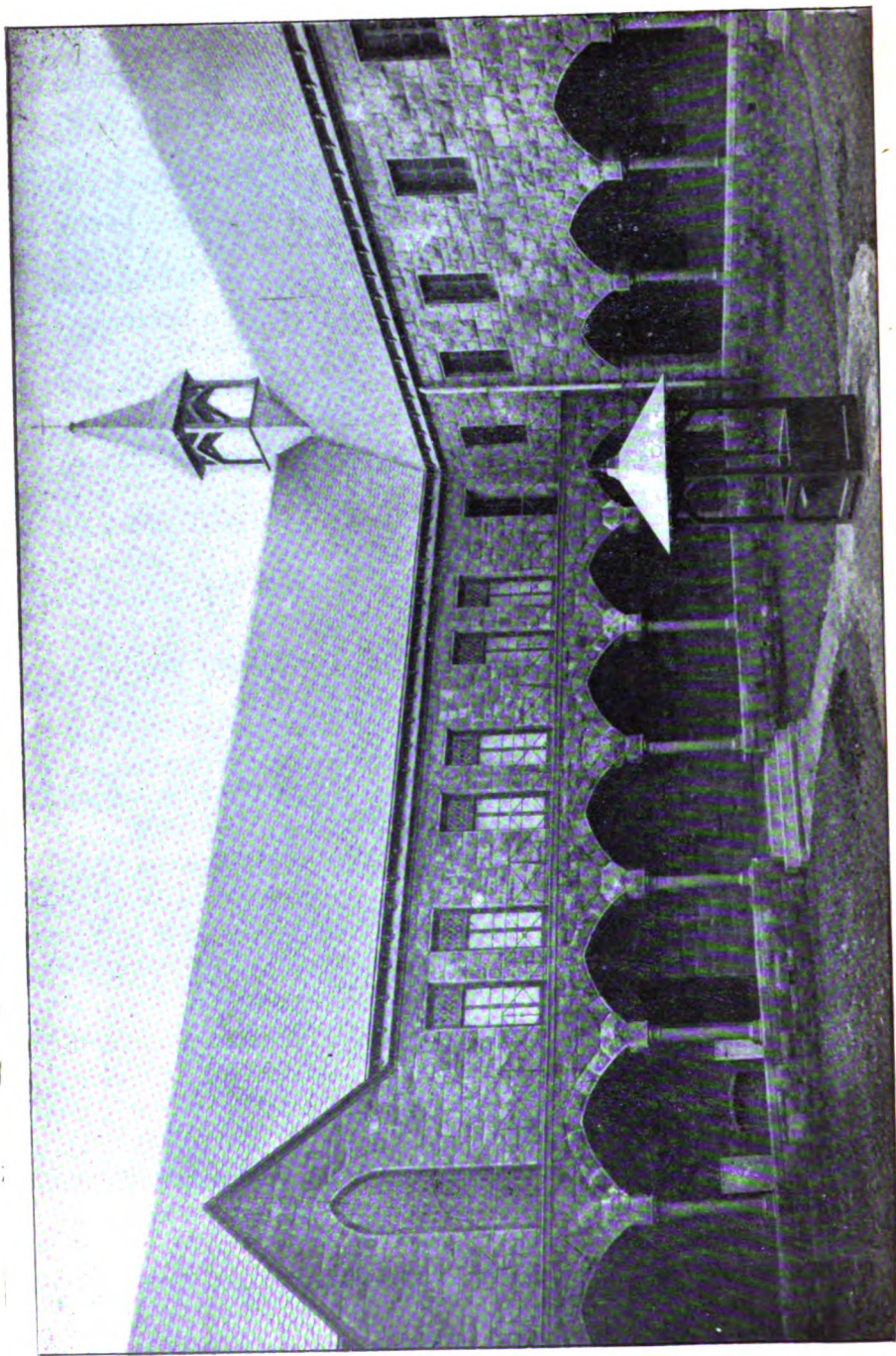
In Europe the Dominican houses of contemplation, from which the American houses spring, are either endowed by the generous families, or individuals, who are their founders, or are supported by the dowries of the nuns. Here in America there has been no founder in a temporal sense; the dowries have been limited, and have, of necessity, gone into the building fund. The nuns, therefore, sought and obtained permission to make their own while necessity demanded it, the law imposed upon the brethren in ancient days. The gentle out sisters, going about, gather much help from Catholics and Protestants, for though the purely contemplative life is often poorly understood, often misjudged, yet God watches over the souls who have given themselves to Him absolutely and irrevocably, and His Holy Spirit touches hearts in their behalf.

There are minute indications of divine protection that speak eloquently to the loving heart. The work of Perpetual Adoration in America is rich in these indications. It was one of these that led directly to the pursuance of the mendicant life by the out sisters.

One day in the early days of Newark, the Sisters were bent homeward with empty basket. They were kindly accosted by a gentleman:

"Your basket is empty, Sister; come to-morrow and I'll fill it." He gave his business address.

Again and again were they told to come, not by one, but by



THE CLOISTER, ST. DOMINIC'S MONASTERY, NEWARK, N. J.

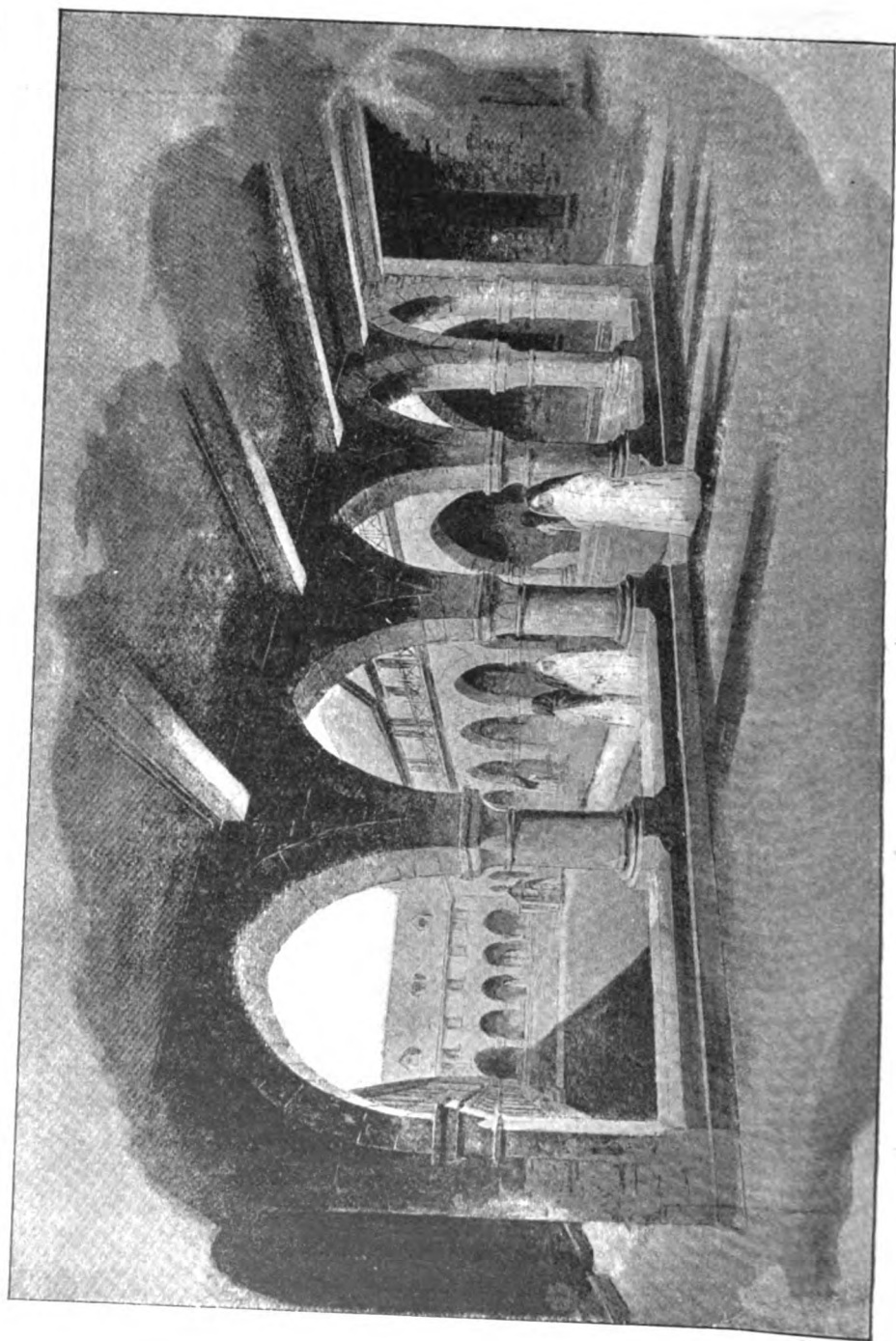
many, till in Newark, as also at Hunt's Point, daily food is provided.

A touching incident, one out of many, is treasured in memory. A Sister, slowly dying, expressed a desire for soda-water. "You may beg some to-day," said the Mother Prioress to the Sister just starting on the daily quest. To beg luxuries, except for the suffering, is, not the spirit or the practice of these lives, in which mortification is embraced and adhered to because it is loved. But no need was there to beg in this instance: she was forestalled. Never had such a luxury been proffered before, but on this day a dealer whose ordinary gift was canned vegetables, after making his usual donation, said: "Sister, let me give you a bottle of soda." She had in no way intimated the need of it.

One day at Hunt's Point, the Religious in charge of temporal affairs found that the house contained nothing of food but turnips enough for one meal. The weather was piercingly cold, and though great the need, she would not send the out sisters on the quest. A priest called and enquired "how they were situated"; the Sister told him simply there were turnips enough for yet another meal. He was not one from whom they could look for temporal help—but there are those who cannot give of themselves to whom God points ways of securing generous gifts. Swiftly the want was borne to one of generous heart and open hand, Brother Leontine of the Catholic Protectory, and in the shortest space of time eight barrels of vegetables came. Despite the intensely cold weather the cheery voices of the warm-hearted workmen bespoke their gladness at being the bearers of the providential gift. No year since has passed without bringing a renewal of Brother Leontine's generous donation to Corpus Christi Monastery.

SPIRITUAL ATTENDANCE.

In spiritual needs the two communities have had generous friends. The Benedictine Fathers, in Newark, were the first chaplains of St. Dominic's Monastery, Father Abbot himself frequently saying Mass there. As chaplains secular priests followed, while long before the removal of the nuns to the new monastery, which is in the Dominican parish of St. Antoninus,



THE CLOISTER OF CORPUS CHRISTI MONASTERY, HUNT'S POINT.

they found devoted friends and chaplains among the Fathers of the Order.

Corpus Christi Monastery, Hunt's Point, has had a devoted and tireless friend in Dr. D. J. McMahon, pastor of St. Thomas Aquinas' Church, West Farms, a few miles distant. There is no parish church in Hunt's Point. Though it is not a custom of the Order that congregational services should be held in the outer chapel, yet the nuns acceded to the wishes of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, and for a time the need of a parish church is supplied to the people by the monastery chapel, and the flock is in the pastoral care of Dr. McMahon.

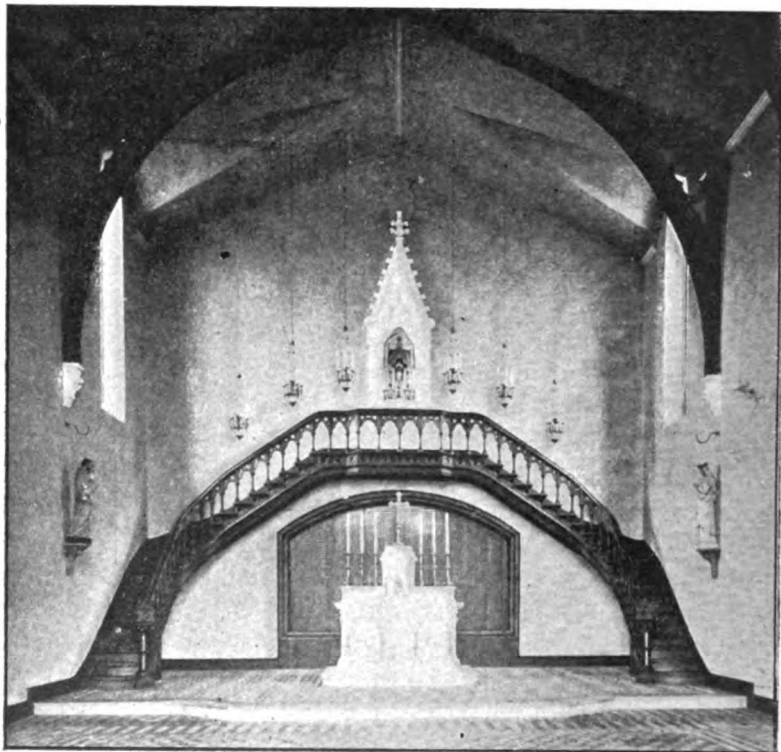
DAILY LIFE.

There have been various presentations of the daily life of exclusively contemplative nuns of the Dominican Order, some highly exaggerated, some falling short of reality. There can scarcely be to-day anything more austere for women, but love lightens every yoke, and the nun who lives out this daily rule for Christ's sake, and for sake of the souls dear to Him, will tell you with the brightness and calmness born of a heart filled with abiding peace: "We love our hard life." The Dominican contemplative nuns live, whether sleeping or waking, ready to pray. Robed at night, as in the day, save that veil and scapular are changed, and shoes laid aside, at the stroke of the midnight bell they are ready to rise, and in a few moments the praises of the Divine Office are heard from the full choir assembled in the chapel. Matins and Lauds chanted, chapter and meditation follow. Again they retire, not to take repose on a *bare* plank, as we often hear—the plank is covered with a husk tick something less than an inch in thickness, and is spread with "serge sheets" in all seasons. At 5.40 A. M. the bell rings for rising; at 6, Prime is chanted in the chapel followed by meditation till 6.45, when Terce is chanted, after which the entire community assists at Mass.

Breakfast at 8,—a cup of black coffee and two ounces of bread in fasting days; three ounces if the day is not a fast. There is no dearth of fasting days, as Lent for them begins with the feast of

the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14, and lasts till Easter, during which all days but Sunday are days of fasting. So, too, throughout the year are the vigils of all festivals of the Church, and special feasts of the Order, and every Friday in the year.

After breakfast the sisters work till 10.30 at the various duties assigned to them. The greater number of them repair to the



THE CHAPEL OF ST. DOMINIC'S MONASTERY, SHOWING ALTAR AND EXPOSITION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

community room, where is done in common the exquisite work for which these communities are renowned—the making of vestments, illuminating, and sacred painting. No work is done save that of a religious character. Silence is broken only when the work requires it, and then in a very low voice. At 10.30 Sext is chanted in choir, followed by examination of conscience till 11.

Dinner at 11. Vegetable soup; fish or eggs, with one kind of

vegetable; fruit, perhaps; such is the bill of fare for those who have fed upon luxuries, while dishes of brown ware, steel knives, and wooden forks and spoons form the table service. There is quantity at the dinner hour, without doubt, but in all else nature makes generous sacrifice to grace. Dinner is followed by one hour of recreation in common, during which a brisk walk in the open air around the cloister is taken in all weather, and taken without extra covering in winter season,—these nuns possess neither shawl nor outer wrap of any kind.

At 1 P. M. there is an hour of profound silence. It may be kept in the cell, the garden, the chapel; it may be spent in prayer, reading, study, or in walking. At 2. P. M. None is chanted in choir; afterwards there is work in common till 4.30.

At 4.30 Vespers is chanted in choir, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, meditation, and a chaplet of the Rosary.

At 6.30 a light supper is taken: then recreation, for a half hour in fasting seasons: an hour at other times.

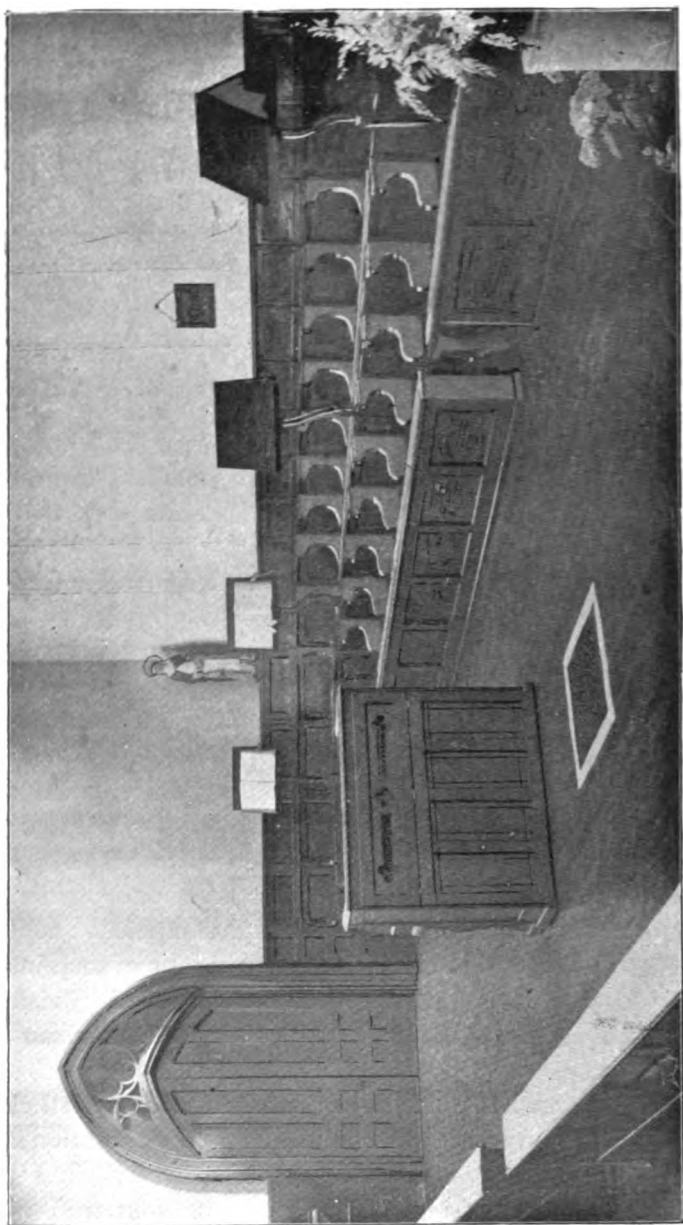
At 7.30 in fasting time Compline is chanted in choir: at 8 during other seasons.

At 9. P. M. all retire save the three lay sisters who keep the first night watch.

At midnight the bell summons the choir religious for the beginning of another day.

Excepting when the full choir is chanting Office, two nuns are ever in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament; they may kneel or stand, prostrate, or even sit occasionally. There is no set form of prayer, mental or vocal, enjoined for these hours of adoration. While the austere rule fetters the flesh, it has in this the noble aim of giving the spirit freedom. There is no casting of souls into one never-varying mould; rather are the designs of God, visible in individual souls, wrought out in each, when in Dominican cloisters the full spirit of Dominican life abounds.

From midnight to 2. A. M., as previously stated, the full choir is in the chapel: during the other night hours the adoration is kept up by the lay sisters, who are all free from the laborious duties of Choir. The lay sisters are as fully cloistered as are the choir nuns. The out sisters never enter the cloister till they cease to be able longer to perform the out sisters' duties. They then pass



INTERIOR CHAPEL OF CORPUS CHRISTI MONASTERY, SHOWING
CHOIR STALLS OF THE NUNS.

within the enclosure, and clothed in the full Religious Habit of the Tertiary, they live till death, and are then interred in the cloister vault.

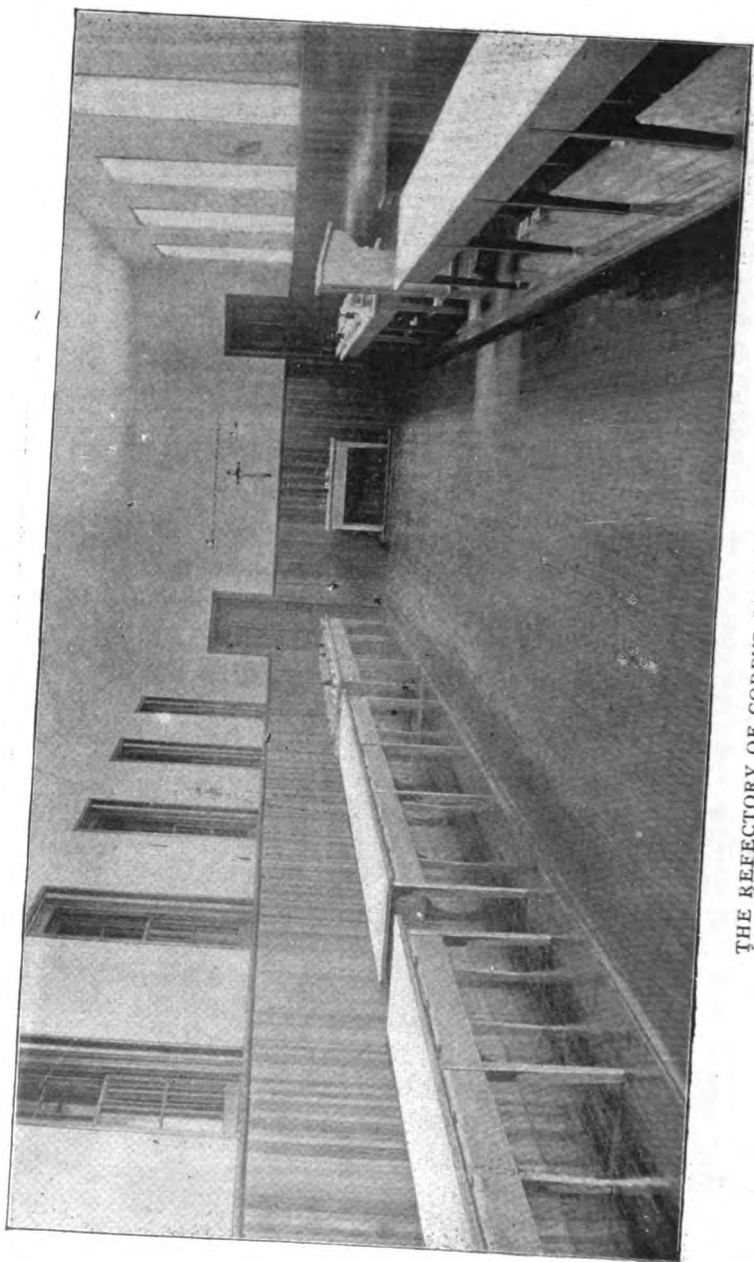
As in food, so in the matter of temperature, grace thrives on the denial of nature. We hear much about the temperature of these monasteries in regard to the total absence of fire in severest seasons. The facts are these: the Chapel and the Infirmary have, in the winter season, furnace heat; the Novitiate has a stove; the Community Room, where embroidery and painting are done, the room adjoining the lay sisters' workroom, and both ends of the long corridor from which all the cells lead, are likewise provided with stoves. There is nothing more of heating apparatus provided.

The chapel is warm; beyond this there is sufficient fire to "change the air" of the great building. But God's sunlight is never barred out.

The Habit worn is that ever associated with St. Dominic's daughters: the white woollen robe and scapular; the white linen guimpe and bandeau; the veil of black wool with white linen lining; the black cloak prescribed from Vespers of All-Souls till the Gloria of Holy Saturday. To this, which is beautiful, is added the penitential—the wearing of woollen underwear, even in warmest seasons. The Habit of the out sisters is of black, very simple and appropriate; on the street they wear a black shawl, and bonnet.

It is needless to say that the corporal penance of the ancient rule holds to-day in the contemplative monasteries of the Order. While there is much scope for voluntary penance here, as in all Religious Institutes, much here is of rule; and here want of desire or ability to embrace the common penance of the life, as well as its prayer, would mark the aspirant as wanting in vocation for the life, while yet the vocation may be a true one for some Institute of less rigid observance.

It is God's individual leadings that determine the soul's vocation, and among those called to the religious life the many will, no doubt, find their true, God-determined place in the more active, the less rigid Institutes. But there will ever be the few who could not find true soul-rest did earth not hold such sanctuaries as shelter the Dominican Nuns of Perpetual Adoration.



THE REFECTORY OF CORPUS CHRISTI MONASTERY.

By the physicians in attendance, even by Protestants, great reverence has been accorded the austere rule of life pursued, and though aware that physicians' orders can lessen its rigor in individual cases, seeing that delicate women have grown strong upon embracing such an austere life, they hesitate to assert the necessity of modification. They but marvel at, and reverence that which in many cases they cannot understand. Religious to whom physicians prescribe the use of meat in illness are inmates of the infirmary, where alone meat may be served. The rule of abstinence and fasting holds in its rigidity for the cloistered Religious; the out sisters are bound to a much less austere rule.

There have been but three deaths during the fourteen years of the establishment in this country. They took place in Newark. All were deaths happy beyond expression, the dying sisters being perfectly conscious till the last moment. One departed during the ringing of the Angelus in the morning; another during the evening Angelus. They are interred in the vault within the cloister. The dead are placed in the coffin by the Sisters, and after the Requiem Mass they are borne by them to the vault, and by them deposited therein, one of the number sealing the vault, all chanting the solemn burial service.

The Catholic smiles at the charge of incarceration made so often against cloistered Religious in their dealings with their subjects. In these monasteries of the Dominican Order the aspirant for the first month is positively a guest, bound by no obligations, subject to no rules. She sees the life as lived by others; she may follow it; she is not obliged to do so. At the close of the month she is free to remain, or to return to her family. Equally free is the Community to accept or to reject her, as she appears to possess a true vocation, or to have none at all.

She then receives the Rosary, and enters upon her year as postulant. The life in its fulness of prayer and penance she then enters upon, but she is free to remain or depart. The Community is free, also, to retain or dismiss her. At the close of the year follows the reception of the Habit, and the Novitiate begins, and still the condition of freedom is unchanged. Then comes the blessed hour of Profession, and freedom is surrendered for life; but the surrender is made to Christ, and His yoke is sweet, and His burden light.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

MARY M. MELINE.

IN meditating upon the life of our Lady, naturally her grand and unique prerogative—her freedom from inherited sin, her Immaculate Conception,—is the first thought. To the Christian who accepts our Saviour's divinity in its fulness, the belief in His Mother's entire purity follows as a matter of course—it could not be possible that she was ever the slave of satan. And although it was reserved to the grand old Pontiff, Pius IX., to lay this crown of imperishable lilies upon her brow, by binding the whole Church to the acceptance of this supreme glory under pain of disinheritorship—that Church, in all ages and at all times fostered the beautiful idea, nor would she, had there been the necessity for it in the earlier ages, in the lukewarmness of faith, the spirit of materialism, as there was in 1849, have hesitated to speak through any other of her Popes. Pius IX. did not give the Church a new doctrine, he but accentuated an old one. The Council of Trent declared, in the decree concerning original sin, that it was not the intention to include in it the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and ordered the decree of Sixtus IV. on this point to be observed. That Pope, in 1476, granted certain indulgences to those who assisted at the Office and Mass on the feast of her Conception, and, in 1483, by another constitution, forbade anyone to censure this festival, or to condemn the opinion which asserted the Virgin Mary's Immaculate Conception. St. Pius V., in his Bull, 1570, forbade either the opinion which asserted, or that which denied it, to be censured.

Before the year 1617 there were artistic representations of the Immaculate. One belongs to the early Florentine school. Eve and the serpent represent original sin, and are in the centre of the picture. On the right stand Sts. Ambrose, Hilary, Anselm, and Bernard; on the left St. Cyril, Origen, Sts. Augustine and Cyprian, and below are inscribed passages from the writings of these Fathers. All of them had given her the title of "Immaculate"; they only differed as to the period of her sanctification. The other is

in the Dresden gallery; the artist was Dosso Dossé, a native of Ferrara. In the lower part of the picture are four Fathers turning over their great books in profound meditation; behind them the Franciscan, Bernardino of Siena. Above, in a glory of light, the Blessed Virgin, clothed, not in spotless white, but in a richly-embroidered regal mantle, wrought in divers colors, kneels at the feet of the Almighty, who is in the act of benediction.

The painter Guido was attached to the papal court about 1617, and in special favor with his Holiness, Paul V. It was then that the Spanish king was begging for a final definition. Paul did no more than re-affirm the preceding decrees. Guido painted four pictures, taking this theme for his subject. One is in the cupola of the private chapel of the Quirinal. The second was painted for the Pope, and represents the doctors of the Church searching for authorities, while above, the Blessed Virgin is seated in glory, dressed in spotless white, her hands crossed over her bosom, and her eyes turned towards the unseen source of light. The next was ordered by the Infanta of Spain, and our Lady, crowned with the twelve stars, stands on a crescent, sustained by three angels below, against a golden background. The fourth was painted for the chapel of the Immaculate Conception in the Church of San Biagio at Forli.

There was great rejoicing in Spain over the final decision of Paul V., and, in 1618, Pacheco, an officer of the Inquisition, laid down rules for the proper artistic treatment of the subject.

The Blessed Virgin must be young, with grave, sweet eyes, golden hair, and all the beauty of feature the artist can express. The sun is to be indicated by a flood of light around her. The moon under her feet is to have the horns pointed downwards, and the twelve stars crown her. The robe must be of white; the mantle, or scarf, of blue. Round her are to hover cherubim bearing roses, palms, and lilies; the head of the serpent to be beneath her feet. Thus is recalled the vision of the Apocalypse—and thus in an old book, "Art of Painting," published in 1649, we see minutely described the very apparition vouchsafed to Bernedette Soubirous in the 19th century, except, perhaps, the starry crown, and with the added Rosary.

With the thought of the Immaculate Conception in art comes



MURILLO'S GREAT IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

the name of Murillo, naturally, for his great work is familiar to all. Besides the one painting most readily recognized, he has left us several on the same subject, twenty-five in all, and no two are alike. They are of all sizes, also, from the "Grand Conception of Seville," to one not more than fifteen inches in height. But he does not always adhere to Pacheco's directions. The moon is full, or crescent, as he prefers, and the horns point upwards, or down, indifferently. Sometimes he omits the diadem of stars. Velasquez also was attracted by this beautiful subject. But the finest Spanish "Conception," before Murillo, is by Rœlas, who died in 1625.

So exquisite in its every phase is this precious endowment of our Lady, that one wonders and queries how non-Catholics, who believe in the Divinity of her Son, can reject it. Passing over the theology involved—such as naturally suggests itself to every logical mind—the predestination of Mary to the divine Motherhood, the impossibility thence, that her soul should for even one moment of time be in the clutches of Satan—should for one moment be stained by the horrible foulness of sin,—leaving that view of the subject to pens more fitted to deal with it, let us regard it in its æsthetic appeal, and also in its attitude from a woman's standpoint.

Surely it is something of which to be proud, that of all the children of Adam only one, and that a woman, should be chosen to be the recipient of this great, this marvellous gift. Without it Mary were not fit for her great office; without that Motherhood of the Son of God there had been no redemption; and without the redemption by that surpassing Love of God for man, what was left to fallen humanity save the darkness and despair of paganism? A darkness deeply impenetrable to the man, but how indescribably awful in the tragedy of her life to the woman! If, then, we owe our proper position before the world, the respect of men, and the enjoyment of our natural rights to Christianity, is it not logical to go back to the fountain-head of that Christianity in our gratitude? In whom should we, as women, have greater pride than in Mary the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of the God made man? The king's daughter is all glorious within golden borders: "Thou art all fair, my beloved, and there is no spot in

thee." "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways I was set up from eternity, and of old, before the earth was made." "Many daughters have gathered together riches; thou hast surpassed them all." Surely, in reading these inspired texts from psalms and proverbs, we see with rejoicing their application to our Queen! Wordsworth's oft-quoted sonnet is a wonderful tribute to this article of Catholic belief:

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrosth
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

* * * * *

For the birth and childhood of Mary we must go to the unwritten testimony of tradition, or the post-scriptural pages of the early Fathers. But in the first chapter of St. Luke we find the beautiful story of the Incarnation. This, also, is the first mystery of the Rosary,—that garland of roses woven for us by dear St. Dominic so many years ago, and which few Catholics neglect to lay at our Lady's feet each day. No event in the life of the Blessed One awakened deeper sentiments of religious veneration, or was more exquisitely portrayed than this. For what more beautiful than the winged Spirit, with the dews of paradise still sparkling on his pinions, the star upon his brow yet gleaming with the light caught from the great White Throne; what so beautiful, if not She, the sinless child of Eve, to whom he was bringing such marvellous tidings? Was she less pure, and was she not more highly blessed?

At Florence the church of the Serviti is dedicated to our Lady under the title of her Annunciation, and is one of the most beautiful among the many. Ghirlandjo's beautiful mosaic of this event is placed over the door. In the first chapel on the left, as we enter, is the miraculous delineation of the same fact. According to tradition this is the work of a painter named Bartolomeo, who, while he sat meditating on the various perfections of our Lady, and regretting his inadequate powers to the proper representation of her, fell asleep, and on waking found that the head of the Blessed One had been wonderfully completed, either by the hand of an angel, or by St. Luke. It is said by those who have had the happiness of seeing the picture (for it is kept closely veiled) that

the face is one of exceeding beauty, gentleness, and peace. On the veil concealing it is a head of the Redeemer, by Andrea del Sarto, and forty-two lamps of silver burn continuously before it.

It were an endless task to count the painters who have chosen this subject, and treated it either in its mystical sense, or as a simple fact. Simone Mermui Francia, Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, Garofalo, Raphael, and in marble, Benedetto Mariano, Luca della Robbia, and others. And each artist has given the attitude he deemed proper. In some the angel stands; in others, kneels. In some he bears a palm, as Dante saw him:

"That he bore the palm
Down unto Mary when the Son of God
Vouchsafed to clothe Him in terrestrial weeds,"

Or, perchance, he bears a lily—what emblem more suitable? And Mary, also, sometimes kneels, at other times stands, and in either position her assumption of it is relative to one or the other of her attributes—as humble maiden, or as Queen of Angels and of Heaven.

IMMACULATE was Mary from each stain,
Or even shade of sin; free from the bane
That Eve left o'er us when she disobeyed
Her Master's law in Eden's happy shade,
And left us heirs to death, and woe, and pain.

And now in Heav'n each white-robed angel train
Sings at her feet full many a joyous strain,
And hails her as a Queen, as Mother, Maid
Immaculate.

Yet will she hear when grieving hearts complain;
No prayer to Mary made is made in vain;
And sinners now who seek her potent aid,
Will stand on judgment day all undismayed,
And join the angel choir in that refrain,

"Immaculate."

—*Magdalen Rock.*

A MADONNA.

WALTER LECKY.

WHERE Venice sits upon the sea,
Beneath an azure sky,
This olden tale was told to me—
Unsought—I know not why—

By laughing, lazy gondolier
In gaudy colors drest,
Whose painted boat lay at the pier
To give the jester rest.

When loudly spoke the Campanile:
“It is the hour of one,”
And pigeon horde began to wheel,
And dark the swarthy sun,

From out of good St. Mark we went
To Adria's sunny isles,
The pleasèd jester serious bent,
Amid his sighs and smiles.

He told his olden tale to me—
A tale of sires long dead:
“Savona and the angry sea,
Madonna dear who sped,

'Mid winds and waves and floating wreck,
Her mercy-bearing barque
To sail to ev'ry human speck,
And light give to the dark,

Until each sailor-lad was hous'd
The tiny craft within,
Then rung the bell, Savona rous'd,
And all was joy and din.

Savona knew the Dame who led
Her sons from dreary death;

Who hope and mercy quickly sped
To cheat the water-wraith.

For she was dress'd in robes of white,
And beads hung by her side;
Upon her head a crown of light,
And softly did she glide.

Where'er she went the waters calm
Beneath her holy tread,
Her slightest touch was soothing balm,
All angry spirits fled.

High up, and dry, upon the sand
Her mercy-boat was seen;
The crowd that flocked the snowy strand
Beheld their radiant Queen,

Her work all done, to Heaven float
In fleecy clouds of flame,
They held with love her sacred boat,
And loudly bless'd her name.

A statue fair this story tells,
It looks upon the sea,
But hark! I hear the vesper bells—
"Good Lady, pray for me."

One idle day Savona knew
A weary pilgrim stand,
Madonna fair and chaste to view;
Above her silver strand.

In mare irato, in subita procella,
He read, and pleading then
Invoca te nostra, benigna stella,
Then sought the haunts of men.

"At Savona, a very ancient little city on the coast of Genoa, there stands a Madonna by the light-house, about twelve feet high, under which are inscribed, in letters of a corresponding size, two sapphic verses, which are both good Latin and choice Italian, made by Gabriello Chiabrera, the prince of Italian lyric poets, who was a native of Savona."

SOME NEW YORK LIBRARIES.

MARGARET HOPKINS FEIGHAN.

I.

WHAT an experience it would have been for a black-habited Benedictine of the 11th century to have stepped from the quiet and solemnity of Monte Casino's library, into a modern one such as is found in New York City! When the sense of surprise and confusion began to wear off, he would at least find that the spirit of St. Benedict's rule, "A library for every monastery," was carried out in a great, broad, if secular way, by this hurrying mass of humanity, for truly is New York a city of libraries.

This fact impresses itself forcibly when visiting a comparatively few of the many public libraries scattered over the metropolis. When starting out upon a library-investigation tour, two conflicting ideas arise, which always remain conflicting: When pushed and driven by the crowd upon the sidewalks, or ejected from an elevated car by those in the rear, or if you happen to be in the rear, clinging desperately to the stoutest individual at hand in order to be successfully landed upon the platform; or when you are crossing the street, marshalled for the first time in your life by a policeman, and in spite of his guardian care, making ejaculatory prayers that you will not contribute a column to the morning paper by figuring as "another trolley victim"—when going through these vicissitudes of New York life, and seeing the number of people it takes to bring about these situations, one is positive that there could not be a sufficient number of libraries to accommodate so many people. This is the first idea.

When, however, half a day is spent in one library, and it must be left only partially explored, because time is short and there are so many more pleasures of the same nature in store, and when after making trips of this kind for days, the directory informs us there are numerous libraries yet unseen, our ideas again become decidedly confused, and we are just as positive that there are not enough people in the city to use the libraries, as we had previ-

ously been that there are not enough libraries to accommodate the people. As the difficulties involved in this question can never be satisfactorily settled, we shall leave them, and pass on to the libraries.

The Columbia College Library has the first place by the "law of primogeniture," and is, besides, the "aristocrat" among libraries, for she boasts a lineal descent from royalty, of which she is somewhat proud, and for which she receives from the world a certain amount of acknowledgment, unexpressed, of course, because such a spirit is in direct opposition to our democratic principles; but after all, democracy is so adjustable, that it is very easy to put it aside, as we Americans generally do in the presence of royalty, even when the claims to it are extremely remote. We cannot help making then just a small (figurative) observation, when recalling the fact that the Columbia, or as it was in those days, King's College, was founded one hundred and forty years ago under a royal charter, and that the nucleus of her original library was sent from England by the Earl of Bute, and one or two other noblemen. We can, however, administer a tonic to our weakened democracy by recollecting that his Majesty's soldiers very soon followed his Majesty's grant of a charter for the College, which served first as a barracks, and then as a hospital, until the close of the Revolutionary war. Sad to relate, the rare volumes which formed the original collection of the Library, were dispersed during the war.

It was not until 1784 that there was either interest or means for the revival of an educational movement. In that year, King's College was reorganized under its new name. The history of the Library begins almost with that of the college. It was not, however, until 1817 that such improvements could be made as left room for the present library hall in the old building. This hall is very beautiful and spacious. The triple-arched roof is supported entirely by trusswork, so that the 75 x 113 feet of floor space is not broken by column or pillar. At each end are handsome stained-glass windows, which soften the light into lovely shades and tints, as it falls and lingers, as if in benediction for good work done, upon the faces of the long-dead presidents and trustees that adorn the wall. Among these is the portrait of Dr.

Samuel Johnson, who besides being first president, was also first librarian.

There have been much care and discrimination used in the selection of books for the Columbia Library; its character is scholastic, and consequently some of the books considered necessary for the attractiveness of a general library are excluded. The one hundred and eighty thousand volumes have been sifted and re-arranged, until no duplicates remain, and every book is strictly choice. Some prized editions of the Sacred Scriptures, the works of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and of scholars, saints, and philosophers, are among the treasures of the Library; of these, the most particularly prized are the celebrated edition of St. Chrysostom, by Sir Henry Saville, and the 1638 edition of St. Cyril of Alexandria.

Several special and valuable departments of art and science have been donated to the Columbia Library. Among the most complete are the geological books of the late Professor Newberry, presented by his family, and the "Avery Architectural Library," given by Mr. Samuel Avery, as a memorial of his son, Henry O. Avery, who was an architect. These books, which he had accumulated, consisted, at the time of their presentation, of 200 volumes, and included selections from his original drawings made while at the school of Beaux Arts, Paris. One of the provisos of the donor is that this collection is always to be kept in a separate alcove, and known as the Avery Architectural Library.

The sum of \$15,000 was paid by Mr. Avery to the treasurer of the Columbia College to provide for the repairing and binding of old books, as well as for the purchase of new ones. The number of volumes has increased to 8,600, and is considered one of the most complete architectural collections in existence.

To obtain entrance as a regular reader, in any or all of the departments of the Columbia Library, it is only necessary to have a letter of introduction; it is, however, only the college student who is permitted to take books from the Library.

The ground lying between the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the Grant Monument, was purchased in 1892, for the erection of a new college, and here, in about two years, will be removed the college, and of course its library, where they will continue to

be in the future, as they have been in the past, an expression of the educational spirit of New York City.

It is following the literary history of our country, page by page, to step from a library founded in colonial days, into one whose entire literature of 100,000 volumes, speaks only of American history.

Such is the character of the library of the New York Historical Society. In 1804 eleven prominent citizens of New York, among whose names we find those of Peter G. Stuyvesant and De Witt Clinton, met for the purpose of organizing a society for the collection and preservation of material relating to the natural, civil, and ecclesiastical history of the United States in general, and of New York state in particular.

Energetic means were at once adopted to accomplish this end, and thus has been secured a collection of books, pictures, statuary, manuscripts, statistics, newspapers, medals, coins, and specimens in natural history, which to-day are the delight of the student and scholar.

Various means calculated to keep alive the spirit and intention of the society are constantly employed. Among these the reading of papers upon American subjects by the members, for which, by the way, the Library furnishes a fund of material, and the appropriate celebration of anniversaries bearing upon educational subjects, are some of the features. 1893 was the 200th anniversary of the introduction of the printing press into the colony and city of New York, by William Bradford, and this event was commemorated by the society in the New York Cotton Exchange, which covers the site where the first newspaper was issued by Bradford. A memorial tablet has been erected to mark this spot, and also one at 81 Pearl Street, where stood the first printing office in the United States.

Such are some of the means used by the New York Historical Society to inspire and keep alive the love, interest, and admiration for all things relating to the history of our country. There is, however, no medium which it uses to carry out these high aims that exerts the same beneficial influence as does its library.

Here we find an abiding, unfailing source of instruction, and



MECHANICS' HALL.

here facts may be gathered which live and grow in hearts, and go towards making intelligent Americans, and proportionately true patriots.

The Apprentices' or Free Library, was established in 1820. Its sole original object was to furnish reading for the apprentices of New York City. Since that time, however, its purpose has been enlarged, and its name changed from Apprentices' to Free Library, though the old name still remains a popular and familiar one.

The Library was founded and is supported by the Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, though to an extent they are assisted by the State, which has an optional law concerning libraries.

By this law, claim may be made for an annual allowance, according to the circulation of a library. The Apprentices' puts in a claim for \$10,000; this claim however, is not always recognized, nor would this sum support the Library and keep up the necessary supply of books, of which the circulation is 1,600 daily.

Works on architectural engineering form the most notable feature of the Library. These books are kept in the reference department, which is upon all subjects quite complete. The library of general literature is free and circulating.

Twelve libraries were selected by the managers of the Chicago World's Fair, to compete for prizes in what is termed the "charging system," which bears the same relation to a library that book-keeping does to a commercial house.

The Apprentices' Library was one among this selected twelve, a compliment, when we consider the number excluded even from competition; but as still further proof of the merit of its system, it was among the three which were so fortunate as to receive prizes.

There is the similarity between the Apprentices' and Mercantile Libraries that they were both established by and for the benefit of men following particular avocations, rather than for the use of the general public, though both are open to all persons of good character.



Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men
of good will.— *St. Luke ii. 14.*

REJOICINGS.

JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

A STORY OF THE STAR.

If ever night showed forth the glory of God, it was this beautiful night. The heavens seemed to drop down a silvery dew, and the budding flowers strewing the Judean plains mirrored the beauty of the firmament which declared the work of the hands of the Most High. The very earth seemed ready to burst open and bud forth a Saviour, to follow the inspiration of the holy prophet, and to fulfil his words.

On this tranquil night indeed, the glory of the stars was the beauty of heaven; but each star was a bright angel waiting, expectantly, with watchful eye and constant heart, singing its own sweet song to God the Eternal Father, a prelude to the grand and glorious anthem that should announce the birth of His Divine Son.



SOFT starlight fell over the Judean hills, and restless and wakeful in the sweet and silent beauty of the night, Ira, the watchful one, the little son of the shepherd Malachi, gazed out through the rude entrance of his cave dwelling in the hillside, and longed to be down in the valley, where his father and elder brother, Laban, were watching their flocks.

Not without personal concern, too, for was not this the night, his father had said, a lamb would be born that should be Ira's very own to keep and rear. His mother, Miriam, and himself had tended the flocks until sunset, and now he could sleep no more, thinking of his little lamb down in the sheepfold in the valley.

Ah, yes, it was born! and with the quick imagination of a child he saw Laban with the lamb, *his* lamb, clasped to his breast as the shepherds sat about the fire kindled in the midst of the rocks.

The thought was too much for the ardent boy, and quickly

casting the covering from his limbs, he sat up on his hard couch, and fastened with a leathern girdle the sheepskin which he wore as a garment, about his lithe body. Then, stealthily, so as not to waken his tired mother, he crept out into the starlight, and ran with the fleetness of a deer down into the valley field.

Once only did he pause to gaze at the wonderful star over Bethlehem, the city of David; large, luminous, and shedding a silvery radiance which fell like a veil over the white and slumbering city, so that the white houses and towers seemed to him a silver crescent on the brow of the twin hills.

And Ira feared; things seemed so unearthly this lovely night.

Down the starbeams his innocent soul saw bright angels speeding, and a song of joy was wafted to his heart in sudden, sweet bursts that died away again as suddenly, yet, oh, so sweetly, like the songs he had once heard at Jerusalem when the doors of the Temple had been opened for an instant, and slowly closed again.

Now, he no longer feared, for his guileless heart was filled with the sweet melody for which the world had been waiting four thousand years.

And he sped on.

At the entrance to the field, where the olive trees were grouped in prophetic and mysterious silence, his dog bounded out to meet him, and Ira, scarcely heeding him, except by an affectionate caress, hastened on over the short, young grass, which yielded herbage to the flocks, and which was now, after the late rains, studded with anemones, those frail wind-flowers which delight in storms, and are the first sweet harbingers of spring.

Bounding before him, the dog announced the boy's coming, and breathless and excited, Ira stood within the circle of light which the scanty fire sent among the surrounding rocks.

The beautiful Hebrew boy! He might have posed for a statue of Inspiration with his hands clasped together; his large, dark eyes seeking those of his father and brother; his thick curling locks of black hair crowning his noble face, and his brown breast—half-covered by the sheepskin vesture—heaving in expectation and delight. His father, clad in a cloak, and with the long veil of the shepherds wound about his head and falling on his shoulders, held the shepherd's crook in his right hand, and

bending forward, Ira kissed the hand and sweetly murmured, "My father." Then turning to Laban, who looked at him with laughing eyes, he inquired: "My brother Laban, my white one, where is my lamb?"

Laban's white shoulders gleamed like ivory in the wonderful starlight. He had taken off his cloak, and his veil had slipped from his head; yet although his sheepskin afforded him but little comfort from the night air, nestled in the folds of his cloak, and near the warmth of the blaze, was the new-born lamb—Ira's little lamb—the creature of his dreams and of his heart. Slowly, and with his laughing eyes never taken from his brother's face, Laban unwound his cloak, fold by fold, until the fleecy and helpless figure of the tiny lamb glowed whitely in the flickering firelight before the boy's admiring gaze.

Ira, with a cry of joy, fell upon his knees, then prostrated himself upon the grass, and not daring to touch the beautiful creature with his hands, he laid his childish cheek upon its woolly side, and kissed it over and over again, murmuring softly, "My own little lamb." Then Laban, the beautiful, strong, guileless youth, laughed again, for his heart was like a rushing torrent of joy, and caught up his little brother into his white arms, and kissed him in his exuberant joy, and wound him also in a fold of his cloak with the precious lamb.

All the while Malachi had stood gazing at the wonderful star over Bethlehem, and thinking of the promised Messiah. His heart was full of happiness, remembering the words: A star shall arise out of Jacob. Then with his hands uplifted, and with his face turned towards Jerusalem and the holy places, he repeated the words of the Psalmist: "Blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord." Now he turned to Laban, and with a smile on his care-worn features, he thought: How sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Lo, as he mused upon the fair picture of his children, his wife, Miriam, touched his arm, and spoke his name, asking: "Where is the child?" She had wakened from a deep sleep, in which she had seen angels and heard celestial music, and arising, she had hastened to bend over the couch of her boy to beg for him the blessings of the night, and send up a prayer to the God of his fathers. She was perplexed to find his bed empty.

With an anxious heart she had at once descended to the hillside to her husband, hoping to find the boy with those who were keep-the watches of the night watching their flocks.

For answer Malachi pointed to the white figure of Laban, who, turning over the fold of his cloak, showed his mother the dark head of Ira and the snowy fleece of the little lamb nestling together there. With a smile on her motherly face, and a great joy in her heart, Miriam stood beside her husband and resting on his arm, looking like a fair piece of sculpture, with her long, white veil bound about her brows and falling to her feet. Thus together they contemplated. And as they gazed, the starlight and firelight were lost in a great brightness:

"And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." (St. Luke.)

And the angel's face was like a lovely summer flower on which the sun is shining, and a coronet of gold, encrusted with many a starlike gem, encircled his dark hair. His beautiful eyes looked into the depths of theirs until they felt he knew their very thoughts. And his garments were like the rainbowed spray of a sunlit waterfall, and his wings were as the pearly clouds of dawn which the rising sun tips with a rosy lustre, and lo! in his hand he held the palm-branch which emblemed the Victory of the Prince of Peace. About him the heavenly army of cherubs—like children at play, their rosy forms hidden in the banks of cloud which followed their path and seemed to uphold them—sang with a right good will this first sweet Christmas carol which has stirred the hearts of innumerable followers of the Lamb, in the succeeding centuries: Glory to God in the highest; and peace on earth to men of good will.

The suddenness of the celestial apparition had paralyzed the

shepherds with fear, but the reassuring words of the angel, his heavenly beauty, which they could never forget, and the sweet songs of the holy choir still re-echoing in their hearts, filled them with joy even after the melody, like a sweet perfume, had faded softly away. The blessed spirits had folded their wings only for a moment to deliver God's message to man, then singing as they went and praising God, they returned to their heavenly home.



Then without an instant's hesitation little Ira said: "Let us go over to Bethlehem." The star was still shining, and its bright radiance seemed to enter and light up a cave in the chalk hill known as the Manger. Thither they hastened. Little Ira, fleet of foot, running ahead, his great eyes ablaze. Half way up the hillside he met an old shepherd, bowed with the weight of years, who questioned him: "Boy, whither goest thou, and what of this night?"

To which Ira answered, catching the old man's hand, and hastening on: "The Saviour is born; come and adore Him."

Laban followed with the little lamb in the folds of his mantle, and Malachi assisted Miriam his wife, up the hilly road to the cave where the promised Messiah lay cradled in the Manger.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!

There in the Manger straw, which shone like a bed of gold, they found their Infant God, their Saviour,—the Holy One, the Prince of Peace. A little Babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, warmed by the breath of beasts, and adored by His sweet Mother, Mary, the Lily of Israel.

Saint Joseph, too, met their welcome, and joined in their adoration. And here Ira gave up the joy of his heart to the Infant King, and having so lately found his treasure, he gave it—his little lamb—to the Lamb of God; Laban, the white soul, presenting it at the request of the boy.

But Laban had his own gift, which later he brought to our Blessed Lady, a pair of doves in a wicker cage. And of the wool of Ira's lamb was made the Divine Child's first seamless robe.

And Malachi spread among his neighbors the welcome news of the birth of the Messiah,—that coming they might adore Him,—and was worthy of his name—the messenger of the Lord.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

Alma Redemptoris Mater!

THE excellence of the Rosary, which we have just pointed out, being considered in its twofold aspect, it becomes plain to you, venerable brethren, why we continue to inculcate and promote the custom. As we have stated at the beginning, the age needs heavenly aid more and more, especially as the Church has to endure, far and wide, many troubles which affect her rights and liberty, and there are many causes which are bringing ruin on the prosperity and peace of Christian States. We again openly proclaim that we have complete confidence that this aid will be obtained through the Rosary. Would that this devotion were everywhere held in honor as of old, in accordance with our desire. In towns and villages, in families and workshops, amongst the upper classes and the humblest, let it be loved and practised as a beautiful watchword of Christian faith, and a most effective means of propitiating the Divine clemency.—*From the Encyclical of Leo XIII.*, September 8, 1894.



HOLY INNOCENTS.

S. W. J.

THEY bloom about us in the quiet night,
 Like fadeless flowers in the dear old room,
 Fragrant and fair. Never a thought of gloom
 Falls o'er our hearts, nor shadow dims the bright
 Bloom-haunted hearth. For they are *flowers of light*,
 Their beauty will not die, though in the tomb
 A sweet resemblance lies. Ah, unto whom
 God's gifts were given are precious in His sight.

Mothers! whose lovely boys have flown away
 In their sweet innocence, ere earthly stain
 Should render them unworthy of His love,
 Lift up your hearts each dark hour of your day,
 Christ will console you for the bitter pain
 When you will meet your darlings up above!



AFTER RIBUSTINI.
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

OUR LADY'S ROSARY.

VERY REV. THOMAS ESSER, O. P., S. T. M.

THE nature of the Rosary having been shown, and its essential, constituent parts stated, we have next to inspect the disposition of these parts, or the organic structure of the Holy Rosary. In this, of course, we have to treat almost exclusively of the disposition of its oral prayers. For, as far as the accompanying meditations are here concerned, it could at most be asked,—Why are just these particular fifteen mysteries taken, and not others? The answer to this question is quite obvious. They are certainly not an arbitrary selection from many mysteries. Attentively and carefully considered, they will be found to be precisely those which afford our devotion its richest nutriment, and propose the most suitable matter for our imitation. They are those mysteries, it may be said, in which the God-man most specially reveals His humanity, and in which there is disclosed, as it were, but a dim and distant glimpse of His divine majesty and awful greatness. They are the mysteries which especially propose Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother for our imitation in every situation and condition of life. Aiming at this practical end, the Rosary sets no other mysteries before us for our consideration; as, for instance, the miracles and wonders wrought by our divine Lord. It purposes, therefore, not only to give us a prayer preferable above other prayers, but also to serve as the end of a practical school of virtue. Hence it is that on the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, the Church prays at the Mass and in the Divine Office: "O God! whose only-begotten Son, by His life, death, and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, *that meditating upon these mysteries in the Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain, and obtain what they promise.*"

Not so apparent, however, is the answer to the other questions,—Why do we pray just one hundred and fifty Hail Marys in the Rosary? Why in just such order and division? We shall consider these questions in detail.

That herein, likewise, there exists nothing arbitrary may be taken as evident from the fact that the holy patriarch, St. Dominic, according to the testimony of St. Pius V., "at the suggestion of the Holy Ghost, as is piously believed, devised this easy, exceedingly devout form of prayer, with which all are conversant."¹ No one but a blasphemous unbeliever would dare assert that, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, anything arbitrary could result, or anything devoid of a deep and hidden meaning. For the present, however, let us limit ourselves to an inquiry into the grounds of the numbers as they appear in the Holy Rosary, without entering into the matter of their mystical meaning—a subject of which the mystic numbers of the Bible offer us many striking instances.²

It is the same Pontiff, St. Pius V., who, in the bull cited, gives the reason why the entire Rosary is made up of one hundred and fifty Hail Marys. He says: "In the Rosary, or Marian Psalter, the Blessed Virgin is honored by one hundred and fifty repetitions of the Angelical Salutation, a number corresponding with that of the Psalter of David."³ We have, then, a parable,

¹ "Consueverunt." d. d. 17 Sep., 1569; Bullar., O. P., v., 223.

² Fuller treatment of this subject may be found in *Coppenstein*, *Clavis prædicandi Rosarium*, lib. I., cap., 18-23; after him and more concisely, *Justinus Miechoviensis*, *Discursus Prædicabiles super Lit. Lauret.*, disc. 331, n. 11, and foll.; 332 and 333. *Kreuser* (*Der Christl. Kirchenbau*, Bonn, 1851, I. 519,) says: "Among the Jews and Pythagoreans, this matter had already had a profound significance, a fact which may easily give rise to error; since (in modern times) number has fallen into the mere representant of value, and no cabala is any longer possible, save in standards of coinage and at the bourse. In Solomon's Wisdom (xi. 21,) we read: "But Thou hast ordered all things in measure, number, and weight." And this wisdom, as far as is feasible and permissible, it has ever been the joy of Christian thinkers to verify. This concern, then, in regard to the mysteries of numbers, suggested itself, especially since the Jews themselves and pagan thinkers were originals in researches of this kind. "Take number and form from things, and they will cease to be," says St. Augustine. (*De libero arbitrio*, lib. II. cap. 16, n. 42: *Formas habent, quia numeros habent: adime illis hæc, et nihil erunt.*)

³ The same was said earlier by Pope Sixtus V. ("Ea quæ," d. d. 12 Maj. 1479; Bullar. Ord. Præd. III. 576.—"Iste ritus, seu modus orandi, *Psalterium Virginis Mariæ*, vulgariter nuncupatur, (in quo) quilibet . . . dicit ad honorem Dei et Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ, et contra imminentia mundi pericula toties Angelicam Salutationem *Ave Maria* quotsunt psalmi in Psalterio Davidico . . ."

or similarity between the Marian Psalter—and the Rosary has been so named since its origin—and the Psalter of David. As many Hail Marys or Angelical Salutations find their way into the former as there are Psalms, that is, songs of prayer or hymns of praise, contained in the latter. This likeness in number is, of course, a merely extrinsic one, and the question again presents itself,—Why was just the number of the Psalms taken for the Angelical Salutations of the Rosary, and no other? This takes us into other intrinsic points of resemblance between the two, and at the same time opens up new views, which afford a more appreciative understanding of the Holy Rosary.

As has already been pointed out, the one hundred and fifty Psalms are sacred songs, which, in the Old Testament, were designed to be sung at divine service. They were composed, for the most part, by King David, who is therefore known also under the appellation of the “Royal Psalmist;” and hence it is, too, that the entire collection is commonly called the “Psalter,” or the “Psalter of David.” In these psalms, written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and at his dictation, there is laid up an accumulated wealth of religious contents in such fulness that they seem to include all the other books of the Old Testament—which are partly prophetic, partly historical, and partly of a didactic nature (apothegms),—and to constitute the very pith and substance of them. And, indeed, the Psalms are, as it were, the extract, the quintessence, of all the other sacred writings of the Old Testament.¹ Herein, then, lies the first agreement between the Psalms and the Rosary. For as the former, within a small compass, comprises the entire Old Testament, so does the latter, in like manner, give us an epitome of the whole Gospel, and of the

¹ Psalmorum liber quæcunque utilia sunt ex omnibus (aliis libris canonicis) continet. Futura prædicit, veterum gesta commemorat, legem viventibus tribuit, gerendorum statuit modum, et ut breviter dicam, communis quidam bonæ doctrinæ thesaurus est. . . . *S. Basilus* in lib. psalm prolog. Inter Opp. *S. Augustini*. *St. Thomas*, referring to the Psalms in his commentary on the epistles of *St. Paul*, says: “In utraque scriptura fere tota theologiæ continetur doctrina.” (Prolog. in expos. omn. epist. *S. Pauli*).—“Psalterium est consummatio totius theologiæ.” *Cassiod.* præm. (in *Radulphus Tungr.* de ear. observ. prop. 8.)

teaching of the Divine Redeemer. The mere inspection of its several parts affords us sufficient proof of this.

Of the Our Father alone, Tertullian says that it is "almost the entire teaching of our Lord, a perfect moral code; in a word, a compendium of the whole Gospel."¹ And as St. Cyprian says, there are contained in it all mysteries as in a handbook of heavenly doctrine.²

It could not be other than this. For what else is prayer but an outflow of religion, an expression of man's conviction of the relation of dependence which subsists between him and his God? No one would pray were he not to recognize his need of help, and the power and willingness of Almighty God to bestow it upon him.³ And this, on the whole, is the general conception of relig-

¹ Neque enim propria tantum orationis officia complexa est: venerationem Dei, aut hominis petitionem; sed omnem pene sermonem Domini, omnem commemorationem disciplinæ, ut revera in ea oratione brevium totius evangelii comprehendatur." *Tertull.* De Orat. cap. I.

² Quid mirum, fratres dilectissimi, si oratio talis est, quam Deus docuit, qui magisterio suo omnem precem nostram salutari sermone brevavit? Hoc jam per Isaiam prophetam fuerat ante prædictum. . . . Nam cum Dei sermo, Dominus Noster J. Christus omnibus venerit, et, colligens doctos pariter et indoctos, omni sexui atque ætati præcepta salutis ediderit, præceptorum suorum fecit grande *compendium*, ut in disciplina cœlesti discentium memoria non laboraret, sed quod esset simplici fidei necessarium, velociter disceret. *S. Cypriani*, lib. de orat. Dominica, n. 28.—Qualia sunt, fratres charissimi, orationis Dominicæ sacramenta! quam multa! quam magna! breviter in sermone collecta sed in virtute spiritaliter copiosa, ut nihil omnino prætermisum sit, quod non in precibus atque orationibus nostris *cœlestis doctrina compendio* comprehendatur. *Ibid.* n. 9.

³ "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed?" asks St. Paul. (Rom. x. 14.) Hence in the early Church, when adult persons who desired to be received, were catechized, it was the custom first to explain and teach them the Apostles' Creed, and afterwards to give them the Lord's Prayer. "The orderly process of your edifying instruction is, that you first learn what to believe, and afterwards what you are to pray for," says St. Augustine in the beginning of an exposition of the Our Father, addressed to such *competentes*. (Sermo de Scrip. 57. [al. de Divers. 9.] n. 1.) Elsewhere he says: "Quia ergo dixit *Quomodo invocabunt in quem non crediderunt*: ideo non accepistis prius orationem et postea symbolum; sed prius symbolum, ubi sciretis quid crederetis, et postea orationem, ubi nossetis, quem invocaretis." (Sermo de Script. 56. [al. de Divers. 48.] n. 1.)

ion. As this apprehension of man's relation to God takes more definite shape, so will prayer, as its practical expression, necessarily undergo corresponding changes. For precisely because prayer directly wells from out the fountain-head of faith, so must the raising up of the heart to God correspond with the knowledge of the mind concerning Him. As one believes, so does he pray. The livelier the faith, the more heartfelt is the prayer. In the religion revealed by the Son of God Himself, there will be, then, in the prayer which He gave, nay, prescribed, the most perfect expression of this religion. And, in very deed, the first two words of the "Our Father" lay open the whole of Christianity. The Old Testament dared not, in prayer, address God by the confiding title of Father. Full of fear, it called Him Lord, or God, or Creator.¹ But we, by the Incarnation of the Son of God, have become His brothers, and through Him, according to the words of St. Paul, have received, not the spirit of bondage again in fear, but the spirit of adoption of sons, whereby we cry Abba, Father.² Such is the benefit of Redemption. "Behold," exclaims St. John, filled with astonishment, "what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called and should be the sons of God."³ The one word Father, therefore, opens up to us a profound understanding of the Redemption through Christ, and of the whole Christian religion. And in the other word, Our—Our Father,—does it not manifestly and expressly contain all the ties that bind us with regard to our neighbor, such as they have come to be shaped by the influence of Christianity? Does not the whole command lie therein outspoken: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—that commandment which is like to the first, of loving God? Our Father! and what instruction on the spirit of the Gospel is there not given expression to in its seven petitions, which teach us to seek nothing else but God's honor (the first three petitions), and for ourselves, the one thing necessary (the four following petitions)! Truly all Christianity is contained in the Our Father.

¹ Multa dicta sunt in laudem Dei.... nusquam tamen invenitur præceptum populo Israel ut diceret *Pater Noster*, aut ut oraret *Patrem* Deum, sed Dominus eis insinuatus est tanquam servientibus.... S. Augustinus, De Serm. Dom. in monte sec. Matt., lib. II. n. 15.

² Rom. viii. 15; cf. Gal. iv. 4. etc.

³ 1 John, iii. 1.

And like the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria is also an abridged gospel. What is the Gospel? What other than the fulfilment of that first evangel, as it is called, or proto-gospel, of that hopeful promise with which God tempered the severity of the sentence pronounced upon sin; the realization of His word : "She shall crush thy head" !¹ But who else is she in whom this glad evangel is fulfilled but she to whom we so often address the Hail Mary of the Holy Rosary! And again, what is the Gospel? What but the "glad tidings" which the angel announced to the shepherds: "Behold I bring you tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger. . . . And they came with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger" !² The Son of God incarnate,—that is the fundamental mystery of Christianity; and it is just therein that the Angelical Salutation culminates. The other prerogatives and graces of Mary mentioned are but the preparation and something besides her crowning dignity: that, namely, which falls to her through the blessed fruit of her womb, Jesus.

And now the mysteries of the Rosary ! They exhibit the chief mysteries of our Faith, those of the Incarnation and of the Redemption, in all their details and in the historical order of their occurrence. We see in them the angel announcing the Incarnation, a Virgin giving birth to the Redeemer, the Saviour carrying His cross and offering up His life on the instrument of His passion. We see His example and hear His words. We see His and His mother's glorification, the prelude to our own resurrection and entrance into Heaven. What need of other proof that the Rosary is a compendium of the whole Christian religion, an epitome of the doctrines of Faith and morals,—one could say, a digest of theology! And such, indeed, it is—a theology in fifteen richly-fraught chapters.

As the pith and power, then, of all the other books of the Old Testament—the law, the sacred history, the moral precepts, and the prophets—is embodied in the sacred Psalms of David, or in

¹ Gen. iii. 15.

² Luke ii. 10-16.

the Psalter, so is the entire life and teaching of the Divine Redeemer incorporated, at least in outline, in the Holy Rosary. Its contents are all taken from the Gospel, both its prayers and its mysteries. And what St. Basil said of the Psalter, we may, with at least equal reason, apply to the Rosary. "It is," says he, "a common treasure of good teachings, which offers every individual that of which he stands in need. Its potency is such as to heal all wounds of the soul; to apply the swiftest remedy to fresh hurts, just as it is within its efficacy to secure the continuance of health to the unhurt. It is likewise of equal efficacy to still the passions whose dominion over man so variously disquiets his soul. A standard of peace—it brings rest to the soul, stems the stream and torrent of thought, curbs anger, subdues sensuality, begets the love of sobriety, is a bond of friendship, a restorer of unity, a reconciler of enemies. It dismays devils and draws down the aid of angels. It is a shield against the terrors of the night, and rest in the pains and labor of the day. It is a guard for children; it adorns budding youth, and consoles the aged; it is woman's noblest ornament. It proves the best soil for beginners, it assures increase of growth to the progressing; to the full-grown and perfect it is a fast citadel of perseverance. Of the Church, it is a voice.¹ Verily, a living voice of the living Church of God.

MOTHER of God, great Queen of Heaven, our hope, our strength,
our life,

ASSIST us in our pilgrimage throughout this world of strife;

REMEMBER, gracious Advocate, that never yet in vain

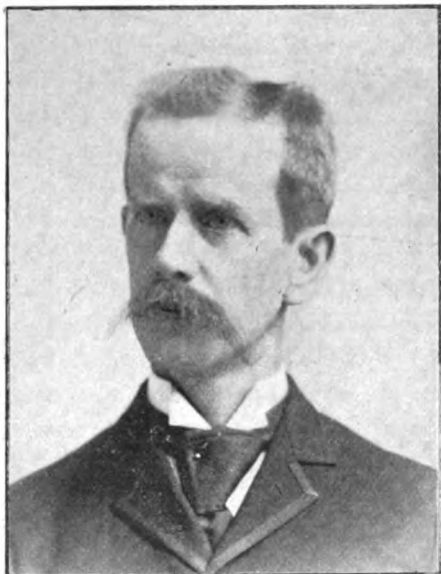
YOUR children sought deliverance from sin or error's chain.

—*Bro. Josiah, F.S.C.*

¹ St. Basil, loc. cit.

THE TROY PUBLIC LIBRARY.

DE WITT CLINTON.



DE WITT CLINTON.

Just sixty years ago Dr. N. S. Beman, in a sermon to the young men of Troy, advocated the establishment of a public library in the city of Troy. The outcome of the suggestion or appeal was a meeting of citizens held in the Mayor's court-room, John F. McCoun acting as chairman, and Alexander McCall as secretary. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution, consisting of Giles B. Kellogg, Thomas Coleman (died Oct., 1894, being at that time president of the association), Martin I. Town-

send, Ralph Hawley, and Thaddeus Bigelow. Dec. 19th, 1835, a list of four hundred and twenty-six signers to the membership was presented, and an election of officers was held.

Following is the list of officers first elected: President, John F. McCoun; first Vice-President, Daniel L. Seymour; second Vice-President, Henry Landon; third Vice-President, Thomas Coleman. A board of managers was also elected.

The Y. M. A. rooms were opened at 197 River street, now known as "The Alhambra," Feb. 10th, 1835, and the association was incorporated April 20th, 1835.

About 1,000 volumes were on the shelves of the Library at that date, being principally volumes purchased from the "Troy Library," and several hundred of the original volumes have been preserved and are still on the Library shelves. Progress in the advancement of the association interests was constant, if slow, and additional volumes were added by the subscription monies of managers and generous Trojans.

Hon. George M. Tibbets offered the association a lot of ground, seventy-five feet front and rear, by one hundred and thirty feet deep, on condition that the association should erect thereon a building costing not less than seven thousand five hundred dollars, to be used as an association library and reading-room. The officers replied to this offer: "Not being able to accept, we are obliged to decline."

From the inception of the association it has been a custom—and frequently a necessity—to "pass the contribution-box" among friends of the association, and the donations were always willingly given.

The expenses of the growing Library were constantly in excess of receipts, and only by subscriptions was the Library maintained.

February 14th, 1841, Mr. Hagan, the first librarian, resigned his office after about five years' service, and N. B. Milliman was elected in his stead. About this date a course of lectures, during the winter months, was inaugurated, and proved very popular, securing to the association a largely increased membership. The lecture course was continued annually until 1874, when financial conditions forced a change.

A natural history collection was purchased, and for a time was exhibited in the association rooms, but again finances interfered, and the collection was sold for less than cost. The association has had ten librarians since 1835. Prominent as a capable and very careful librarian was Henry P. Filer, who served from 1846 to 1864, when, on account of failing health, he resigned. Following Mr. Filer as librarian was Mr. Fitz Hugh Stevens, who served for eleven years, and who in turn was succeeded by the present incumbent (the writer of this article), who has acted as librarian since Dec., 1874, the longest term for which any librarian has yet served the association.

Elections for officers in the association were of the most exciting character. Men who could not be induced to enter politics for the highest municipal office were anxious to make efforts to be elected President of the Y. M. A. Thousands of dollars were spent annually in the contests. In 1862 William R. Yomt bequeathed to the association (the first of a series of bequests) the sum of five thousand dollars,—three thousand to be expended immediately, and the remaining two thousand dollars to be invested, and the interest used to purchase books for the "Yomt Library"

division. Mr Yomt's idea, originally, was to expend the fund for the purchase of books relating to the history of Ireland, but he was induced to make the provisions general. Several thousand valuable works are now in the Yomt Library. The same year George M. Selden presented the association with railroad stock valued at five thousand dollars. The Selden fund is yet existing. Bequests followed, until at the present time the following trust funds are in the ownership of the association:

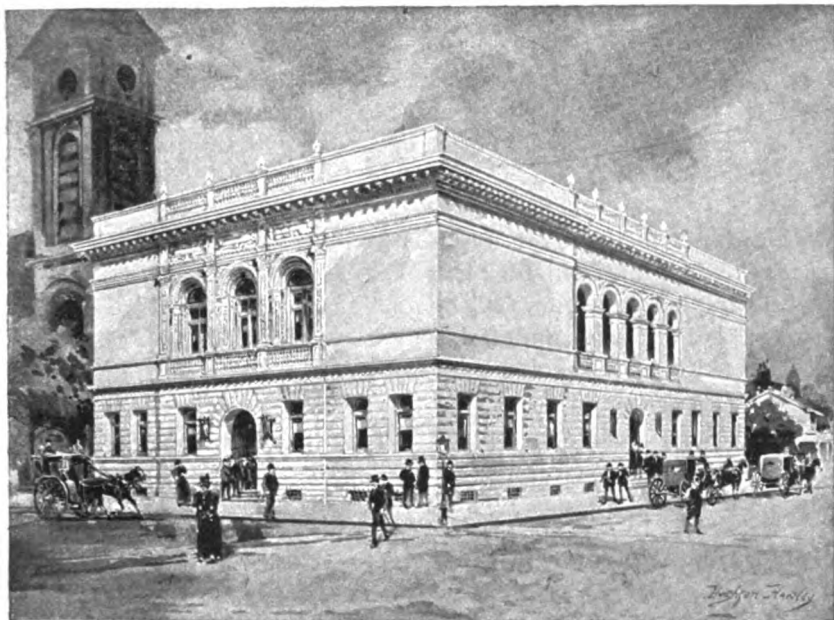
Clarence Willard bequest,	-	-	-	-	\$10,000
Yomt bequest,	-	-	-	-	2,000
George M. Selden,	-	-	-	-	5,000
Selden Art Fund,	-	-	-	-	200
Life Membership Fund,	-	-	-	-	800
Roxanna Loomis bequest,	-	-	-	-	1,000
Betsy A. Hart gift,	-	-	-	-	10,000
A. De F. Gale fund,	-	-	-	-	3,000
Vail bequest,	-	-	-	-	1,000
Coleman bequest,	-	-	-	-	1,000
-----					\$34,000.00

At the annual election in 1870 a contest for the president's office was made between Edward G. Gilbert and Walter P. Warren. Both men used every legitimate means to obtain the majority of the votes cast. Money was lavishly used, and the election ended in disorder, almost riot.

The courts declared the election invalid, and the officers of the past year held over under the decision. Bitter feeling was engendered between the rival factions, and the sale of membership tickets fell off to a great extent. The association was soon without sufficient money to run on as formerly, and various plans for its relief failed. Finally, in 1880, by an act of the Legislature the incorporation act was amended, and the affairs of the association passed into control of a board of Trustees named in the act, said trustees to elect their own successors. E. Thompson Gale was first elected President under the act, and Hon. Thomas Coleman succeeded Mr. Gale as President upon the death of the former. The association is now without a President, since the death of Mr. Coleman. Wm. H. Young, who has been connected with the affairs of the association for over fifty years, is acting as President, and will, no doubt, be chosen to succeed Mr. Coleman.

The building which the association now occupies was purchased

by a subscription of generous citizens, and is now the property of the association. It is a well constructed building, but lacks all the modern improvements, and is not the proper storehouse for the 30,000 volumes which are now in the Library. Many of these volumes are rare and very valuable, ranging in price from \$75 to \$800 for works in the Library.



THE WILLIAM HOWARD HART MEMORIAL.

(Reproduced from the original drawing through the courtesy of *Frank Leslie's Weekly*.)

January 31, 1894, a special meeting of the board of Trustees was called to receive and pass upon a communication from Mrs. Mary E. Hart.

The letter contained an offer to present to the association lots on the corner of Second and Ferry Streets, Troy—a most valuable site—said lots being seventy-five feet front and rear, and one hundred and thirty feet deep, and to erect on said lots a fire-proof building of sufficient size to store the one hundred thousand volumes.

She named as her trustees in the matter, Wm. H. Doughty, Charles W. Tillinghast, and John H. Peck. The gift was accepted,

and plans are now in the hands of contractors for a building to cost not less than \$66,000. A cut of the building appears herewith. The building is to be erected of stone and terra-cotta, two stories, with provision for all rooms and accessories that the experience of years has originated as the best possible means for making the most of library buildings.

The building will be called the William Howard Hart Memorial, in honor and memory of the donor's deceased husband. It is the verdict of all who have knowledge of the gift, that the gracious, wise, and generous beneficence of Mrs. Hart merits the great praises which are bestowed, and that the monument which she will erect to the memory of her husband will be not alone a lasting monument to *his*, but also to the fame and wisdom of the donor, Mrs. Mary E. Hart.

Ground will be broken for the new building early next spring, and the building will be completed as rapidly as is consistent with the plans and views of the able and competent trustees who are in charge of the undertaking. Haste will be made when no doubt exists as to results,—not under other conditions.

It may be stated that, when the new building is occupied, the association will be in a greatly improved financial condition. The rents from the building now owned will increase, as the rooms now occupied as library and reading-rooms can be, at slight expense, refitted for other tenants.

A SONNET.

REV. S. H. GLENDON, O. P.

How great, how grand the world! how sweet it seems!
All countless are the beauties that unfold
Amid its tropic heat or northern cold;
Elate with busy life creation teems,
And eager millions greet the morning beams;
What changing graces please and charm the mind,
Suggesting others of a higher kind,
Inspiring thoughts of God, and heavenly dreams.
Yet none these grand perfections own for self—
Each varying form imparts and scatters round
The measure of the good which in it lies;
For goodness treasures naught like miser's pelf,
But like the spreading flames that rise and bound,
Without its own diffusion surely dies.

IN LIFE AND DEATH.

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

ONE August afternoon, as mother and I were sitting on the piazza in the shade of the clematis and trumpet vines, stately, silver-haired Mrs. Harwell came across the garden by the short path which led from her house to ours, to make a neighborly call.

Mrs. Harwell is a favorite with those who know her, for what strangers call her aristocratic air is but a formality of manner; she is really very affable, and possesses a fund of reminiscence which renders her a delightful guest. We had chatted pleasantly for some time, when a slight clicking noise attracted our visitor's attention.

"See, Mrs. Carlton," said she, addressing mother, "you have dropped your Rosary."

"How did you know it was a Rosary, Mrs. Harwell?" I asked, with a smile, as I picked it up. Our friend had told us she had never met any Catholics but ourselves.

"Oh, I know very well," she responded, laughing; "because I have one myself. My son, the doctor, brought it to me from Paris."

"Wonders will never cease!" exclaimed I, mentally. "To think of Dr. Harwell, a man of no particular religious belief, bringing so strange a gift to his mother, and from Paris, the paradise of fashion! One would suppose he would have selected a jewel, or a bit of costly lace to please her exquisite taste."

"Yes," she continued, "and in presenting it to me he related a little incident which may interest you.

"My son is, as you know, Professor of Anatomy in the ——— Medical College. One morning, shortly before he went abroad, while waiting for his class, he walked slowly up and down the room, thinking over the points of his lecture.

"An outsider would have esteemed it an uncanny place, for it was in fact, the dissecting-room. To the doctor, however, it had long ago lost all unpleasant suggestion, since he regarded it

simply as affording the precious knowledge by which human misery may be alleviated.

"The sun streamed in through the broad windows. The light was good; what more could science demand?

"No gruesome thoughts obtruded themselves upon him as he paced the floor with deliberate step. Upon the table was something concealed by a long cloth. Its outlines would perhaps have cost an intruder a shudder, but to the lecturer it was merely 'a subject.'

"Pursuing the train of his meditations, he approached it absently, and turned down the top of the covering.

"As he did so, his brows contracted, but the next moment, with a professional shrug of his shoulders, he continued his walk. The subject was the body of a woman. Now but a statue of inanimate clay, it had once held a woman's soul!

"But with such musings the doctor had nothing to do. To reveal the mysteries of human suffering, for the good of human kind was, he considered, the province of mortality. His careless glance had shown him a youthful face—not finely chiselled indeed, but once comely to look upon.

"The broad, low brow was fair and smooth; the eyelids delicately veined and fringed by long red-gold lashes; the round of the cheek beautiful as sculptured marble. The head was inclined a little to one side, and pillowed in its own bright locks, a wealth of strangely shaded hair which would rival the tints of a rich antique bronze. Yet the picture made little impression upon the lecturer, and it was only by accident that he looked in that direction again. Then, however, his roving gaze was suddenly arrested:

"What was that upon the white, shapely throat of the girl?

"He drew near to examine a curious chain half concealed by the covering, a necklace of dark beads of no beauty whatever.

"Why had she chosen so singular an ornament, one which had not even the tawdry prettiness of the cheap jewelry which attracts the young people of the humbler class to which she had probably belonged? And yet she had evidently prized the trinket greatly, for it was locked in the clasp of the hand which rested upon her breast. To Dr. Harwell, 'the subject' was actually assuming an individuality, an unwonted circumstance which surprised him.

"As he observed the necklace more particularly, he understood what it was. Abroad, he had seen similar chaplets for sale in the curio shops, patronized by travellers. It was a string of prayer beads, a rosary. He had also seen the like in the hands of the titled dames who frequented a church in Paris, to which he had gone sometimes to hear the music. But those circlets had been exquisite things; each, a row of gems strung upon silver, with a silver or golden cross.

"He remembered that he had thought the custom of using them very picturesque and poetic, and noted, as they slipped through the delicate fingers, how well the glittering jewels set off the white hands of the high-born devotees.

"He had a vague idea, too, that upon the continent, and in Ireland, old and illiterate peasant women kept count of their prayers upon strings of beads made of olive and other seeds. But that a young creature whose comeliness would naturally be a temptation to add to her charms by a showy ornament, should choose to wear, instead, a string of ugly brown beads, hidden from all eyes; that it held for her a deep religious significance, and had afforded her comfort in her hour of supreme need. This was a revelation to the practical man of science. He looked with a new interest at the face before him.

"How came it that this beautiful clay should have been brought to this? There was no way of discovering; here was simply one of the city's unclaimed, pauper dead.

"The features were of a Celtic cast, from which it might be inferred that the girl was of foreign birth or blood; a stranger, and alone, most likely, amid the snares of the metropolis. Had she been followed thither, in her search for employment, and guarded by the prayers of an anxious mother who was now waiting in heart-breaking suspense for tidings of the wanderer? Or was she an orphan, who knew no love to encourage her in the struggle for existence, no kindly hand to point out the pit-falls of the great city, no friend to grieve over her unknown fate?

"Her story had died with her. The dumb lips were sealed for all time; they could not answer any calumnies which might be brought against her. But there was one thing to speak for her, - the string of beads about her neck. The Rosary clasped to her

heart told that she was good and pure (else, long before, she would have cast it off), told that her last breath had been a prayer.

"Such were Dr. Harwell's reflections as he abstractedly attempted in vain to loosen that rigid hold. Though he 'hemmed' and 'pshawed' at himself for having any feeling at all in the matter, he stood for a moment, undecided.

"The clock pointed to the hour of the lecture; there was a sound of footsteps upon the stairs. With an abrupt stride he quitted the place, locking the door after him. And, making the excuse that 'the subject' was unsatisfactory, he delivered his lecture in the adjoining room.

"Well, that's all about it," concluded Mrs. Harwell, rising to go,—“except that the doctor had the body buried at his own expense. But now you know how my son happened to think of bringing me a Rosary, and why I reverence it.”

SPELL Eva back, and Ave shall you find,
The first began, the last reversed our harms ;
An angel's witching words did Eva blind,
An angel's Ave disenchants the charms :
Death first by woman's weakness enter'd in,
In woman's virtue life doth now begin.

O Virgin breast ! the heavens to thee incline,
In thee their joy and sovereign they agnize ;
Too mean their glory is to match with thine,
Whose chaste receipt God more than Heaven did prize.
Hail ! fairest Heaven, that Heaven and earth did bless,
Where virtue's star God's sun of justice is !

With haughty mind to Godhead man aspired,
And was by pride from place of pleasure chased ;
With loving mind our manhood God desired,
And as by love in greater pleasure placed ;
Man laboring to ascend, procured our fall,
God yielding to descend, cut off our thrall.

—*Father Southwell, S. J.*

THE CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY.

A merry, merry Christmas!

Dear children, one and all,
Who dwell where flowers are blooming,
Or where the snowflakes fall.

A merry, merry Christmas!

From childhood's sorrow free,
And flooded with the sunshine
Of Christ's Nativity.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN:—I cannot allow this glad day of Christmas to pass without sending to you a blessing and a message in the name of our dear little Infant Saviour, who came from Heaven long ago, to live on earth, and after teaching us how to be good, to die that we might be saved. Christmas, as you know, is His special day with us. And for that great day the Editor wishes all his dear little children every joy and happiness. He intends to say Mass for you then, praying that the Divine Infant may bless all the Children of the Rosary, and that our dear Lady may take them under her loving care, and be their Blessed Mother too.

But, children dear, how will you spend this day? Will you not visit the Crib in church, and think, while you say the Beads, of the Infant Jesus?

“ Dear little one, how sweet Thou art!
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright they almost seem to speak
When Mary's look meets Thine ! ”

Yes, you will speak to this beautiful Babe in these words of Father Faber; but you will do more. You will remember, for love of your Infant Lord, the poor children whose papas and mammas cannot give them any presents. You will think of them, and each child of the Rosary will do something for at least one other little child.

Children of the Rosary! remember the poor children on Christmas. Make it happy for them. Do not be selfish. Share with those who have none of the good things that all expect at such a time. The Infant Jesus will grieve if you forget Him, and you will forget Him if you neglect the poor, for He tells us that what we do for them He takes to Himself, and our reward will be the same as if we did it to Him. Pray for

THE EDITOR.



ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

CYRILLE LAVIGNE.

When children sleep on Christmas
 night,
 In Heaven is seen a lovely light,
 And when they wake on Christmas
 morn
 They find their Infant God is born.
 All glory to Emmanuel!
 Swing bell! Ring bell!
 Noel! Noel!

When children sleep on Christmas
 night,
 The angels sing in Heaven bright,
 And on the lovely Christmas morn
 The children's carol is upborne.
 All glory to Emmanuel!
 Swing bell! Ring bell!
 Noel! Noel!

While children sleep on Christmas night,
 Their dreams are blessed with visions bright,
 And when they wake on Christmas day
 God's gifts await them, and they say
 All glory to Emmanuel!
 Swing bell! Ring bell!
 Noel! Noel!

GERDA.

A TALE OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

IT wanted yet three nights to the blessed Christmas-eve, long, long ago, in Germany, and it was getting on toward dusk, when Gerda, a tiny maiden of six or seven years, all told, peeped cautiously out of her lowly cottage door, looked quickly about her, seemingly afraid to venture, or rather to fear being seen, or heard, and finding she was in no danger of either, stepped out on the hard, frosty ground, which cracked beneath her light tread, and scarcely stopping to throw a rough coat, with hood attached, over her small form and curly head, she flew, rather than ran, over the icy pathway, so swift and straight she skimmed her way, until her little form was lost to view in the deep undergrowth of dwarf pines and firs in the great and wonderful forest which skirted her home.

Let us follow this pretty German *mädchén* on her secret errand, but very quietly, for Gerda looks about her, every now and then, as it grows dark and dreary in the forest, you see—and where *can* she be going so near night time—such a wee girl, in the bitter cold weather, and in so lonesome a place? Ah! now she stops, about half way through the wood, and brushes away the dead leaves and light snow from before what seems to be a very small and old house, a rude structure of wood, rough and weather-stained: but on looking up to its thatched roof one sees a tiny white cross (white with the snow), but else dark and weather-stained like the rest. After working away for some time with little, cold, bare hands, Gerda succeeds in mounting a very high step, which is now disclosed to view, and standing on tip-toe, lifts the heavy wooden latch, pushing with all her little strength the big, unwieldy door, till it creaks slowly back on its rusty hinges, and shows an interior of a tiny chapel, about the size of a big closet, across which stretches a long, low altar, surmounted by a fair-sized statue, in pure white stone, of the Virgin Mother, holding

out in her arms the Divine Babe, who with chubby hand upraised, smilingly blesses the little maiden as she devoutly sinks on her knees, with clasped hands and bright eyes raised beseechingly to the Christ-Child. Ah! how sweet and touching the scene! still more so the prayer of the poor, lonely child, lisped in broken accents (so *many* years ago, children), and in sweetest German music.

“Ah! dearest Holy Christ-Child, listen while poor Gerda begs the *Christmas blessing*. She has run all the way from home while mother sleeps, to ask the blessed Baby, when He really comes down at midnight from His Mother’s arms on Christmas eve, to *believe* that Gerda is a good child; and that when He runs to many homes, laden with gifts for the good children, He will not pass her by, but come to the littlest cottage where Gerda lives, and bring health to her sick mother, who lies all alone, with no neighbors coming in (because of the cold and snow), but only little Gerda to tend her; and then if the dear Christ-Child has anything to spare, well, Gerda hopes it will be a pair of warm shoes, for these are full of holes, and her feet they are *so* cold. And she wishes, oh, *so* much, she had only one whole candle of her own to place at His little feet, but alas!—and here Gerda draws forth a mere stump, with flint and tinder (for in those days matches were a luxury)—she strikes it, and lights her poor offering, which she places on the pedestal at the feet of the Madonna. It flames up at once, as if in honor bound to do its very best, and sheds its soft light on the faces of Mother and Child, when lo! wonder of wonders! Gerda kneeling and looking intently upward, sees the white hand of the Divine Child extended towards her,—the fingers moving, and a little smile trembling on Its lips. This simple child does not imagine that it has pleased her Lord to work a miracle for her love and faith to cherish, but so it is, undoubtedly. She wonders about it only, and feels, oh, so happy and favored! While she kneels in rapt adoration and sublimest faith, her little candle goes out, and the cold wind rushes in with snow-laden breath, the falling darkness blotting out the altar, and warning little Gerda of the late hour. She rises quickly and goes out, carefully closing the great door; goes out into the night and storm, in her old cloak and well worn shoes. She feels

nothing of this bitter cold, feels nothing but warmth, gladness, and great joy, as she skims the hard, frozen ground like a little white dove, with the powdery snow clinging to her garments, and nestling in glittering stars on her fair crown of curls.

At last she reaches her own little cottage door. Entering, she finds her sick mother awake and calling, "Gerda! my child! where art thou? (in the loving German homeway). "Here, here, dear mother; hast thou been long awake and calling?" "No, my child," answers the mother, "I am but awake, and from such a lovely dream. I saw thee, dearest, kneeling before 'our Lady of the Snow,' in the little chapel, away in the forest, which the good Mission Fathers built there so long ago; thou knowest Gerda, it has been a cheering comfort for so many of us poor peasants in the long, cold winters, with so many weary miles between us and the nearest church. Well, child, I saw thee kneeling, and I saw the blessed Christ-Child smiling on thee, and giving thee a *real* blessing! What thinkest thou of that dream? Little-one, it must be thy Christmas gift *this* year, for thy mother will hardly be able to walk away to the village to buy thee one," sighed the poor woman. "My mother," said Gerda, "you only dreamed that; but Gerda *really saw it*. I am but just returned from the Chapel of 'our Lady of the Snow,' and kneeling at the feet of the blessed Mother and Child, I begged so hard for their blessing, and to the Christ-Child for two gifts besides—and mother, I *have* the blessing, and I am sure the gifts are coming, too, or the Holy Child wouldn't have smiled so knowingly—"

"O Gerda! art thou sure?" and the mother's face went white at the thought. 'And Gerda made answer: "Sure? why, didn't I see it, and feel it too? for I was all warm and glowing, all the way home. And look here, my old shoes so full of holes, are dry, and my feet are warm!"

"Then God be thanked and praised!" ejaculated the poor woman, as she raised her hands and heart in prayer.

A fire of fagots blazed in the fire-place, which gave all the light these poor peasants had, and by it Gerda found the pot of broth, which she heated over again, and with a huge slice of black bread, she fed the mother and herself their evening meal; then kneeling on the stone hearth, she said her short and simple night-prayers, and covering the glowing fire with some damp fir-boughs, the little maiden crept quietly to her mother's side, and slept soundly till morning dawned.

The few days to Christmas went on as usual; no change in the sick woman, no help from outside. But the ardent, loving *faith* never wavered, never once failed the pious cottagers, for "Christmas Eve had not yet come!" They simply waited, praying often.

At length the Christmas Eve dawned, and our little *mädchén* went about softly, but with a certain air of excited expectation; all the day often going to the door, and peeping out, and as night drew near, so wistfully; but yet no change, nothing had happened. It was now quite dusk, the heavens were becoming dark, the little stars were looking through like angel eyes, thought Gerda. She softly closed the door, and sat down before the bright fire *within*, saying to herself, "Is not Gerda good enough, then?" The sick mother stirred in her sleep, and Gerda, listening intently, heard a firm tread of many feet on the snow outside, then a sound of sledges, and merry voices, laughing and talking as they drew near. "Oh, joy!" cried Gerda, as she flew to the door, to be greeted by some good neighbors dragging a large sled, covered with parcels brought from the village, full three miles away. The merry sounds awakened the sick mother; she sat up in bed; the color came to her wan face, a bright smile to her pale lips and in her dim eyes. Her fast-failing strength was then and there restored to her. As for Gerda, she seemed entranced, so still she was, so earnestly she gazed, first on her mother, who looked so well, and then on the neighbors, who all spoke at once, and quaintly said: "The Christ-Child sends greeting to Gerda and her mother, with all good gifts." It was an old custom among the Forsters in Germany, but to the faithful ones listening it had a new and a deeper meaning. Then the parcels were unwrapped. First a warm cloak for the mother, and warm shoes of felt; also cakes, nuts, apples, and barley-sugar; and for Gerda new thick shoes and a pretty red cloak and hood. The poor child burst into happy tears, and kneeling on the cold stone floor, thanked most sweetly, first, the Christ-Child, then the neighbors. But after they had all gone away home, little Gerda, clasping her gifts in one arm, and her mother's neck with the other, said: "Ah, dear Lady of the Snow! and ah, sweet, holy Christ-Child, Gerda has the gifts, and more, the *blessing*," and so fell asleep, rosy and smiling, until the dawn of the joyous Christmas morning.

Think you, dear children, there were any *happier* homes in all the land that Christmas Eve?

Puzzles.

As I am, I am of little weight; give me a head and I become slender; change this new head for another and you give me motion; change this head for yet another and you put me in a difficulty; again change my head and you destroy me.

My first is in glory, but is not in fame;
 My second in ownership, never in claim;
 My third is in caution, and also in cunning;
 My fourth is in fishing, and also in gunning;
 My fifth is in gladness, but never in mirth;
 My sixth is in landslide, but never in earth;
 My seventh can never be found in fruit;
 My eighth can never be found in root;
 My ninth can always be found in daring;
 My tenth is in sight, and also in staring;
 My eleventh is in frozen, and also in fire;
 My twelfth is in fiery, and also in ire;
 My thirteenth in marshall, but not in control;
 In our Children's department you'll find the whole.

Of five syllables I am composed: My first is part of a verb; my second, a case; my third, a personal pronoun; my fourth, a song; my fifth, to avoid. Pronounce me entire, and you have utterance.

SQUARE WORDS.

My first is to fasten;	My first is a fowl;
My second is part of a verb;	My second a part of the day;
My third is a color.	My third a nickname.



THE BRIGAND'S DAUGHTER.

THE BRIGAND'S DAUGHTER.

LUELLA, the brigand's daughter,
Luella, so bright and fair;

SWEET-voiced, and with eyes azure,
And flowing silken hair;

LUELLA, who thinks her dear father
The noblest anywhere.

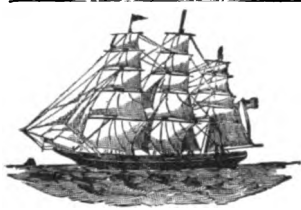
LUELLA, the brigand's daughter,
Clasping her rosary,
TELLING her beads for her father,—
Dear one, there's a mission for thee!

ONE day the prince of the brigands
A penitent true may be.

FOR the prayers of guileless children
Work miracles of grace;

AND the tears of true repentance
The crimes of a life efface;

AND over a penitent sinner
Heaven's greatest joy takes place.



Tony Redpath's Educated Pig.

EDWIN ANGELOE.

VIII.

REGINA, THE HUNCHBACK.—THE SALE OF THE EDUCATED FIG.—THE DARK CELLAR.—THE SAILORS, AND WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO WITH TONY.—THE PICTURE OF THE DEAD BOY TIM.

AFTER securing Barney from one of the stable boys, Tony proceeded on his way to Mrs. Glendenning's, which was a walk of about fifteen minutes.

The stables were located in a district the residents of which were a mixture of respectability and uncertainty of means.

Some of the people lived in admirable neatness, while others existed in depressing squalor.

Poverty held a powerful sway among them, but there were many who belonged to what some one calls the prosperous poor.

Tony moved along over the pavement at a quick pace, the pig following at his heels in lively fashion.

Suddenly Tony was approached by a girl of apparently twelve.

She was a hunchback, dressed in rags, with a strange light in her eyes. Her hair was thick and unkempt.

She regarded Tony with a look of great joy.

"Tim!" she exclaimed. "You are Tim! You have at last come back to me!"

"There is some mistake," said Tony, taken somewhat by surprise. "My name is not Tim, and I do not know you."

"You are Tim! I'm sure of it! Don't you remember me? You surely must! I am Regina. They took you away in that cruel coffin, and put you in the hearse. Then they buried you in the grave where I could never see you again. But I knew you would come back to me. I knew that you loved your sister Regina too well to stay away from her."

Tony was moved to pity by her strange words. It was easy for him to see that the poor girl's mind was unsound.

"I am not Tim," he said, kindly; "I am not your brother. Perhaps I look like him. I have never ever seen you until this moment."

A pained look came into her eyes,—a look of bitter disappointment.

"You are not Tim?" she said, a world of sadness in her tone. "My poor, lost Tim! Will he never come back? I have waited so long!"

"Did Tim die?" Tony asked.

"Yes; he died of the fever, which had me sick, too. When I got better, they told me Tim had been put into a coffin, and then taken away in the hearse. I did not even see him to kiss him good-bye."

Great tears flooded the unfortunate's eyes, and low sobs escaped her.

"But he will come back," she added. "Some day he will come back."

Then she moved slowly away, drying her eyes with her dress.

Tony saw her finally disappear through a dingy doorway.

"Why didn't I think to give her a little money?" he asked himself. "Judging from her ragged appearance I think she would be pleased to receive some. I have a notion to go after her and give her something. I can catch up to her easily in that house; I suppose she lives there. Come along, Barney."

Tony bent his steps in the direction of the house where the afflicted girl had disappeared.

He did not dream he was walking directly into danger.

He entered the doorway, but could see no sign of the girl.

A boy of nine, unkempt, happened to be coming down the stairs, on his way to the street.

"Did you just see a girl come in here?" Tony inquired.

"No," answered the boy, at the same time staring in wonderment at Tony and the pig.

"I think she lives here. Her name is Regina."

"Yer mean de crazy girl. I knows her. She lives on dis floor,

right dere in de back," said the boy, pointing to the rear of the passage.

"Whom does she live with?"

"Her farder. His name's Tyler. Her mudder's dead."

"Thank you for the information."

Tony went to the rear door, and knocked softly, but loud enough to be easily heard.

In a moment it was opened by Regina, who regarded Tony with surprise.

"I have come back to offer you a little money," said Tony, "I thought you might like some. Here, take this."

He took from his pocket a number of small silver pieces, which altogether amounted to a generous offering, and handed them to her.

She took them gladly, her eyes lighting up with pleasure.

"Did Tim tell you to do this?" she asked. "It's just like him if he did. He loved me so much."

"No; but I myself thought you would like it."

"You are very kind. You are so like Tim."

Just then a heavy step sounded in the hall.

Tony turned his head and, with amazement and fear saw Steve Marbury coming in from the street.

"Here comes father," said Regina. And a cowering fear, which spoke volumes, crept over her.

Both Tony and Marbury were struck at sight of each other.

Although Tony was greatly surprised at the relation existing between the man and Regina, his thoughts were centred upon his own perilous situation.

"Well, it's a streak o' good luck that's brought you here, boy," said Steve Marbury, hoarsely. "You got the best of me in right smart fashion when I tied you up in the hut in the woods. But, my cool one, you won't do it again. Just step into that room, and no talk out of you."

"I cannot. I am expected back among friends. Please let me pass."

"Did you hear what I said?" cried Marbury, angrily. "Do you want a blow on the head? Get in there!"

"I tell you I must—"

Before Tony could finish, the man caught hold of him, and thrust him violently into the room.

Barney attempted to bite his young master's assailant, but received a fierce kick which sent him staggering in after Tony.

"Don't hurt the boy, father!" cried Regina, her hands clasped imploringly. "Don't! Don't! He is like poor Tim. He is good and kind. Let him go back to his friends. Please, for my sake!—for Tim's sake!"

"Keep your tongue quiet, or I'll show you how! I'm sick of listening to you and your Tim. Lock the door, and not another word out of you!"

The hunchback obeyed him tremblingly.

"Give me the key."

She did so.

"Now, while I hold this handsome young hero, I want you to do exactly as I bid you. First, drag away that old chest from the wall."

The afflicted girl obeyed him. It was a terrible tax on her, weak and deformed as she was, but she finally succeeded.

The removal of the chest disclosed a trap door in the floor.

Marbury took a key from his pocket, gave it to her, and bade her unlock the fastening.

"Now raise the door open."

Regina did so, and a set of steep, narrow steps could be seen. Marbury hustled Tony down these into a dark, damp cellar, and then slammed down the door, and locked it.

"You can stay down there till I have further use for you, Master Tony Redpath. And I have very particular use for you later on. I'll look after your educated pig."

"Oh, father, don't be so cruel!" cried Regina. "He will die down there!"

"You listen to this. If you in any way attempt to help him, I'll beat you so black and blue that you'll not get over it in a hurry. I'll even take the picture of Tim, that you carry about you, and burn it up. Do you hear?"

"Yes, father," said the girl, coweringly. "I—I will not disobey you." And she pressed her bosom, as if guarding the precious likeness of her dead brother.

An hour later Steve Marbury, or Tom Tylerson, as he was known in New York, took the pig away.

Not even Regina could tell what he intended doing with the animal.

Tony put in an afternoon of misery in his dark, horrible prison.

When evening came, Marbury, as we shall continue to call him, returned. Nothing was given to Tony to eat.

Several times he caught the sound of angry words from Marbury to the poor hunchback.

And from a number of painful shrieks, Tony knew that she was suffering the man's cruelties.

It was so. Marbury was drunk. He had sold the educated pig, and had purchased rum with part of the money. He had inflicted several bruises on the helpless Regina because she was not quick enough to please him in preparing his supper.

A week went by—a week of bitter suffering for Tony.

One night, about ten o'clock, Marbury left the house, and returned a half hour later, accompanied by two vicious-looking sailors, with whose captain he had made certain arrangements which meant a fatal end for Tony.

"He's down in the cellar, boys," said Marbury. Look out for him. He's full of spice, and knows how to kick. But a voyage on the *Greenleaf* will take the spirit out of him."

"You bet it will, Tom. Cap'n Stark will show him what hard work means. And we'll show him too. Come ahead. Let's get at him."

Steve Marbury unlocked the trap, and taking the lighted candle, went down the steps, the sailors following him.

Regina was a witness to the scene.

"Good Heaven!" she cried, in terror. "They are going to take him out to sea, where he will die from their cruelty, far away from all those who care for him, helpless and alone!"

The hunchback sank upon her knees, covering her starved-looking face with her thin hands, murmuring confused prayers that were mingled with sobs. Then a cloud passed over her brain. She forgot all about Tony and his peril, just as if she had never known him; and, with a happy look on her countenance, she took from her bosom the little picture of Tim.

The noise of the men in the cellar seemed to rouse her again. But she gave no sign of terror or fear for Tony.

She only kissed the picture, and then burst into a wild, hollow laugh.

(*To be continued.*)

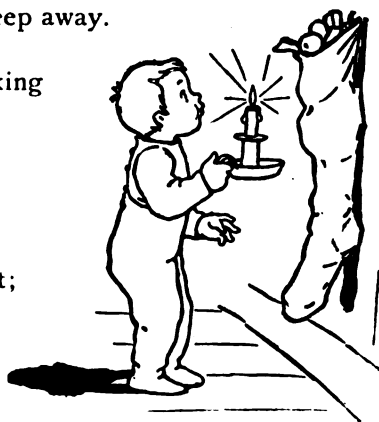
A CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

I HEARD the queerest noises
A little while ago;
It was that dear old Santa
Out in that room, I know.

And now my eyes keep open
As wide as if 'twas day,
'Cause thoughts of dear old Santa
Keep all the sleep away.

Dear grandma said her stocking
She'd hang up, all for me,
Because too small for Santa
A little boy's would be.

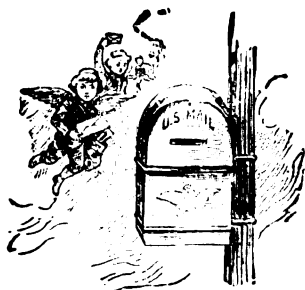
Oh, what's in it, I wonder?
Can't see in this dark night;
Oh, jolly, dear old Santa
Forgot to take his light!



A bound from cosy pillows,
A tumble on the floor,
A run across the hallway,
A peep in open door,

And there dear grandma found him,
Her candle in his hand,
His eyes the widest open
Of any in the land,

A-staring at that stocking,
The fullest in the town!—
With a kiss she put that baby
Back in his bed of down.



LETTERS FROM THE YOUNG SOLDIERS.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I'm so glad so many soldiers have only one enemy to fight. I have an army, it seems to me, for I can be bad so much easier than I can be good most of the time. Mamma said the best way was to begin with the fault that troubled other people most, and she thought that fault in me was the habit of doing things just to tease people. I love dearly to tease my brother Jack, and it seems as though just when I want to be real good, I see some way to have fun, and I don't feel one bit sorry

for it until I see him cross, and then I know I was wrong.

I'm going to fight real hard with this enemy, so as to get at the next one.

From Your Fun-loving Soldier,

MOLLIE.

DEAR AQUINAS:—If you will not sign my last name, I'll tell you the enemy I'm fighting every day since I became a soldier. It is the bad habit of saying, "Oh, wait a minute," when I'm asked to do anything. Mamma has coaxed and scolded me lots, because she says it is a habit that will cling to me and keep me from being prompt. She wants me to do at once what anybody asks me to do, if it is something I ought to do. When she saw the Angelic Warfare in *THE ROSARY*, she thought I had better become a soldier at once, and have the great St. Thomas Aquinas to help me. She told me some things about his obedience to everyone, though he was so much greater than every one around him.

Mamma says it is true that all our fights with little enemies will help us to conquer bigger ones that will come.

Your determined soldier boy,

EARNEST.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I am a poor, little crippled boy. I can just go round a little bit on two crutches. I used to love to go to school, but I cannot go now at all, since I fell and hurt my hip. I love dearly to read, but for a long time I never got anything, only sample papers that were thrown around; my sister calls the stories in them "blood and thunder yarns." I was just beginning to like them, though, when one day I got such a nice letter. A lady wrote, "I belong to a society called 'The Confraternity of St. Gabriel,' which sends good reading-matter to sick people. A little bird tells me that you are sick, and that you like to read, and I am going to send you some papers and books to amuse and instruct you." And she does. Every once in a while a package comes, and there's always a *ROSARY* in the bundle. I read the children's letters, and I thought I would write a letter myself, and you could print it if you wanted to. If the boys and girls who are rich and strong only *knew* how we poor, sick little fellows like to get papers and books to read, they would try to find us out and send them to us. It is so hard to be sick and lame!

Yours Truly,
WILLIE S——.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I am a little boy ten years old. I have three sisters and two brothers and a father. My mother is dead. My aunt takes care of me. She takes *THE ROSARY* magazine, and I read the children's letters every month. I thought I would like to be a soldier in the Angelic Warfare, so enclosed you will find ten cents for the girdle, and I will try to be a good boy. No more at present.

From your friend,

JAMES McGRATH.

DEAR AQUINAS:—I am afraid you will think I am a very ungrateful little girl for not writing to thank you for the Blessed Girdle and your very kind letter. I have been sick or I would have written at once, so I hope you will accept my heartfelt gratitude at this late day.

I would like to fill a Rosary card for one of the Little Sisters of the Poor. She comes collecting once a year, and she is such a dear, good little Sister. I would like to surprise her with it. Enclosed please find stamp for same. I think sometimes that people are very hard on us young people, and blame us for reading trash. Do you think, dear Aquinas, that if the older people supplied good reading, young people would read trash? Now, for instance, who would pick up the papers that are thrown in the doorways, if they had THE ROSARY to read?

I think my letter is long enough this time.

I am, dear Aquinas,
Your little friend,
K. L.

DEAR AQUINAS:—No boys or girls have written a letter about the words they had to look up in the dictionary, and you have asked often for letters on that subject. I wonder if all the other young Rosarians knew the meaning of the words without looking them up? If so, they must all be smarter than I am. I suppose I should stop just when I come to the big words, but I'm too much in a hurry to read the stories;—I read them first, and then go back after the big words, and I keep a little book and write them in it.

It would tire the Rosarians out if I were to give all the words in that book. I'll just pick out the hardest. I began on "The Reliquary for an Angelic Gift," in last April's ROSARY. First I looked up *reliquary*, and I found that it is a *portable* case for relics. I had to look up *portable* then, and I found that it means something that can be easily moved. The next word I looked up was *didactic*, and I found that it means teaching, instructive. *Heragonal* was the next puzzler, and that means *having six sides and six angles*. *Gothic*, I found was a style with a pointed arch. Then I went for the word *obelisk*, and if that did not give me the work! A *quadrangular, monolithic column, the base narrow, and the sides diminishing until they form a four-sided pyramid*. I looked up *quadrangular* and found that means *having four sides and four angles*; and *monolithic* means, consisting of *only one stone*, like a column or statue; pyramid I knew about, because I have so often seen pictures of the pyramids of Egypt. *Esthetic*, I found, means *the science which treats of the beautiful*. But my letter will be too long if I mention any more words.

My sister says that I'll soon get tired looking up words, but I don't give it up even if I do get tired, because I intend going to college if I can, and I'm bound to learn all I can before I go. But I wish that people who write would use easy words instead of hard ones, when they are just as good.

Respectfully,
JOHN C.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.
2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.
3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.
4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.
5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

THE NATIVITY,

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by CARLO FERRERO.

Andante Religioso. *semplice. p*

1. O *p* Ma - ry, Beth le hem's hearts are cold;
 2. And while a far... with loud ac - claim
 3. Count - less, and yet in pov - er - ty was thine,

Ped. *Marcoato il basso.* *Cello.*

No roof is found to shelter thee;... A sta - ble
 The an - gels sing the Saviour's birth,... low - ly
 Home less, and yet of ALL pos-sess'd:... True God and

f *Marcoato il basso.* *Marcoato il basso.*

semplice. *a piacere.* *p*

must thy in - fant hold, Sole ref - uge in thy pov - er - ty,
 home and crib pro - claim "De - tachment from the things of earth,"
 Man, the Babe Di - vine Was pillow'd on thy vir - gin breast,

Marcoato il basso. *Ped.*

rallentando.

Sole ref - uge in thy pov - er - ty. O Beth - lehem's hearts are cold.
 "Detachment from the things of earth," "Detachment from the things of earth."
 Was pillow'd on thy vir - gin breast, Was pillow'd on thy vir - gin breast.

Ped.

CHORUS.
Andantino con moto.

List - en, O Mother, while we pray! We show thee all our cares and needs, As

plead-ing for thy aid we say The A-ves on thy bless-ed Beads. The

A - - - ves, the A - - - ves, The

A - ves, A - - ves, The A-ves on thy blessed Beads.



HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN.

1. *Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.*—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of THE ROSARY, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. *Have your Beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.*—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of THE ROSARY will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. *The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.*—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross or crucifix the *Apostles' Creed*; on the large bead, an *Our Father*; and on the small beads, three *Hail Marys*. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips,

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God;

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From *Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.*)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "*Our Father*" once, "*Hail Mary*" ten times, "*Glorify be to the Father*" once; in the mean time meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the *Hail, holy Queen* is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death, and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

1. In Calendar C. C. means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic Faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys* will suffice for the prayers.

3. On second Sunday of each month, Plenary indulgence for members of the Holy Name Society.

4. On any day chosen by members of the Angelic Warfare, a plenary indulgence each month for daily recital of the prayer "Chosen Lily," C. C., prayer, visit to their chapel.

5. On each of two days chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained each month by Rosarians.

(a) By those who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation, C. C., prayer.

[The same conditions and the same indulgence for members of the Holy Name Society.]

(b) By those who are accustomed to celebrate or to hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix," C. C., prayer. A plenary also each time this Mass is said or heard.

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common. C. C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary and for carrying the Beads through devotion. It is not necessary to think of them in detail. A general intention suffices.

8. The usual conditions for gaining indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffice for all indulgences appointed for one day, even though Confession and Communion are named for each; and for those who are accustomed to weekly Confession and Communion this pious custom satisfies for all indulgences during the week.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.



The spirit of the Advent time, the preparation for our Blessed Lord's

coming, urges upon Rosarians special meditation on the mystery of the Incarnation and the birth of our Saviour among men. "God hath so loved the world as to send His only-begotten Son to redeem it." The infinite compassion of our Heavenly Father, the unutterable tenderness of the Divine Son, the abiding love of the Holy Ghost, are all revealed in the blessed mystery of the Word made flesh dwelling among us; Who for mankind and for our salvation emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, that we might reign as kings; *annihilating* Himself that we might be saved from destruction. This is the first joyful mystery of the Rosary that revealed itself on the night of Christ's Nativity, in the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem. All Advent, crowned with the joys of Christmas, tells of the spirit and grace of the joyful mysteries of the Beads. The lessons are not uncertain. Love for love; humility for humiliation; poverty of spirit for the utter deprivation of the Crib; Christian self-denial for the roughness of the Manger.

Our Infant Saviour tenderly pleads, too, for the little ones, for His poor, for those to whom, in His Name, we may lovingly administer comfort and cheering help in the glad Christmas time. Again is the old lesson taught of no grace or blessing or happiness in the celebration that forgets the poor, and the orphan, and the little ones depending on our care. To all our readers and friends THE ROSARY brings greetings of merry Christmas, in the Name of our Infant Saviour and King.

Readers of THE ROSARY, will you not take an active part in helping our work? Can you not influence others to join the

ranks of those who labor for our Lady's honor, who fight in the cause of good reading? In these days of Christmas festivity and "present making," may we not suggest that an appropriate gift to a friend would be a subscription to THE

ROSARY for a year? The small sum needed for this is often spent in useless ways, bringing no lasting benefits, catering only to the spirit of the passing show and worldly vanity. Two dollars spent for a subscription to THE ROSARY will enable you to gratify the desire of offering an acknowledgment of friendship; it will ensure to your friend a pleasure and a profit running through the year, and bringing a monthly visitor of good cheer till "Christmas comes again." Send to us the name and address of a friend for a year's subscription.

The great feast of the Immaculate Conception, under the beautiful title of which our Lady is Patroness of the United States, should be marked by the clients of our Blessed Mother as pre-eminently her day of all the year. In verse and prose and illustration we greet her lovingly and gratefully, in this present issue of THE ROSARY.

We are pleased to observe that several of our weekly exchanges, among Catholic journals, are striving to interest their readers in the work of providing good literature for the sick and the poor. We have frequently urged this matter. THE ROSARY magazine is sent regularly to many hospitals and prisons, and we shall be glad to extend the list as our friends will lend their co-operation. We here take occasion to remind them of the scheme arranged for the children for whom we ask encouraging help.

Readers of THE ROSARY, this month contains several special feasts. Consult the calendar. Endeavor to gain all the indulgences available during the Advent and Christmas time.

All these things (mentioned in preceding part), venerable brethren, in which is exhibited "the design of God, the counsel of wisdom, the counsel of piety," (St. Bernard, *Serm. in Natali. B. V. M., n. 6*), in which the merits of the Virgin Mother are conspicuous, must have an agreeable influence on every mind, inspiring the sure hope of exciting the Divine mercy and compassion through the intercession of Mary.

The vocal prayer appropriately fitted with the

mysteries has the same tendency. First comes, as is right, the Lord's Prayer, addressed to our Heavenly Father; and, after He has been invoked in becoming words of appeal, the voice of the suppliant is turned from the throne of His Majesty to Mary, according to the law of intercession and propitiation of which we speak, and which is explained by St. Bernard of Siena in this sentence: "Every grace communicated to the world has a threefold course. For it is imparted by a perfectly regular system from God to Christ; from Christ to the Virgin; and from the Virgin to us (Serm. VI., in Festis B. M. V. de Annunt., a 1, c 2). These stages (as we may call them), though they differ indeed in kind from one another, having been laid down, we dwell longer, and in a certain sense more pleasingly, upon the last. From the design of the Rosary, the Angelic Salutation is continued in decades so that we may ascend the more confidently to the other stages, that is, through Christ to God the Father. The same salutation we pour forth to Mary so many times in order that our weak and defective prayer may be sustained by that necessary confidence in which we beseech her to pray to God for us, and as if in our name. Our voices, in fact, are far more acceptable and powerful with Him if they are recommended by the prayers of the Virgin, whom He Himself urges to intercession with the gentle invitation: "Let thy voice sound in My ears, for thy voice is sweet" (Cant. II. 14). For this reason we repeat so often the glorious titles she possesses for obtaining favors. We salute her who "finds favor with God," being singularly "full of grace" from Him, so that it might flow in abundance to all persons; in whom God dwells by the closest possible union, blessed amongst women, who "alone took away the curse and brought the Blessing" (St. Thomas op. viii., *super salut. angel.* n. 8), the blessed fruit of her womb; in whom "all nations are blest." Finally, we invoke her as the "Mother of God," from which lofty dignity, what is there that she does not certainly and earnestly ask for "us sinners?" What may we not hope for throughout our life and at the hour of our death?—From the *Encyclical of Leo XIII.*, Sept. 8th, 1894.

We are pleased that some of our readers have taken advantage of our offer to answer any question proposed to us in reference to the Beads. In this number several correspondents ask practical questions, the answers to which may be of information to all our readers. We trust that others will be encouraged to seek, in this way, a solution of their difficulties on the subject of the Rosary, its mysteries or indulgences.

By the recent death of James Anthony Froude, the historian (?) whose "thumping English lies," as Father Burke named them, ill-became a writer of history, we are reminded of the notable service to the cause of truth rendered by Father Burke in his famous answer to Froude on the latter's American tour. Among the many laudatory notices of Froude that appeared in the secular press on the occasion of his death, slight reference is made to this part of his career. His shortcomings as a writer of history have, however, been frankly discussed by some of the religious journals, while others take occasion to say ugly things that the

judgment of such historians as Freeman and Agnes Strickland have long since denounced. *The Outlook* talks of Froude's "disillusionizing the public mind respecting the enigmatical but unsaintly Thomas à Becket, and the romantic but cruel and unprincipled Mary, Queen of Scots." *The Outlook* doubtless worships at the shrine of Henry and Elizabeth. Its taste we could pardon; but for truth, we say, "Get thee to a history." Individuals may be bigots, and bitter, but in these roles they should not assume the function of teachers to dependent and believing multitudes, whom they deceive. In contrast to *The Outlook*, we find *The Independent's* estimate of Froude in the two words, "narrow and intense." *The Observer* also refers to "the stubbornness with which he adhered to pre-conceived views," and declares that "he could not write history impartially," that he was merely "an advocate and controversialist." *The Critic*, from whom we expect better things, while it acknowledges that Froude "was notably deficient in his knowledge of law, jurisprudence, and the theory of government," has this bitter word bearing on Father Burke: "Undoubtedly he (Froude) understood the Ireland of Europe, but it is not altogether certain that he understood the Ireland of America; yet between the Dominican orator and the servant-girls who made American hosts slow to entertain him, he did not hesitate, for a moment, to tell Irishmen that the cause of their country's prostration is their intense jealousies and want of patriotism." Dear *Critic*, read some more history, and believe us, you confer great honor on the servant-girls in attributing to them such exclusive powers. This is a new phase of what so many like to call "the domestic problem." *The Critic* must not be so unkind to itself as to show its own shortcomings in a vain endeavor to prop up a broken idol. Mr. Froude cannot be put into an historical niche by saying unkind and untrue things about one's neighbors, even if they are Irish. Mr. Froude came to this country for the purpose of swaying the American mind from the sense of justice inspired by Father Burke's brilliant lectures. The English pleader met his Waterloo; and before he beat an ignominious retreat he made public profession of his mean spirit by refusing to meet Father Burke at a social dinner. In *The Catholic Review* (November 3) an able editorial was published, which viewed Mr. Froude as an object lesson to "all

writers of serious literature." "There is something very sad," *The Review* says, "in the contemplation of it, when one perceives the extraordinary abilities which Mr. Froude displayed as a writer, and the perversity with which he turned those abilities to wrong account." *The New World* (Chicago, November 3) recalls, with good effect, the defeat of Froude by Father Burke. W. D. Kelly contributes the article, in the course of which he makes honorable mention of the late Bishop O'Farrell, who aided, in a decisive way, Father Burke's preparation of his answer to Froude.

The feast of the Holy House of Loreto, which occurs in this month, carries us back in loving memory to the home of our Blessed Lady, the home of the Incarnation, the home of Jesus and Mary and Joseph. In subsequent numbers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE we shall give to our readers an account of this shrine, and other famous sanctuaries of our Blessed Mother.

From Mr. W. H. Thorne, Editor of *The Globe Quarterly Review*, we have received the following article on the title, "Mother of God," that needs no comment from us:

"At noon on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15th, 1894, I was sitting in the parlor of the house of my friend, Miss Caroline D. Swan, in Gardiner, Maine, reading Carlyle's paper upon the Nibelungen Lied (*Westminster Review*, 1831), when the bell of the little Catholic church rang the Angelus, and, as I halted for prayer, and halted again at the motion of a mental questioning upon coming to the words, 'Mother of God,' a certain new interpretation of the idea of the divine motherhood—that is, new to me—came over my mind; and, thinking that the difficulty or questioning often experienced by myself in using this expression may also have come to other minds, and that the thought which gave me repose may also be a help to such, I was moved to write this brief article.

"In the morning of this day I had attended Mass at the church named, and had felt some impatience as the good priest tried to explain, or rather, to emphasize the importance of the nature and consent of the Blessed Virgin to the great and eternal fact of the Divine Incarnation. Then I had spent the morning in conversation with friends, in reading and vastly meditating once more upon Carlyle's résumé of the French Revolution, later, in a brisk walk, and finally had settled to Carlyle again, as afore-said, when the Angelus rang.

"Without doubt this ringing of the Angelus is one of the loveliest relics of the days when whole nations fell to prayers at its ringing, and not as with us in America in the nineteenth century, when only a few stray Sisters and the more devout Catholic devotees kneel at the sound, and the great multitudes, even of Catholics, go on with their various avocations, pleasures, or crimes, without heeding the repetition of the angels' call.

"Doubtless also the nature of the Blessed Virgin, matured through three thousand years of consecrated Hebrew maidenhood, and the consent of the

Blessed Virgin, caught in the flame-cloud of a divine passion against a thousand inner questionings, all had worlds to do with the perfection of that Divine Incarnation by whose immortal sweetness and light the wide world is being won to God. Nevertheless, while full of devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, I had, as a man of Protestant training, time and again felt an inner protest against this crowning glory of all her titles, viz. 'Mother of God.'

"From my earliest entrance into the Catholic Church I had found beautiful pleasure in that loving honor which all true Catholics feel and give to the Blessed Virgin, and I had with unutterable fondness prayed to her, using all the exalted terms of honor usually applied to her. I could say 'Queen of angels, Queen of saints, Queen of martyrs, Queen of Apostles, Queen of Heaven, Mother of Redemption, Mother of the Blessed Saviour,' and yet, though fully admitting the Divinity of the Saviour, and hence seeing the apparent inconsistency of my questioning, I never could use the expression 'Mother of God,' or hear it used, without an inner protest of my reason, or what seemed to be my reason.

"Cut to the quick, the heart of my objection or questioning was seemingly a rationalistic or a philosophical one, viz., that, as the Divinity or Divine Sonship of our Lord was eternally co-existent with the Divine Fatherhood, that is, an immortal phase of the Trine Deity,—it, in the nature of things, never had or could have human motherhood; hence, that the Blessed Virgin, granting all the exalted honors and titles given her, must, in the nature of things, have been simply mother of the humanity of our Lord, therefore was not, and could not have been the 'Mother of God.' It was, however, reserved for the blessed Angelus of this Feast day of the Assumption—perhaps aided by the morning discourse, with which I was confessedly impatient,—to reveal to me the truth that all my previous notions of mother or motherhood had been, strictly speaking, that is, philosophically speaking, unphilosophical and erroneous.

"In a word, I had been in the habit of viewing the term motherhood and especially the expression 'Mother of God,' as involving a creative act or relationship; and, as *prima facie*, the Divine Sonship was uncreate and eternal as the Divine Fatherhood, there could not have been any motherhood, in a creative sense,—above all, there could not have been any human motherhood of God, or 'Mother of God.' And the revelation that came to me at the hour named, was that in the *real* nature of things—that is, to a deeper and truer philosophical view—the act of motherhood never had been creative, was not now, and never could be in any instance; least of all, in the instance in question. Hence my apparently rationalistic opposition to the expression 'Mother of God,' from that moment, not only ceased, but I saw, clear as noon-day, clear as the tones of the Angelus bell, clear as the cloudless air of Heaven, clear as the chastity of the Blessed Virgin herself, that my objection in this case, as in other points now and then of Catholic worship and dogma was based on the baseless error of my own ill-taught, prejudiced, Protestant conception.

"In the very nature of things the act of motherhood in all cases, and not less so in the case of the Blessed Virgin, always has been, was then, and must forever remain an act of nourishing care of a life-form already create or existent; a receptivity a loving tending, and a media of blessing, and evolving of something eternally existent, or of something created by the fatherhood of God or man. In a word, motherhood is not creative, but a tending, turning, coloring, shaping, educating, and bringing to the light of day the treasure of existence committed to its care; hence, 'Mother of God'—that is, of the uncreate, eternal Sonship of God—is as simple as mother of the life-form committed to her care by the lowliest mother that breathes.

"I have not consulted any Catholic theologian up-

on this point. I am not writing dogma; I am simply narrating an experience for the benefit of souls that may at any time be afflicted with a condition similar to my own. Of course I assume the truth of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and the entire truth of the miraculous Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"I am well aware that Catholics, as a rule, whether educated or uneducated, are not perplexed with such questionings; but, being well-grounded in the rudiments of their faith, are very generally free from the many doubtings that afflict the Protestant world. If, however, Catholic priests or Catholic laymen expect to have any influence upon the thinking Protestant masses of the nineteenth century, they must be prepared to enter into these questionings, to admit the sincerity and the intelligence of many people who have them, and to proceed with deliberate and studious exactness to answer the same.

"I am fully convinced that every doubt, above all, that every denial of the Catholic truth of Christianity has arisen in the first instance either from natural ignorance of the truth, or from moral obliquity and some sinful wandering from the truth. But we must all take the world as we find it, and make the best of it that we can."

An act of tardy justice to the memory of the great Dominican, Archbishop Deza, Columbus' true and constant friend, has been one of the practical and valuable results of the fourth centenary celebration in honor of the Discoverer. We learn from our Spanish correspondent that during the past summer the citizens of Salamanca, seemingly moved by the spirit of remorse, and resolved to atone for four hundred years' of neglect towards their great townsman, made such vigorous preparations to secure a lasting memorial in honor of Columbus' unflinching advocate and champion, that early in September, a marble slab duly inscribed and surmounted by a bust of the Archbishop, was solemnly unveiled before the ancient and venerable convent of St. Stephen. All Salamanca joined in the celebration. The military governor, delegates from the Province, the nobility,

stately Spanish ladies, the rector of the University and students, the Cathedral dignitaries and representatives of the Religious Orders—all took part in the splendid procession that was conducted with the magnificent ceremonial characteristic of the Spaniards. The prior of St. Stephen delivered a fitting oration. The University replied through one of the delegates; the Governor unveiled the bust, while the military band played the national anthem. In the near future we shall present to our readers a sketch of this famous convent of St. Stephen. Early readers of THE ROSARY will recall Mr. Mooney's fine article on Archbishop Deza, that appeared in June, 1892.

We begin in this number a series of papers on some of the great libraries of New York. We are confident that the subject will be of general interest. The article on the Astor Library, which appeared in the November ROSARY, was warmly received. We intend to continue on this line, adding other cities to Troy, which appears in the present number.

The indifference and ignorance and neglect of thousands, coupled with the activity of bigotry and hostility to Religion, and with the work of the infamous A. P. As, have carried the constitutional amendment in New York, debarring for a generation, at least, the authorities from recognizing, by an appropriation of the people's money, Religion in any form in the schools. This means, so far as hatred of Religion can insure it, a generation trained under purely secular (infidel) influences. The result will be sad.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

STATEN ISLAND.—I. *I hear much of the Crozier beads and their great indulgence of 500 days attached to each bead. Is not this a richer indulgence than that of the Dominican Rosary?* We are pleased to set our correspondent right on this oft-discussed point. We remark, first, that there is only one Rosary, and therefore, it is not necessary to specify the *Dominican* Rosary. There is no other. Many beads there are; but only one Rosary. To gain the famous 500 days' indulgence on a Crozier beads, it is sufficient to say one *Hail Mary*. No meditation is required; neither is it necessary to recite even one decade. To gain the in-

dulgence of the Rosary, the regular indulgence of which is of 200 days on each bead, one must say, at least, five decades, or one part of the Rosary. In this sense, the condition is more exacting than for the Crozier beads, but the grant is fuller. Taking the accumulated indulgences (apart from the celebrated 60,000 years) accorded for the Rosary, and its constituent parts, the average for each bead of the Rosary might be stated, in round numbers, as more than 2,000 days. 2. *Can I gain both the Crozier and the Dominican indulgences by using the same rosary?* Yes: provided this rosary has been properly blessed for each indul-

gence, and provided that you make a distinct recitation for each. 3. *Is the Rosary of the League of the Sacred Heart the Dominican Rosary?* The Master-General of the Dominican Order, who is the supreme Director of the Confraternity of the Rosary, has forbidden any affiliation of the living Rosary (which is also under his jurisdiction) with other devotions. The Confraternity of the Rosary enjoys its own canonical organization and identity. Hence the League decade

belongs neither to the Confraternity nor the Living Rosary.

SECULAR PRIEST.—*Do the faculties that I receive from my Bishop authorize me to bless rosaries with the full indulgences?* No; you must receive faculties from the Dominican Order through the Master-General; or in the United States, through our Provincial. Priests applying to THE ROSARY magazine will receive the proper faculties.

BOOKS.

From the *Ave Maria* (NOTRE DAME, Indiana) we have received "JET. THE WAR MULE, with Other Stories for Boys and Girls," by Ella L. Dorsey. The purpose of this volume is announced in its dedication by the author, "to every one of my dear Catholic boys and girls who is standing, or trying to stand, guard on the line of duty. Heroism can be shown in small things as well as in great, by submission as well as by action." Reprinted from *The Ave Maria*, these stories make a pretty book; and we are glad to commend them to our boys and girls.

From the same publisher we have received, "THE CURE OF ARS," by Kathleen O'Meara. This story of the saintly priest whose name is now venerable among the Church's holy children, is told in that beautiful style which was Kathleen O'Meara's happy gift. Because such reading must ever be an inspiration to poor, struggling humanity, battling for the victory of the Christian life, it is the duty of the priest to urge it upon the people, having first realized its blessings in his own soul. We have read this life with delight. We shall be glad if our Rosarians will read it, for we know the comfort and grace it will bring. And while we say this word, we entreat our friends to be regular readers of the lives of the saints, the inspiration and strength of which will be a great force for them in "fighting the good fight and keeping the Faith."

From the office of the *Globe Quarterly Review* (100 Washington St., Chicago, and 112 North 12 St., Philadelphia) we have received "QUINTETS, AND OTHER VERSES," by the *Globe's* editor, W. H. Thorne. The author positively insists that he is not a poet, declaring that he purposely names his collection "Verses." Nevertheless, readers who are not so severe in criti-

cism, will admit that there is much of beauty and tenderness and strength in these verses, and that the thought is, perhaps, the better, for the manner of its setting. We take at random the following:

Keep me close to Thee, dear Father,
While the billows o'er me roll,
While the night winds moan and gather
In their blackness round my soul;
Keep me close to Thee.

Keep me close to Thee, dear Master,
While temptations still assail;
Softer, sweeter, deeper, faster,
Let thy deathless love prevail.
Keep me close to Thee.

Keep me close to Thee, dear Mother
Of the Father's chosen Child,
Till beside my Elder Brother,
I am saved and undetiled
Keep me close to Thee.

Keep me close to Thee, dear Spirit
Of the cloudless light of day,
Until I Thy light inherit,
Though the heavens fade away.
Keep me close to Thee.

It would be in better order if the fourth stanza were third, and the third, fourth. The binding is white leather, with gilt lettering and edges, making a dainty little book. The stamping of "Poems," on the cover, in the face of Mr. Thorne's declaration, was apparently the work of the binder, who has his own views as to proper terms.

From the Bancroft Company, Chicago, we have the fourth part of the "BOOK OF THE FAIR," dealing chiefly with the manufacturers' building and the silver exhibit, and presenting among the beautiful illustrations a splendid view of the silver statue of Columbus.

From Fr. Pustet & Co., New York, we have received three substantially-bound, clearly-printed, well-arranged prayer-books, suitable for the faithful in general,

but particularly adapted for the respective clients of the three great saints, Benedict, Francis of Assisi, and Antony of Padua,—St. Benedict's Manual, St.

Francis' Manual, and St. Antony's Manual. The devout compilers have done good work; so have the publishers.

MAGAZINES.

The Arena, for October, is notable for a symposium on the land question, consisting of eleven papers on different phases of the subject, all written by women. In the same number the Editor continues his arguments against armies, in an article entitled, "Plutocracy's Bastiles." He denounces armories, especially those of the favored rich and "fancy" regiments. His plea is interesting; nor can thinking men deny its force. "Prenatal Influence," we would commend as an admirable lesson, were it not for one serious blot—the approbation by the writer, of a detestable practice on which, as the inspired word tells us, the special curse of God was laid. No magazine or publication wishing to retain the confidence of moral and honorable people can afford to acquiesce in a crime already widespread and apparently growing. "The Church and Economic Reforms" is a misleading article. We are willing to agree with the writer, Reverend C. H. Zimmerman, in his strictures on the "splendid edifices for the rich to worship in, and mission chapels for the poor," and that they are so many "architectural confessions that mammon has more to do than the Son of God in classifying and grouping the worshippers." But Mr. Zimmerman should make clear that he is referring to churches that are Protestant, not to "the Church" which is Catholic. Moreover, when he writes about the "age of monasticism, when the Church shut up its ministers in monasteries, and its women in nunneries, and invested with superior sanctity those who took vows of celibacy and seclusion from the world," he not only writes against doctrine and fact clearly understood, but he shows that he is not "up to the times." It is sad that so many honest Protestants receive their only information (?) from such unreliable sources as some magazine writers. If Mr. Zimmerman had honestly read the great encyclical of Leo XIII. on labor, he would have qualified his remark that "the Church has paid scarcely any attention to economic wrongs." *The Arena* is a strong advocate of the poor, and of the rights of laboring men; but its price must prevent many of them from being its regular readers. While we

freely commend the good that we find in *The Arena*, we would caution our readers against following its guidance unquestioningly, on social problems.

Harper's Magazine, for November, publishes several articles of special interest—"The Cossack as Cowboy, Soldier, and Citizen," "The Religion of the Sioux," "At the Capital of the Young Republic," "The Sea Robbers of New York," "A Painter's Impressions of Rajpootana," all richly illustrated. "A Sister of the Annunciation" is romantic, pathetic, touching, but improbable, and practically, in its *finale*, impossible. The author falls short of the true conception of the beautiful, divine reality when she writes of a picture of "an angel come to tell Mary among her lilies that behind divine virginity lies motherhood diviner." Nor did she ever see in a Catholic convent, or elsewhere, a representation of "a Christ with an exposed heart grotesquely pierced by arrows." The "Editor's Study" protests against the sensationalism of some of our newspapers, scores the excessive discussion of the so-called woman question, and says some uncomplimentary things about our public schools, a "splendid Moloch of education," the "total reform" of which is a crying need. And the "moral culture" "fad" is mentioned, but Religion is ignored. We are always pleased when idol-worshippers recognize that their idol is nothing but an idol. Every honest effort toward the betterment of the public schools we welcome. Such betterment will not come until the eyes of a majority are opened to the imperfections and shortcomings long since seen by Catholics and by many earnest and anxious Protestants.

Lippincott's Magazine, for November, contains some very agreeable papers. "Magazine Fiction and How not to Write It" is a clear bit of counsel to aspiring writers, the reading of which by "young writers" might be an indirect blessing to weary editors; "Ten Dollars a Day—No Canvassing," is a plain exposure of certain frauds advertised by disreputable newspapers; "Incognito" is a pleasant medley of anecdotes about famous men; "Old New York Restaurants," by Edgar

Fawcett, has a flavor of quaintness that New Yorkers will appreciate. In "My Schools" Richard Malcolm Johnston gives, in a delightful way, reminiscences of his early days as a teacher.

The Eclectic Magazine for November has its usual varied and interesting table of contents. Fourteen of the English reviews contribute to its make-up.

The Social Economist for November discusses "Society and Sympathetic Strikes," "Theory of Wages and Profit," "The Course of Wages and Price Since 1860."

"The Senate and the Lords," in the November *American Journal of Politics*, should be read in conjunction with ex-Senator Edmunds' article on the Senate, in the November *Forum*. Other papers in the *Journal* for November are timely and valuable. A. P. A-ism receives its finishing-stroke in an article by one of the editors of the *North American Review*.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for November continues the earnest appeal for good reading, in behalf of which it has so frequently spoken and so zealously labored. Verily does the work deserve its honored name, "The Apostleship of the Press." To quote from *The Messenger*: "Father Ramiere, than whom no man in our day has better realized the importance of the work done by the press, a man, too, who has fought the good fight with consummate courage and unflinching perseverance, had this to say about it: 'After the holy ministry of the Catholic priest, there is no nobler Apostleship; but likewise there is none more toilsome, none that requires more self-denial and constancy, that lays one open to sharper and more unjust attacks, to more painful wounds, to more bitter hatred and more trying disappointments. We entreat the Sacred Heart of Jesus to console, to encourage, and to strengthen those who, for Its glory, affront these dangers, and fight valiantly for it with the pen no less meritoriously than if they had combated for it with the sword.'" True words and well spoken. Each day brings home to us the convincing proof, in new form, or in the old form more painful, what we have long felt, in our heart's anxiety, of Catholic indifference and of Catholic need. THE ROSARY magazine believes in its mission, recognizes its opportunities, and cordially invites its friends to

join forces with us in our efforts for devotion and good reading. The well-known and rather startling remark of the great German prelate, Monsignor Ketteler, that if St. Paul were alive in our days he would become a journalist, is quoted by *The Messenger*. We are glad to repeat it, realizing, as we do, that it is but another word announcing the Apostleship of the Press.

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by Professor W. M. Sloane, is the leading contribution to the November *Century Magazine*. It opens a serial biography that will be thorough. A profusion of illustrations will enrich the text. In the same number Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer gives the first of her sketches of the churches and cathedrals of France. "The Making of Thieves in New York" is a picture from the metropolis that will surprise those who know nothing of the city's "low life." In "Casa Braccio," the opening chapters of which are given in this number, Marion Crawford promises a strong story. His heroine is a nun whom he calls "a priestess of sorrow among sad virgins." We do not desire to be captious, but Mr. Crawford is scarcely an authority on the interior trials and struggles of nuns. We shall not anticipate "the plot," but we shall watch its development, the suggestion of which is somewhat sensational.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record for November is a number that ought to be of general interest. While true to its ecclesiastical spirit, this model periodical covers, from time to time, ground over which every intelligent Catholic layman can journey with pleasure. "The Centenary of Maynooth College," "Father Sebastian Kneipp and His Water-Cure," "The Albigenses," and "The Irish Monasteries of Ratisbon" are papers as available for the laity as for the clergy.

The November *Forum* gives "Thackeray's Place in Literature" as viewed by Frederic Harrison. "Impotence of Churches in a Manufacturing Town" is a strong, manly paper, written by the Reverend W. B. Hale. It is studded with facts, the recital of which makes very sad reading. Several other articles include estimates of Oliver Wendell Holmes and George Inness, and the discussion of economic questions on wages and the business revival.

In the *Review of Reviews* for November Edward Everett Hale publishes his

character-sketch of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. Admirers of the dead "autocrat" will find that there is no dearth of Holmes literature among the different literary and critical publications.

Among other good things, for which Father Russell's excellent *Irish Monthly* is so favorably known, we note, from time to time, verses breathing the tenderness and sweetness of the Irish heart's devotion. In November, "An Irish Mother's Song" is a touching example. We give it at length, with acknowledgments and thanks, to Father Russell and the author, Mr. Paul J. Grogan:

Two little graves on a Wicklow hill,
And a little cross between,
Where the glensmen slumber soft and still,
And the turf is fresh and green;
Only two low little mounds of clay,
Only a rough yew cross;
But the world holds nought my heart could pay
For my two wee babies' loss.

It's a long, dry road from Arklow town
To Threemilewater Bridge,
Yet many's the time I've hurried down
To lie near each green ridge;
When my heart was sore, and my eyes were hot
And scorched with tears unshed,
Oh! 'twas sweet to weep o'er my lonely lot
Beside my darlings' bed.

And out in this great, new land of ours,
When the shadows settle down,
And the moonlight gleams on the prairie flow'rs,
I dream of Arklow town;
The winding road to the old graveyard—
I see each stone and mark—
My GRAVES, where the river's song is heard,
I'd find them in the dark.

Oh! the world runs on in its busy round,
And the lost are soon forgot,
But my heart is set in each tiny mound
In that quiet resting spot;
And when twilight fades, and the night is nigh,
I breathe a prayer to God
To bless the dead that in slumber lie
'Neath that holy Irish sod.

Doctor Parsons contributes to the *Ave Maria* (November 10, 17,) a scholarly paper on "Catholicism and National Prosperity."

In the *Catholic Review* (November 3) Judge Hyde, formerly editor of the *New World*, gives an accurate picture of Fra Paoli Sarpi, the apostate friar, falsely called "the greatest of the Venetians," whose "History of the Council of Trent" so much in favor with a certain class, contains not fewer than "three hundred and sixty errors in dates, in names, and in facts." Judge Hyde's paper is of decided value.

The *Bombay Catholic Examiner* (October 12) brings glad tidings from distant

India, of the spread of the Rosary, of the living faith of the people in our Lady's Beads. The *Examiner* devotes a good share of its pages to edifying accounts of the celebration of great Rosary Sunday in different parts of India. The children of our Blessed Mother are found in every clime, and in the prayer of her Rosary, all hearts find voice to our Father Who is in Heaven.

The current *Globe Quarterly Review* keeps pace with its predecessors. Mr. Thorne is working with unabated energy in the cause of truth. That his *Review* has not the circulation of some of the lighter periodicals is in accordance with the well-known canons of taste and culture. As Mr. Thorne, like other disinterested men, labors for higher motives than mere money gain, he is not in touch with the cravings of the multitude. However, there is more "brains" between the covers of his *Review* than one would find in a dozen of the ordinary monthlies. We quote a passage from one of the articles in the present number, and earnestly recommend it to our readers:

"Twenty-five years ago, when preaching to a Unitarian congregation in Wilmington, Del., I prophesied that the Pope or the devil would get the American nation inside of fifty years. I am now satisfied that it will be the devil first, and the Pope afterwards; and, of course, I am now very well pleased with the latter part of the prospect; at all events the following statistics seem to point that way—that is, to the devil for punishment, and to the Pope for cure.

"In the United States, during the year 1892, there were 7,357 murders; 226 persons hanged; 3,860 suicides; 82,000 persons in jail; between 40,000 and 50,000 divorces; 17,457 insane persons in the State of New York alone, or about 500,000 in the whole United States—that is, persons recognized as insane—and a good 2,000,000 more that ought to be so classified. In the same year there were \$1,000,000 wasted in drunkenness, and such countless numbers of infanticides and foeticides, such widespread and barefaced robbery, stealing, cheating, and every species of injustice, that one is obliged to define the public conscience as a sinkhole of infamous and nameless iniquity. Concerning the causes of this awful condition of things, a prophet has said: 'Non est scientia in terra. Maledictum mendacium et homicidium et furtum et adulterium inundaverunt et sanguis sanguinem tegit.' (Is. 34.) If any man thinks that these figures are not large or alarming, considering their proportion to the entire population, he has but to recall the fact that the figures show about one-fiftieth of the population as equally criminal or insane.

In the last census more than forty millions of American citizens answered, "We belong to no church." This again is the natural result of public schools without God, of culture without religion, and of a thousand Hydra-headed hypocrites, all thriving in the name of religion, until it has become a by-word for the laughter of fools."

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, for October, will be of general in-

terest, chiefly for Mivart's "The Newest Darwinism," for Cardinal Gibbons' article, "Introductory Remarks to the Pope's Encyclical" on religious unity, and for the account of General de Sonis, under the fitting title, "A Christian Soldier." The "scientific chronicle" treats of oils, in Father Freeman's always interesting way. If the *Quarterly* were reduced in price, it would probably gain in the number of readers. Compared with other magazines, it is too costly.

Scribner's for November gives another article on English railways. Lovers of the horse will find in this number a good paper, illustrated, treating of man's best friend among the animals.

Peterson's Magazine for November contains a well illustrated paper on the Boston Public Library, and the first of a series on "Some Eminent Women Painters." These alone would commend this well-made and very cheap magazine.

The North American Review for November contains a variety of papers, from Secretary Herbert's leading article to the "Notes and Comments." Max O'Rell is clean-cut and snappy in his discussion of French and Anglo-Saxon morality. He scores the British, and shows, without qualification, his hatred of hypocrisy. He errs, however, when he states "that one nation is neither better nor worse than another." He sees only "difference." Others, of more notable name than his, have given to the world facts bearing on the morality of nations, which justify us in saying that there is a difference which is substantial, and which marks the higher or lower morality of different races. The league proposed in "Notes and Comments," "for the suppression of city noises," is an association that many will join. We hope the discussion will spread and bear fruit.

The current (October) number of the *International Journal of Ethics* contains three articles that are particularly vigorous and clear, from the standpoint of the writers. Disagreeing with them, in part, we nevertheless commend "Luxury," "The Limits of Individual and National Self-sacrifice," and "Women in the Community and in the Family," as very interesting reading. The *Journal* is published in Philadelphia.

The New Science Review, (The Transatlantic Co., Philadelphia,) a miscellany of modern thought and discovery, is the

latest accession to the ranks of the quarterlies. The second number is a strong compilation. One paper, "Mental Training—A Remedy for Education," is an admirable essay. "Sanitary Delusion" is also of general interest. "The Bloodstains on the Holy Coat" is a translation of Emile Gautier's article on this subject that appeared in *Le Figaro* of Paris. It embodies the official testimony of the chemists who examined the spots on the Holy Coat of Argenteuil. The result was the scientific confirmation of the presence of human blood, discernible under the test after 1800 years. The action of the Bishop of Versailles, Monsignor Goux, in inviting M. Lafel and M. Roussel to make this chemical and microscopical examination, has been justly applauded. The two eminent men who were engaged in the delicate task, have a reputation in the scientific world that defies hostile criticism.

McClure's Magazine for November opens a beautifully illustrated Napoleon series. In the same number is the first installment of Allan Pinkerton's account of the attempt at assassinating Lincoln before his inauguration.

"The Relations of Imbecility to Pauperism and Crime" is the title of a thoughtful paper in *The Arena* for November. "Christianity as it is Preached," in the same number, would be more effective in exposing the unhappy dissensions among Christians if the author had made no slip regarding the Church. When he says "God can be approached only through the intermediation of priests and saints, the Virgin and the Son," he seems to ignore the Divinity of our Lord, and he surely blunders about the faith of the millions who daily speak to God, our Father in Heaven. Again this writer says, "The Catholic trusts for salvation in an infallible Church." The Catholic child who has made his first Communion could instruct this magazine theologian, and save him, if he were honest, from such an error as is involved in his sweeping remark. In an article on "The Century of Sir Thomas More," the editor of *The Arena*, while he indulges in the threadbare fling at religion persecuting science, hears cheerful testimony to the Catholic origin of the modern school system, which he calls the bulwark of democracy.

The Cosmopolitan for November has an interesting article on the "Public Li-

brary Movement." Incidentally the Astor Library is mentioned. We feel a just pride in the statement made by one of the librarians of the Astor that Mr. Mooney's paper, which appeared in the November ROSARY, is the best ever written on the subject. "The Chiefs of the American Press," "Art Schools in America," and "Public Control of Urban Transit" are other features of *The Cosmopolitan* for November worthy of special mention.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for November opens with an illustrated article on "The Glaciers of Greenland," in which Prof. Heilprin gives, as a result of his successful exploration of that region, the fact that the glacial phenomena there do not differ essentially from those of other glacial countries, and therefore do not require, as is supposed, any special explanation. This article is followed by J. F. Casey's "Preparation for College by English High Schools," an animated appeal for the more thorough studying of English in preference to Greek as the proper *sine qua non* of college entrance examination. If in lamenting the time and labor given in elementary schools to the acquisition of Greek he had more justly deplored the method of teaching it as it exists in the schools of America and England today, he would have more clearly proved its redundancy in the curriculum of elementary instruction. "Unsolved Problems of Science," by the Marquis of Salisbury, as an opening address to the British association after an interval of thirty-four years, was a poorly-chosen theme. The British association, while appreciating its

literary merit, undoubtedly looked forward to hearing some of the victories of Science discussed rather than its unsolved problems. "Some Analogies and Homologies," by W. J. Freeman, is but time occupied in trying to hand down to posterity some miserable hallucinations.

Subjects of great interest are "The Swiss Watch Schools," "Manual Training," "Cobra and Other Serpents," and "The Chemistry of Cleaning." Sketches of "Philibert Commerson, the King Naturalist," and Sears Cook Walker complete the number.

Littell's Living Age (October 27) prints an article on St. Teresa, taken from the *London Quarterly Review*. It is a review of the recent biography of the saint by Mrs. Graham. In the words of the *Quarterly* writer, "it is Teresa the woman, rather than Teresa the saint," that forms the subject of this biography. Author and reviewer fail to understand the working of God's Spirit; hence the free use of references to "hallucinations," "ignorance," and "schemes." It is, perhaps, a good sign to see Protestants taking up the study of the lives of the saints, but the historical research and the critical acumen displayed in their work are not sufficient compensation for their ignorance of the Spirit. It is simply impossible for a Protestant to write the life of a saint as a saint's life ought to be written.

Number 26 (November 3), of *Littell's* gives "Some Unpublished Reminiscences of Napoleon" that are very entertaining.

As is well known, the Rosary consists of two parts which are distinct and yet connected—meditation on the mysteries, and the vocal prayer. This method of prayer requires particular attention on the part of those who use it—that is, not only in directing the mind in a certain way towards God, but in contemplating and meditating in such a manner, that examples of the higher life are taken to heart, and food found for every kind of piety. Indeed, there is nothing greater or more admirable than those same things in which the perfection of the Christian faith appears, and by the light and power of which, truth, justice, and peace have advanced on earth upon a new scale, and with most beneficent results. Consonant with this is the mode in which these truths are set before the cultivators of the Rosary; that is, in a manner adapted to the intelligence even of the unlearned. For the Rosary is arranged not for the consideration of dogmas of faith and questions of doctrine, but rather for putting forward facts to be perceived by the eyes and treasured in the memory—facts which make a greater impression on the mind, and affect it the more beneficially, since they are presented as they occurred, the identity of time, place, and persons being preserved.—*From the Encyclical of Leo XIII.*, September 8th, 1894.

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